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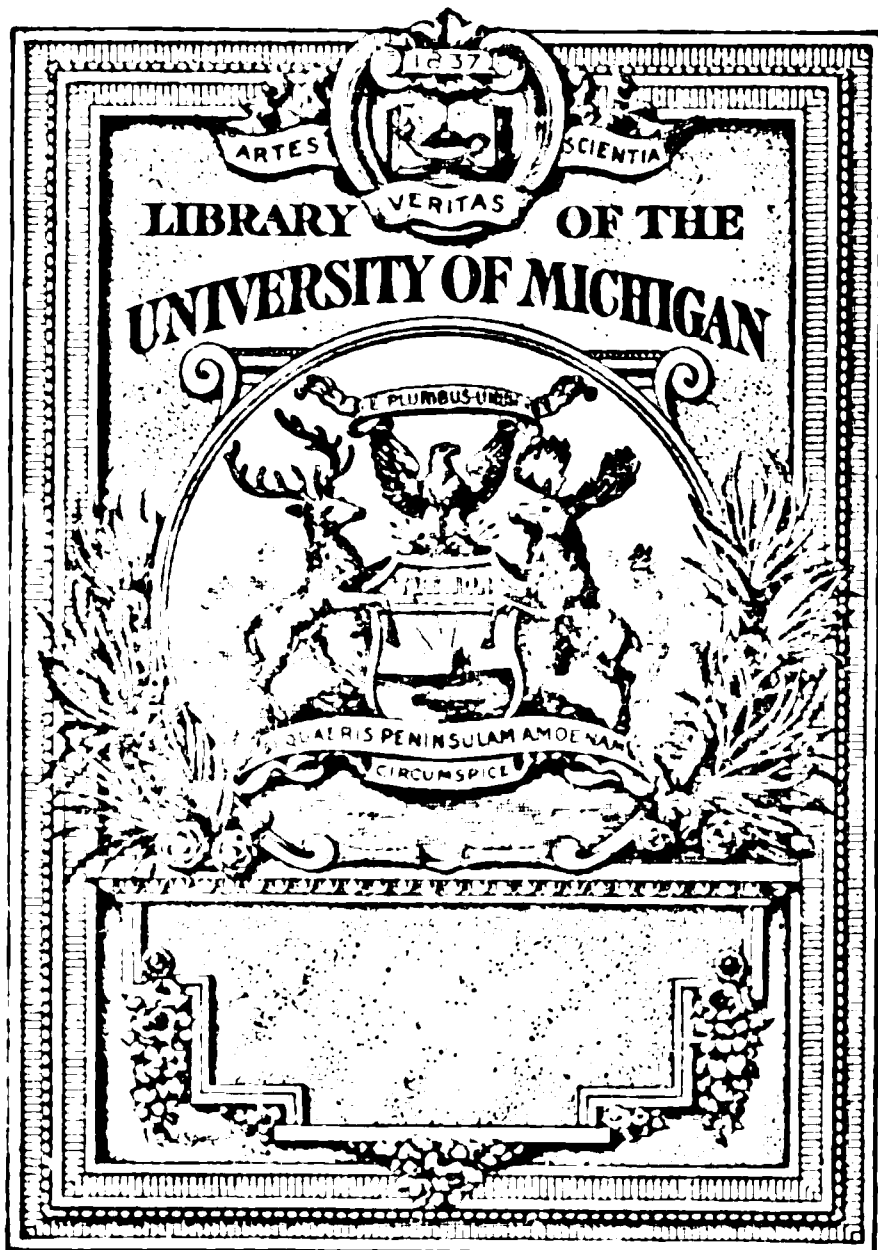
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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIX

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**RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BUNGAY.**

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

PERLYCROSS.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER XIX.

PERCUSSION.

THIS was not the time of year for spring of hope and bounding fancy: the first bloom-bud of the young heart growing milky, and yet defiant; and the leaf-bud pricking up, hard and reckless, because it can never have a family. Not the time of year for whispered openings, and shy blush of petals, still uncertain of the air and creeping into the clasp of one another, because they are afraid of coming out too soon. Neither was there in the air itself that coy, delusive, tricksome way, which it cannot help itself for having somewhere about the month of April, when the sun is most to blame. In a word (though no man can prove a negative, as Jemmy Fox had well remarked) it was the very time when no young man, acquainted with the calendar of his Church, should dream of falling into love, even though he had a waistcoat of otter skin and fourteen pearl-buttons upon it.

In spite of all that, it was the positive which prevailed in this case. Frank Gilham had received such a blow upon his heart, that the season and the weather were nothing to it. The fall of the leaf and retirement of the sap,—though the Saps now tell us that it never does retire—had less

than no effect upon his circulation. He went in vainly for a good day's ploughing, for he could hold as well as drive; but there was his waistcoat, and his heart inside it; and even when he hung the one upon an oak-tree, the other kept going on upon its private business, and "Whoa! Stand still, will 'e?" had no effect upon it.

He sneaked into the house, as if he had no right there (though his mother had only a life-interest), and he made a serious matter of the shortness of his nails, and felt a conscientious longing, when he saw his whiskers, to kick the barber at Pumpington, who had shorn them with a pair of tailor's scissors so abominably on the last market day. But last market day this young man's heart had been inditing of pigs and peas, whereof he had made a tidy penny, because he was a sharp fellow then.

"How is she now?" he asked his young sister Rose, when he came down at last, discontented with himself though appearing unusually smart to her.

"Well, thank you, Frank, mother is not quite the thing to-night. She did not get quite her proper rest, you know, on account of the strange young lady. And she never took her horehound lozenges. She thinks too much of others, and too little of herself——"

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"How is she now?" he asked his young sister Rose, when he came down at last, discontented with himself though appearing unusually smart to her.

"Well, thank you, Frank, mother is not quite the thing to-night. She did not get quite her proper rest, you know, on account of the strange young lady. And she never took her horehound lozenges. She thinks too much of others, and too little of herself——"

"As if I did not know all that! Will you never tell me anything I want to know? But I suppose the young lady won't keep her up to-night?"

"She? Oh she is all right enough. You should just see her eat. My goodness! Talk of farmhouse appetites!"

"Rose, who are you to understand such things? You have seen so very little of the world, and you judge it entirely by yourself. I suppose the door is not open?"

"Oh yes; anybody can look in, if that's what you want to do. She has been sitting up ever so long, with mother's dressing-gown and Sunday shawl on. Such a guy you never saw in all your life!"

"A pity you can't be a guy then. Why Rose, if you only had a hundredth part——"

"Yes, I dare say. But I don't want, don't you see? I am quite contented as I am; and better judges than you will ever be—why that coloured hair is quite out of fashion now. Everybody goes in for this sort of tint, and a leaden comb to make it darker. Corkscrews are all the rage, and they can't be too black. Why Minnie Farrant told me, last Sunday, that she read on the best authority——"

"Her Bible, or her Prayer-book?"

"Don't be so absurd!—The very best authority, that Queen Adelaide herself told his Majesty as much, and he said he was a Tar, and the best pitch wasn't black. That was to please her, you know. Wasn't it clever of him? Oh Frank, why don't you fall in love with Minnie Farrant—your own godfather's favourite child, and they say she'll have four thousand pounds?"

"Minnie Farrant! Why, I'd rather have a broomstick. Though she is all very well in her way, of course."

"She is the prettiest girl in this parish by long chalks, except of course Niece Waldron. And I suppose you wouldn't quite stick up to her."

"Stick up, indeed! Is that the way

you learn to express yourself at a finishing school? But do look sharp with the frying-pan, if your corkscrews are not too precious. I don't want Minnie Farrant, nor even Miss Waldron—I want my little bit of supper, and you know it well enough. I am sorry for the ninny that ever falls in love with you."

"So am I; because I won't have him. But what fun it will be! I shall starve him out. All you men think about is eating; and I shall say——"

"Rose again, as usual? Her long tongue running away with her." Mrs. Gilham looked very serious, for every day she found stronger proof that girls were not as they used to be. "You have had your tea, child, and you want nothing more. I am sure you should be the very last to talk as if eating were a sin. Go and help Mary with your dear brother's supper. He has been hard at work all day."

Sticks to his work, wants no diverting—
A model young man in the farming line!

Never goes hunting, dancing, flirting,
Doesn't know the flavour of a glass of wine.

Away danced Rosie to the tune of her own song, with her light figure frisking from side to side of the long stone passage.

"Ah me! I fear we shall have trouble yet with that very thoughtless girl. She can only see the light side of everything. It is high time for her now; why before I was seventeen—— But Frank, you don't look like yourself to-night!" The old lady went up to him, and pushed aside his hair, as crisp and curly as a double hyacinth. "I am almost sure there is something on your mind. Your dear father had exactly that expression upon his face, at periods of his married life. But then it was always the times when he had rheumatics in his left shoulder-blade; and I used to iron them out with brown paper, the darkest brown that you can get, and

a sprinkle of vinegar underneath, as hot as ever you can bear it ; in fact, until it begins to singe, and then——”

“Well, nobody will ever do that to me, thank God !” Frank spoke in a very reckless tone, and strictly avoided his mother’s eyes.

“I will, my son, if I live long enough. Old Mrs. Horner used to say,—not the present Mrs. John, you know, but her husband’s mother——”

“Excuse me, dear mother, but I thought I heard a call. Shall I go, and knock at the young lady’s door?”

“Frank, how can you ask such a question? Not that she is not in very pretty order, and fit for any one to look at her; with my dressing-gown on, as good as new, and the big picture-Bible on one side of her, and ‘The Fashionable Lady’s Vade Mecum’ on the other.”

“How queer she must look in your dressing-gown, mother ! Quite an old frump, I suppose?”

“I am very much obliged to you, my son. But as it happens, Miss Christie Fox does not look at all like an old frump; though your poor mother would of course, and must expect it, though not perhaps quite to be told of it. On the contrary, Miss Fox looks very bright and blooming, with her eyes like the sky itself, and her lovely hair flowing all down her shoulders.”

“I had better go and see whether she has knocked for something. I need not go in of course. In fact I should not think of it, only just to pop my head inside the door and then——”

“No, you won’t pop it, sir, in any place of the kind. Remember that it is a bedroom, and you are a gentleman, or ought to be.”

“Oh, come, mother ! That’s a little too hard on me. I never meant anything, except to save you trouble, by just asking— Well, I didn’t think you would speak to me in that way.”

“Well my boy, perhaps I spoke too hastily ; words turn so different outside the lips. But I should not like

a visitor of ours to think she had fallen among savages. But here comes your supper at last, and small thanks to Rosie. Why, at her time of life I should have been too proud to serve my only brother, hand and foot. But I must just run back, and get my young lady tucked up. High time for her to be in bed again. Her brother has sent her box full of things, and so we shall be able to get her out a bit to-morrow, if the weather permits, and Dr. Gronow.”

Dr. Gronow permitted, and so did the weather. Can any man remember when he was stopped from making a fool of himself by the weather, or encouraged in any wisdom by it? How many a youth under vast umbrella, warranted to shelter two if their shoulders came nice and close together, with the storm beating on them, and suggesting,—but such umbrellas are not made now, fine canopies of whalebone ; who would buy them? Who thinks of more than his own top-hat, unless he sees a chance of a gold-band round it? And that, to tell the truth, has been very charming always. But here was Frank Gilham, without any thought of that. He knew that Jemmy Fox was a fine young fellow, perhaps a little bit above him in the social scale, and likely to be a wealthy man some day. But of sweet Christie he knew nothing, except that he wanted to know a great deal. Therefore he found that the young mare was puffing, and wanted wet bandages, and a day in stable ; excess of synovial oil is a serious study. While on the other hand old Tommy, as hard and as dry as a brick-bat, was not altogether free from signs of rheumatism, and had scraped up his litter in a manner that meant something. He put it to his mother whether they should plough to-day. It might be all right, and the horses were hers. If she thought wise to venture it——

“It is no use trying to persuade me, Frank,” Mrs. Gilham answered ; “I won’t risk it. Your dear father lost a good horse once, although I

advised him to the contrary. Under Providence our first duty is to the faithful and long-suffering creatures provided by Him for the benefit of mankind. You may try to persuade me as much as you like. But you don't seem to have got your ploughing-trousers on!"

"That is not a question of ten minutes. When I looked out of window, the first thing this morning——"

"Yes, to be sure; you were considering the weather. Your dear father did the same, though always wrong about it. But it is useless to argue with me, Frank. I must have my own way, sometimes."

"Very well, very well, then I won't go. I have got a lot of little things to see to here. Why the rack in the kitchen would soon be rack and ruin."

"Frank, you do say the very cleverest things; and I feel in myself that it never comes from me. Thank God that I have such a dutiful son, though his mind is so superior."

The young man exerted his superior mind upon a very solid breakfast, topped up with honey, gushing limpid from the comb, sweeter than the softest beeswing of the mead of love. Then he sauntered in the mow-yard with his ginger terrier Jack, whom no wedded love could equal in aptitude to smell a rat. But hay was sweet, and clover sweeter, and the rich deep ricks of wheat, golden piles on silver straddles, showed the glossy stalk and savoured of the glowing grain within. A man might thrust his arm into the yellow thicket here and there, and fetch the chined and plump ear out, and taste the concrete milkiness.

"Rose told me that I should just see her eat," Frank Gilham meditated; "what a greedy thing to say! Was it because eggs are now so scarce, and Rose wanted all of them for herself? But if she likes good things, I could have this rick of brown wheat threshed to-morrow. The bread is ten times as sweet and toothsome—oh, by the by,

what teeth she has, like wind-flower buds among roses. Two or three times her lips just showed them, while she was lying upon that hay. But what are her teeth to compare with her lips? And did anybody ever see such cheeks, even with the pink flown out of them? There's nothing that you could find a flaw in; forehead, hair, and eyes, and nose—though I can't pretend quite that I have seen her eyes yet—merely a sort of a flash in the air, while she was flying over the backrail of the trap; only there is no denying that they must be like heaven itself, full of angels. Mother says the sky, but that sounds so common. So far as that goes, everybody is allowed to look at the sky; but who would care ever to see it again, after a glimpse—Jack, what are you about there? Got into a gin? Well, serves you right."

"Frank! Frank! Frank!" A loud call rang among the ricks. "Got away smoking again, I'll be bound. I never can understand how it is he doesn't set every blessed rick on fire."

"Not smoking at all, as it happens. But how frightfully shrill your voice is, Rosie!"

"What a swell we are, to be sure, to-day! And getting quite nervous. Wants cotton wool in his ears, poor dear! But the precious young lady is just coming out. And mother says you should be somewhere handy, in case of her being taken faint. About as likely to faint as I am, I should say. Now mind your P's and Q's, in spite of all your Greek and Latin. You may make your bow about ten miles off, but not to speak, until spoken to. That's right, flourish your hair up; but you needn't run twenty miles an hour."

On the gravel walk bordered by hollyhocks (now a row of gaunt sceptres without any crowns) the kind Mrs. Gilham was leading her guest, who did not require to be led at all, but was too well-bred to reject the friendly hand. Christie was looking a little delicate, and not quite up to the mark

of her usual high spirit
must have been very
who could find much
score.

"Oh what a beauty
have!" she exclaimed
broke through the
Perle valley with a view
"I had no idea it
place. And the house
and the glen that
that must be Perle
distance, and that
rectory. Why, the
seven lofty arches
ing through them
water, I should
induced them to
bridge across so
dare say they
look at the meadow
as they would like
you get such little
trees down the
places to make
and their neighbors
of them have
here nearly at
and such lovely
amber, straw
rueset!"

"And if you
my dear,"
proud as Perle
native vale,
our little
husband has
the proper
gravel-walk
but a little
you can
Defiance!
past ten
clock by
sees our
loud as a
beef of
steer, for
some people
know the
us. Be
day, with
summer
"W"

Frank had a fair supply of hard, as well as soft, in his composition. He was five and twenty years old, or close upon it, and able to get a dog out of a trap in the deepest of his own condition. He quitted his spade (which he had found, by the by, left out all night, though the same is high treason) as if he could scarcely get away from it, and could see nothing so fine as a fat spit of sod. And he kept his eyes full upon Christie's, as if he had seen her before, but was wondering where. This was the proper thing to do, though he knew himself to be in no small fright throughout all this bravery. But there is no monopoly of humbug; though many do their utmost to establish one.

"Miss Fox, I believe you have seen my son before." The old lady took to the spirit of the moment, with the quickness in which ladies always take the front. "And my son Frank has had the honour of seeing you."

"And feeling me too—pretty sharp against his chest"—Christie thought within herself, but she only said—"Yes; and it was a happy thing for me."

"Not at all, Miss Fox—a mere casual accident, as the people about here express it. I explained to you that Frank cannot help himself. Be kind enough not to speak of it."

"That won't do," replied Christie, looking steadfast. "It may do for him, but not for me. Allow me one moment, Mrs. Gilham."

Without more ado, she ran up to Frank Gilham, who was turning away again towards his work, and gave him both hands, and looked full at him, with the glitter of tears in her deep blue eyes. "My senses have not quite forsaken me," she said; "and I know whom I have to thank for that, and in all probability for my life as well. It is useless to talk about thanking you, because it is impossible to do it. And even before that I was deeply in your debt, for the very noble way in which you took my brother's part, when everybody else was against

him. It was so brave and generous of you."

It was more than she could do, with all her spirit, to prevent two large and liberal tears from obeying the laws of nature; in fact they were not far from obtaining the downright encouragement of a sob, when she thought of her poor brother.

"Well, you are a sweet simple dear!" exclaimed the fine old lady, following suit in the feminine line, and feeling for her pocket-handkerchief. "Frankie should be proud to his dying day of doing any trifle for such a precious dear. Why don't you say so, Frankie, my son?"

"Simply because my mother has said it so much better for me." He turned away his eyes, in fear of looking thus at Christie, lest they should tell her there was no one else in the world for them to see.

"Here comes *The Defiance*! Hurrah, hurrah!" shouted Rose, rushing in for once just at the right moment. "I can hear the horses' hoofs springing up the rise. If you want to know anything about roast beef, you must put on a spurt up the periwinkle walk. Here goes number one; slow coaches come behind."

"I am not a slow coach; at least I never used to be," cried Christie, setting off in chase.

"Miss Fox, Miss Fox, don't attempt to cross the brook without my son's hand," Mrs. Gilham called after them, for she could not live the pace. "Oh Rose is wrong as usual—it's *To glory we steer*, this time."

The obliging guard gave it three times over, as if he had this team also in full view; then he gave the *Roast beef*, as the substance of the glory; and really it was finer than a locomotive screech.

Presently Rose heard the cackle of a pullet which had laid, and off she ran to make sure of the result, because there was an old cock sadly addicted to the part that is least golden in the policy of Saturn. So the three who remained sat upon the bench and

talked, with the cider apples piled in pink and yellow cones before them, and the mossy branches sparkling (like a weeping smile) above, and the sun glancing shyly under eaves and along hedgerows, like the man denied the privilege of looking at the horse. By this light however Frank Gilham contrived to get many a peep round his mother's bonnet (which being of the latest fashion was bigger than a well-kept hedgerow) at a very lovely object on the other side thereof, which had no fear as yet of being stolen.

Miss Fox had fully made up her mind, that (happen what might) she would not say a single word to sadden her good hostess with the trouble her brother had fallen into, or the difficulties now surrounding him. But ladies are allowed to unmake their minds, especially if it enlarges them; and finding in the recesses of that long bonnet a most sympathetic pair of ears, all the softer for being "rather hard of hearing," and enriched with wise echoes of threescore years, she also discovered how wrong and unkind it would be to withhold any heart-matter from them.

"And one of the most dreadful things of all," Christie concluded with a long-drawn sigh, "is that my dear father, who has only this son Jemmy, is now in such a very sad state of health, that if he heard of this it would most likely take him from us. Or if he got over it, one thing is certain, he would never even look at my brother again. Not that he would believe such a wicked thing of him; but because he would declare that he brought it on himself, by going (against his father's wishes) into this medical business. My father detests it; I scarcely know why, but have heard that he has good reason. We must keep this from him, whatever it costs us; even if it keeps poor Jemmy under this cloud for months to come. Luckily father cannot read now very well, and his doctor has ordered him not to read

at all; and mother never looks at a newspaper; and the place being five and thirty miles away, and in another county, there is no great risk, unless some spiteful friend should rush in to condole with him. That is what I dread to hear of sometimes; though good Dr. Freeborn, who attends him, will prevent any chance of it, if possible. But you see, Mrs. Gilham, how it cripples us. We cannot move boldly and freely, as we ought, and make the thing the topic of the county; as we should by an action of libel for instance, or any strong mode of vindication. I assure you sometimes I am ready to go wild, and fly out, and do anything; and then I recollect poor father."

"It is a cruel, cruel thing, my dear. I never heard of anything resembling it before. That's the very thing that Frank says. From the very first he saw what a shameful thing it was to speak so of Dr. Fox. I believe he has knocked down a big man or two; though I am sure I should be the last to encourage him in that."

"Come, mother, come! Miss Fox, you must not listen to a quarter of what mother says about me. I dare say you have found that out long ago."

"If so, it is only natural, and you deserve it;" this Hibernian verdict was delivered with a smile too bright to be eclipsed by a score of hedgerow bonnets. "But there is one thing I should like to ask Mr. Frank Gilham, with his mother's leave; and it is this—how was it that you, Mr. Frank, almost alone of all the parish of Perlycross, and without knowing much of my brother at the time, were so certain of his innocence?"

"Because I had looked in his face," replied Frank, looking likewise into the sister's face with a gaze of equal certainty.

"That is very noble," Christie said, with a little toss meaning something. "But most people want more to go upon than that"

CHAPTER XX.

DISCUSSION.

Now Mrs. Fox, Doctor Jemmy's mother, was an enthusiastic woman. She was twenty years younger than her husband, and felt herself fifty years his senior (when genuine wisdom was needed) and yet in enterprise fifty years junior. The velocity of her brain had been too much for the roots of her hair, as she herself maintained, and her best friends could not deny it. Except that the top of her head was snow-white, and she utterly scorned to disguise it, she looked little older than her daughter Christie in some ways, though happily tougher. She was not too fat, and not too thin; which is more than most people can tell themselves at the age of eight and forty. Into this ancient county race, which had strengthened its roots by banking, she had brought a fine vein of Devonian blood, very clearing for their complexions. She had shown some disdain for mercantile views, until she began to know better, when her father, and others of her landed lineage slipped down the hilltop into bankruptcy without any Free Trade, or even tenants' superior rights, to excuse them. Then she perceived that mercantile views are the only ones left to ensure a quiet man a fair prospect from his own front windows. She encouraged her husband to cherish the bank, which at one time she had derided; and she quite agreed with him that no advances could save her own relations in their march downhill.

The elder James Fox, who like his father had refused a title (for although they were not Quakers now, they held to their old simplicity)—Mr. James Fox of Foxden was a fine sample of the unmixed Englishman. He had never owed a penny of his large fortune to any unworthy trick of trade, or even to lucky gambling in stocks or bitter mortgages. Many people called him stubborn, and they were

welcome to take that view of it. In business that opinion served him well, and saved a lot of useless trouble. But he himself knew well, and his wife knew even better, that though he would never budge an inch, for claim, or threat, or lawsuit, there was no man who gave a longer ell, when drawn out by mercy or even gentle equity.

But in the full vigour of his faculties, mental if not bodily (and the latter had not yet failed him much), that mysterious blow descended which no human science can avert, relieve, or even to its own content explain. One moment he was robust and active, quick with the pulse of busy life, strong with the powers of insight, foresight, discrimination, promptitude; another moment, and all was gone. Only a numb lump remained, livid, pallid, deaf, and dumb, sightless, breathless (beyond a wheezy snore), incapable even of a dream or moan. And knowing all these things, men are proud!

His strong heart, and firm brain, bore him through; or rather they gradually shored him up, a fabric still upon the sands of time, but waiting only for the next tidal wave. Now the greatest physician, or metaphysician, that ever came into the world, can tell us no more than an embryo could, what the relics of the mind will be in such a case, or how far in keeping with its former self. Thoroughly pious men have turned blasphemers; very hard swearers have taken to sweet hymns; tempers have been changed from diabolical to angelic; but the change more often has been the other way. Happily for himself, and all about him, this fine old man was weakened only, and not perverted from his former healthful self. His memory was deranged in veins and fibres, like an ostrich-plume draggled in a gale of wind and rain; but he knew his old friends, and the favoured of his heart, and before and above all, his faithful wife. He had fallen from his pride, with the lapse of other powers; and to those who had known

him in his stronger days, his present gentleness was touching and his gratitude for trifles affecting; but notwithstanding that, he was sometimes more obstinate than ever.

"I wonder why Chris stays away so long," he said as he sat one fine day upon the terrace, for he was ordered to stay out of doors as much as possible, and his wife as usual sat beside him. "She is gone to nurse Jemmy through a very heavy cold, as I understood you to say, my dear. My memory is not always quite clear now; but it must be some days since I heard that, and I miss little Chrissy with her cheerful face. You are enough of course, my dear Mary, and I very seldom think much of anybody else. Still I long sometimes to see my little Chrissy."

"To be sure; and so do I. The house seems very sad without her," replied Mrs. Fox, as if it could be merry now. "We won't give her more than another day or two. But we must remember, dear, how differently poor Jemmy is placed from what we are in this comfortable house. Only one old rough Devonshire servant; and everybody knows what they are—a woman who would warm his bed, as likely as not, with a frying-pan, and make his tea out of the rain-water boiler."

"He has no one to thank for it but himself." After this delivery the father of the family shut his mouth, which he still could do as well as ever, though one of his arms hung helpless.

"And I did hear that there was some disturbance there, something I think about the clergyman who is a great friend of Jemmy's." Mrs. Fox spoke this in all good faith, for Dr. Freeborn had put this turn upon a story which had found its way into the house. "And you know what our Chris is, when she thinks any one attacks the Church; you may trust her for flying to the rescue, at any rate so far as money goes."

"And money goes a long way, in matters eccles,—you know what I

mean,—I can't pronounce those long words now. Chrissy is too generous with her good aunt's money. The trustees let her have it much too freely. I should not be much surprised if they get a hundred pounds out of Chris, at,—let me see, what is the place called,—something like a brooch or trinket. Ah there, it's gone again!"

"You must not talk so much, my dear, and above all you must not try your memory. It is wonderfully good, I am sure, thank God! I only wish mine was half as good." Now Mrs. Fox was quite aware that she had an exceedingly fine memory.

"Well, never mind," resumed the invalid, after roving among all the jewels he could think of. "But I should be very glad before I die to see Chrissy married to Sir Henry Haggerstone, a man of the highest character, as well as a very fine estate. Has he said anything to you about it lately?"

"No, father." Mrs. Fox always called him "father," when a family council was toward. "How could he while you—I mean, why should he be in such a hurry? Christie is a girl who would only turn against him, if he were to worry her. She is a very odd child; she is not like her mother; a little spice of somebody else, I think, who has always contrived to have his own way. And she hates the idea of being a step-mother; though there are only two little girls after all, and Chrissy's son would be the heir of course. She says it is so frightfully unromantic to marry a wealthy widower. But talk of the,—I am sure I beg his pardon—but here comes Sir Henry himself, with Dr. Freeborn. You had better see the Doctor first, my dear, while I take a turn with Sir Henry."

This gentleman was, as Mr. Fox had pronounced, of the very highest character, wealthy moreover, and of pleasant aspect, and temper mild and equable. Neither was his age yet gone fatally amiss; though a few

years off would have improved it as concerning Christie ; for he was not more than thirty-three, or thirty-four, and scarcely looked that, for he led a healthful life. But his great fault was that he had no great fault ; nothing extreme in any way about him, not even contempt for "extreme people." He had been at Oxford, and had learned, by reading for a first class in classics (which he got), that virtue is a "habit of fore-choice, being in the mean that concerns ourselves, defined by reason, and according as the man of perception would define it." Sir Henry was a man of very clear perception, and his nature was well-fitted to come into definitions. He never did much thinking of his own ; for deeper minds had saved him all that trouble, and he was quite content to accept the results. There was nobody who could lead him much, and no one who could not lead him a little, when he saw a clear path to go along. This was not altogether the way to enchant romantic maidenhood. Christie cared for him about as much as she would for a habit, that was in a mean. Not that he was in any way a prig, or laid down the law to any one. He had not kept up his classics, for he had no real love for them ; and in those days, a man might get a first at Oxford who could scarcely scan a Latin hexameter, if he were exceptionally strong in "Science,"—then meaning Philosophy, before the age of "Stinks." To none of these subjects did Christie pay heed ; she did not care for the man, and that was all about it.

"You are quite right, Mrs. Fox. I think exactly as you do," this gentleman was replying to the lady of the house, as they walked upon the gentle slope towards the flower-garden. "There are no real Whigs in the present headlong days. Men, like your husband and myself, who have fancied ourselves in the happy mean, are either swept aside or carried down the deluge. For the moment there seems to be a slight reaction, but it will not last ; the rush will only be more headlong.

And in private life it is just the same. Individual rights are to be no more respected ; everything belongs to everybody. I will tell you a little thing that happened to myself, just as a specimen of the spirit of the age. A year or two ago I bought some old manorial rights in a thinly peopled part of Devonshire ; in fact at the western end of the great Blackdown Range, a barren, furzy, flinty sort of place ; by the by, not many miles away from the place where your son has gone to live, Perlycross. I only bought the manor to oblige a friend who wanted a little ready money, and to go there now and then perhaps for a little rough shooting, for the country is beautiful and the air very fine. Well, the manorial rights included some quarries, or pits, or excavations of some sort, where those rough scythe-stones are dug, such as you see lying on that lawn. The land itself was actually part of the manor, from a time beyond memory or record ; but it seems as if strangers had been allowed to settle on the hillside, and work these ancient quarries, and sell the produce on their own account, only paying a small royalty to the manor every Martinmas, or about that time ; not so much for the value of the money (though it would perhaps be considerable under a proper computation), but as an acknowledgment of the ownership of the manor. But I fear I am tiring you."

"Not at all, Sir Henry ; I like any story of that sort. Our laws are so very, very queer."

"Sometimes they are. Well, my friend had not deceived me. He said that this Whetstone money was very hard to get, and was so trifling that he had let it go sometimes, when the people objected to paying it, as they did after any bad season. Last Martinmas the matter slipped my memory, through domestic trouble. But this year, as the day approached, I sent orders to a man (a rough sort of game-keeper, who lives near there and looks after the shooting and

gravel and peat) to give notice at the pits that I meant to have my money. A very close corporation they seem to have established, and have made their encroachments uncommonly secure, being quite distinct in race and character, dialect, and even dress, I believe, from the settled people round them. Now what message do you think they sent me?"

"Something very insolent, I have no doubt." Mrs. Fox did not call herself even a Whig, but a downright determined Tory.

"This was it—my man got the schoolmaster to put it into writing, and I happen to have it in my pocket. 'Not a penny will we pay this year. But if you like to come yourself, and take a turn at the flemmer'—something they use for getting out the stone—'we won't charge you anything for your footing.'"

"Your footing on your own land! Well, that is very fine. What do you mean to do, Sir Henry?"

"Grin and bear it, I suppose, Mrs. Fox. You know what the tendency of the time is, even in the law-courts. And of course, all the Press would be down upon me, as a monster of oppression, if I ventured to assert my rights. And though I am out of the House ever since the 'Broom of Reform' (as the papers call it) swept my two little seats away, I might like to stand again some day; and what a whetstone this would be for my adversaries! And I hear that these people are not a bad lot; rough, and uncivilized, and wonderfully jealous over the 'rights' they have robbed me of; but among themselves faithful, and honest, and quiet, and sober, which is the strangest thing of all in England. As for their message, why, they speak out plainly, and look upon their offer as a great concession to me. And we in this more enlightened part must allow for the manners of that neighbourhood. In fact this is such a perfect trifle, after what they have been doing at Perlycross. If I were a magistrate about there——"

"At Perlycross! What do you mean? Some little matter about the clergyman? I want to know all about that, Sir Henry. It seems so strange, that Christie never mentioned it."

Sir Henry perceived that he had "put his foot in it." Dr. Freeborn had warned him that the "Sacrilege in Devon" (as the Somerset papers had begun to call it) must be kept most carefully from the knowledge of his patient; and from that of the lady also, for there was no saying how she might take it. And now Mrs. Fox could not fail to find out everything. He was ready to bite off his tongue, as ladies put it. "Oh, ah—I was thinking of something—which had better not be referred to perhaps; not quite fit to be discussed, when one has the honour of being with ladies. But about those very extraordinary people. I have heard some things that are highly interesting, things that I am certain you would like to hear——"

"Not half so much as I want to hear the story about the parish where my son lives, and my daughter is staying, and will not come back, for some reason which we cannot make out. I must insist, Sir Henry, upon hearing all that you know. I am not a young woman, and know the world pretty well by this time. You will not offend me by anything you say; but you will by anything you hide."

Sir Henry Haggerstone looked about, and saw that he was in for it. The elderly lady (as some might call her) looked at him with that pretty doubt which ladies so thoroughly understand how to show, and intend to be understood without expression. The gentleman glanced at her; he had no moustache to stroke, for only cavalry officers, and cads of the most pretentious upturn, as yet wore ginger hackles, a relief still to come in a downier age. "My dear Mrs. Fox, there is nothing improper, from a lady's point of view, I mean, in the very sad occurrence at Perlycross. It is a question for the local authorities;

and not one for me to meddle with."

"Then why did you speak of it? Either tell me all, or say that you won't, and leave me to find out." The lady had the gentleman, the Tory had the temporiser, on the nail.

"We are nothing in your hands," he murmured, and with perfect truth; for when the question comes to the pulling out of truth, what chance has a man against a clever woman, ten times as quick as he is, and piercing every glance? "I am truly sorry that it has come to this." Mrs. Fox did not sympathise with his regret, but nodded, as if to say, "No cure now for that; for my part, I am rather glad." "It was simply through terror of distressing you, that all your best friends have combined, as I may say, at least have thought it wiser——"

"Then they have made a great mistake. And I am not at all thankful to any of them. Let me sit down here. And now for all this frightful wonder! Is Jemmy dead? Let me have the worst at once."

This was a sudden relief to Sir Henry, enabling him to offer immediate comfort, and to whisper, "How could you imagine such a thing?" "No, my dear madam," he continued, having now the upper hand, and hers beneath it; "I have the pleasure of assuring you that your noble son is in the very best of health, and improving by his admirable knowledge of medicine the health of all around him. It is acknowledged that he has advanced the highest interests of the profession."

"That he was sure to do, Sir Henry. And he has a copy of my dear grandmother's recipe for the pounded cherry-stone elixir."

"With all the resources of modern science added, and his own trained insight in their application. But the worst of it is, that these leading intellects, as you must have experienced long ago, can never escape a sad amount of narrow professional jealousy. Your son must have fallen among those heavy-witted Devonshire doctors,

like a thunderbolt—or worse, a phenomenon come to heal their patients *gratis*."

"That would drive them to do anything, to poison him, if they had the courage. For every one knows how they run up their bills."

Having brought the lady thus to the practical vein, Sir Henry (as gently as possible, and as it were by the quarter-drachm) administered the sombre draught he was now bound to exhibit. Jemmy's dear mother took it with a closeness of attention and critical appreciation seldom found in the physical recipients in such cases. But to the administrator's great surprise, her indignation was by no means vivid in the direction anticipated.

"I am heartily glad that I know this at last. I ought to have been told of it long ago," said Mrs. Fox, looking resolutely at Sir Henry Haggerstone. "A very great mistake, and want of judgment on the part of Dr. Freeborn. What a frightful risk to run,—supposing my husband had been told suddenly of this!"

"All has been done for the best, my dear madam. The great anxiety was to keep it from him."

"And who was the proper one to see to that? I should have thought, his wife and constant nurse. Was it thought impossible that I should show discretion? Clever men always make one great mistake; they believe that no woman can command her tongue. If they had their own only half as well controlled, there would not be a tenth part of the mischief in the world."

"You are quite right there. That is a very great truth, and exceedingly well expressed," replied Sir Henry, not that he was impressed with it so deeply, but that he wanted to appease the lady. "However, as regards Dr. Freeborn's ideas, I really know very little; no doubt he thought it was for your own good too, not to be burdened at such a time with another great anxiety."

"He has taken too much upon himself. It would have been no great anxiety to me ; my son is quite capable of fighting his own battles. And the same orders issued to my son and daughter ! At last I can understand poor Christie's letters—why she has been so brief, for fear of losing all self-control like her mother. Stupid, stupid, clever men ! Why there is infinitely less chance now of Mr. Fox ever knowing it. You may tell our sapient doctor that. Perhaps I shall astonish him a little. I'll prove to him that I can control my tongue by never mentioning the subject to him."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Fox, if I make one or two remarks. May I speak without reserve, as an old friend of the family, and one who has had a great deal to do with criminal,—at least I mean to say with public proceedings in this county ?"

"To be sure, Sir Henry. I shall be much obliged by any suggestions you may make."

"In the first place then, it is quite impossible to leave your son under this imputation. I can quite understand how he has been impeded in taking any steps for his own vindication, by his sense of duty towards his father and yourself. In that respect his behaviour has been most admirable. He has absolutely done nothing ; not even protested publicly, and challenged any evidence against him, but been quite content to lie at the mercy of any wicked slanderers. And for this there can be no reason but one,—that public proceedings would increase the stir, and make it certain that the whole must come to his father's knowledge."

"To be sure, Sir Henry. There can be no other reason." The old friend of the family was surprised at the tone in which Mrs. Fox uttered this opinion.

"Of course not. And so it is all the more incumbent upon his family to clear him. Let me tell you what I should do, if I were his father, in

sound health and able to attend to business. Of course I am too young to speak so" (he had suddenly remembered Christie), "but that you understand ; and you also admit that I am not likely to offer advice unless asked for."

"I beg you particularly to give it. You are a magistrate of large, if not long, experience. And I know that you are our true friend."

"That you may rely upon, Mrs. Fox. And you know how much I admire your son ; for enthusiasm is a rare gift now, and becoming rarer every year in these days of liberal sentiment. If the case were my own, I should just do this ; I should make application at once to the Court of King's Bench, to have the matter sifted. It is no use shilly-shallying with any county authorities. A Special Commission has been granted in cases less important. But without pressing for that, it is possible to get the whole question investigated by skilled officers from head-quarters. Those who bring the charge should have done it, and probably would have done it, if they had faith in their own case. But they are playing a deeper game, according at least to my view of the matter. They have laid themselves open to no action. Your son lies helpless, and must 'live it down,' as people say glibly, who have never had to do it. Is this a thing you mean to allow ?"

"You need scarcely ask me that, Sir Henry. But remember that I know nothing of the particulars, which have been kept so, so amiably from my knowledge."

"Yes. But I know them all, at least so far as they can be gathered from the Devonshire journals, and these are very careful what they say. In spite of all the enemies who want to keep it going, the whole thing may be brought to a point at once, by applying for a warrant in the Court of King's Bench, with the proper information sworn. They would grant it at once. Your son would appear, and be

released of course on bail ; for the case is only one of misdemeanour. Then the proper officers would be sent down, and the real criminals detected."

"A warrant against my Jemmy! Oh, Sir Henry, you can never mean that."

"Simply as a matter of form, Mrs. Fox. Ask your solicitors ; they are the proper people. And they should have been consulted long ago, and would have been, but for this terrible disadvantage. I only suggest the quickest way to bring the matter to an issue. Otherwise the doubt will hang over your son, with his friends and his conscience to support him. And what are these among so many?"

This was not altogether a counsel of perfection, or even of a very lofty view ; but unhappily we have to contend with a world neither perfect nor very lofty. There was no other hole to be found in the plan, or even to be picked by the ingenuity of a lady. But who that is worthy of that name cannot slip round the corner gracefully, whatever is presented?

"I thank you so deeply, Sir Henry, for your very kind interest in this strange matter," said Mrs. Fox, looking all gratitude, with a smile that shone through tears ; "and for your

perfectly invaluable advice. You see everything so distinctly, and your experience is so precious. To think of my poor boy in such a position ! Oh dear, oh dear ! I really have not the courage to discuss it any more. But a kind heart like yours will make every allowance for the feelings of a mother."

Thus was Sir Henry neatly driven from the hall of council to the carpeted chamber of comfort. But he knew as well as if the lady had put it into so many words, that she meant to accept none of his advice. Her reason, however, for so resolving was far beyond his perception, simple as it was and natural. Mrs. Fox had known little of the young doctor's doings since he had settled at Perlycross, having never even paid him a visit there, for her husband was sore upon that subject. So that she was not acquainted with the depth of Jemmy's regard for Sir Thomas, and had never dreamed of his love for Inez ; whereas she was strongly and bitterly impressed with his lifelong ardour for medical research. The mother felt no indignant yearning for prompt and skilled enquiry ; because she suspected, in the bottom of her heart, that it would prove her son the criminal.

(To be continued.)

THE APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

THE decisive rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords marks an epoch in our constitutional history, and is an event upon which some future Hallam will have much to say. Never since the time of the passing of the great Reform Act has the House of Lords played so important a part as it has recently done. That event and the struggle which preceded it are commonly referred to as a parallel case to the present state of things. The comparison is not very accurately made, and the resemblance is really very superficial. The Lords then rejected a bill which the Commons had passed, and that is the sole point of contact. It should not be forgotten that an important difference distinguishes that period from the present. The question of Reform touched in a very vital way the position of the Lords. They had hitherto held a superior and directing position; they had filled seats with nominees, had made and unmade Ministries, and dictated high policies of State. That superiority was threatened. Was it to continue? It was, in a word, a contest for supremacy in which the Commons won the day. But since the Reform Act the centre of gravity has shifted to the Commons. The rule of the great families has vanished, and then the middle classes, and lastly the people have reigned in their stead. The Lords became merely a revising House, a reserve force in the Constitution which usually slumbers, and performs its functions in a noiseless and unostentatious way. They are like sleeping partners in the business of government. When Lord Beaconsfield was asked how he liked the House of Lords, he replied that he was dead but in the Elysian fields.

His answer was a terse and graphic illustration of the pleasant but somnolent air which pervades the Upper House. Even its most active members, touched as it were by an enchanter's wand, feel that they are doomed to a life of unwilling inactivity. But now they are awakened from their seeming sleep; all eyes are turned towards them, and they have shown to friends and foes alike that when the occasion demands it they have a real and important function to perform.

It is at times like the present that a detached mind finds a natural inclination to pause and, so to speak, to overhaul the government machine. King Louis Philippe, who was a much cleverer man than was generally supposed, probed the secret of our silent revolutions. Our Constitution was, he said, so well riveted. At times of stress and strain the rivets may fall loose, and it is both opportune and wise to examine and to test them. Such an occasion is the present, and this is why many are considering with themselves whether everything is right, and whether and in what manner our present Constitution can be strengthened and amended.

It is one aspect of this question which it is proposed here to take into a brief consideration. It is said by a certain sort of politicians that the House of Lords is an anomaly; that they are irresponsible, that they represent no one but themselves, that to be the son of one's father, or to have been ennobled on the grounds of wealth or for party services, are not things which in themselves qualify a man to become a legislator. Away with them, it is cried; why cumber they the ground? It may be noted, by the way, that no one is properly

qualified to legislate who has not the wish to do well and the knowledge to do it. But that is an ideal which belongs to Utopia. The peculiar interest of the present position of affairs lies in this, that the Lords rightly or wrongly claim to represent, or rather to protect the people; they are no longer fighting for their own hands, but for the people of this kingdom on whom the Government has attempted to force a law against, as they say, its wish. Whether the Lords' claim be right or whether it be wrong, a popular appeal on the specific question of Home Rule can, it is said, alone decide. A plebiscite would put all doubts at rest. The people is Cæsar, and to Cæsar you must go. Such an appeal is, when carefully considered and defined, nothing less than what publicists have agreed to call the Referendum, and which has long been actually at work in Switzerland. It is this which some well-known English thinkers would desire to see introduced into our midst, and the present crisis lends to the whole question a more than common interest. The somewhat abstract and academic air which usually surrounds the discussion becomes partially dispersed, and the whole question seems to take a more clearly cut and concrete shape. What men are now pondering in their closets, they will soon perhaps be openly debating in the streets, and the whisper of the cloister and the porch may speedily swell into the clamour of the market-place. In a word, the whole question may soon enter the range of practical politics.

No one can properly weigh the gains and losses of its introduction among us who has not a very clear conception of what the Referendum is. A very few words will suffice to make it plain. It may be described as taking the vote of the people directly on some particular question, without the intervention of any representative body. Some specific question is put before them, and they are asked to give their vote for or against

it. It is a system which may be classed midway between representative institutions and such assemblies of the people as the Roman Comitia and the Swiss Landsgemeinden. Under the representative system the people vote for a party or a policy and elect a legislature; in the popular meeting they elect no one, but debate and decide forthwith for themselves; but the Referendum combines the principles of both, for a representative body is first elected, and that body refers particular proposals to the people for decision. That is the true Referendum, and it must be carefully distinguished from another device which is strikingly similar, and which may easily be confounded with it. Of this nature is that provision, for example, by which, under the Free Libraries Act, the vote of the ratepayers of a parish may be taken on the question whether a rate for creating a free library shall be levied or not. But that is only taking the popular vote for the purpose of deciding whether a particular act shall be put in operation over a particular area, and is somewhat similar in principle to what temperance reformers have called local option. But the Referendum is something more than that. It is local option, as one might say, *in excelsis*. It is concerned with the making of a law, and not with its application. It is, in a word, a legislative act. Such is the Referendum when considered in the abstract, but in Switzerland it has long been in actual operation, and it is there that we must look to see how it practically works. It will be useful to turn our thoughts in that direction for a moment. The Referendum has a place in the Federal and most of the Cantonal Constitutions. It is either optional or compulsory. In the Federal Constitution it is compulsory when a question of the revision of that Constitution is before the country. In that case it is provided that when one of the two chambers of the Federal Assembly demand it, then it must be referred to the whole body of voters

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machinery for carrying out changes in itself. There is no special means of constitutional revision. A revolutionary bill and a bill of the most trumpery description stand upon the same footing. The Federation of the Empire and the supply of Little Pedlington with water can be legislated for by identical methods. Now it has repeatedly been shown that perhaps alone of the civilised countries of the world the British Islands stand in this position. Almost every other Constitution has provided against hasty and ill-considered changes. It was a true instinct in the minds of the old Greek legislators who enacted that the penalty of death should be incurred by any one who proposed the repeal of certain laws. It was, it is true, a ridiculous provision, because the very law which enacted the penalty might itself with impunity be repealed. But the reason at bottom was sound; for it was felt that some laws should be placed beyond the reach of angry mobs or reckless agitation. Persons are always to be found who are anxious to meddle and who usually muddle. If proposed constitutional changes were compulsorily referred to the popular vote, this advantage at least would be gained, that they would only be made as the result of the deliberate choice of the people. They would be made openly and in the light of day.

That the Referendum has many of the merits which it claims it would be idle to deny. But its drawbacks are many and serious, and its acknowledged gains would be very dearly paid for. Those incidental difficulties which would attend its introduction into the United Kingdom, but which do not of course belong to its essence, can only be noted by the way. First its application to a wide area and an enormous population like our own would be a task of a magnitude which it would be hard to overrate. It would be a work of great complexity and cost. Then again vexed questions would arise over the separate expression of English, Scotch, Welsh, and

Irish opinion, and the result would be a certain inflammation of that already growing tendency to disintegration which seems at work in some portions of the kingdom. But there are some essential and deeply rooted vices in the system which cannot receive too strong a demonstration. Its specious merits and persuasive plausibility win easily an eager admiration which is apt to blind the mind to its faults. Now the Referendum rightly looked at is really a step of retrogression; it offends the representative system and grievously diminishes the dignity of parliaments. Its root principle is, in a word, the principle of numbers; it is the apotheosis of majorities, an appeal from quality to quantity. Parliamentary representatives either are or should be men of greater knowledge and ability than the mass of those they represent; and the people which elects a number of worthless representatives will probably be wanting in political sagacity. Mazzini, whose faith in the people was almost a religion, spoke of "the great and beautiful ensign of democracy, the progress of all through all under the leading of the best and wisest." Very good; but where the Referendum is applied what becomes of "the leading of the best and wisest"? Even as it is such a leading is not always to be had, as any one who knows anything of American politics can very well testify. "The best and wisest" are swallowed up and silenced in the crowd. There is indeed a good deal of truth in Lord Sherbrooke's humorous illustration of democracy. He compared it to the passengers in an omnibus trying to turn the driver off the box and get hold of the reins themselves; with what result we are left to imagine.

It is claimed for the Referendum that it would ensure the true expression of the wishes of the people. It would be a faithful index, no doubt, of what the majority desired. That is good, but there is something better still, and that is that when they do

express their will, they should do it well and wisely. And this the Referendum ensures not at all. In a multitude of counsellors there is not always wisdom; indeed it is not too much to say that of all errors those which may be called popular, what Sir Thomas Browne styled "*Pseudodoxia Epidemica*," are the most profound and the hardest to eradicate. Whole volumes have been written upon them. The masses of mankind in truth reflect little, and they gather their opinions from their neighbours and the newspapers. They may sometimes form right judgments, but error is more easy and therefore more common. There is a contagiousness in errors, and its poison once admitted spreads infinitely wide; a man is more sure to retain mistaken notions when he finds that the many are of the same opinion as himself. How constantly it happens that the people imagine vain things! To take a single instance; if Free Trade be a true doctrine of economy, how widespread and enduring must be the fallacy which lurks beneath Protection. Nor is political science, and its practical application to the art of government, any exception to the rule. There is no royal road to truth here any more than elsewhere. Political wisdom is not a knack, a trick, or an instinct, as some people seem to imagine. It is rather the one branch of knowledge in which, more than any other, the tendency to error besets the human mind; and its problems are precisely those which cannot be weighed *in vacuo*, or regarded in a dry light. Self-interest, prejudice, and a host of moral causes go before, and fallacy follows after. There are influences from which not even the wisest can escape, for they would hardly be human if they did. And to this it may be added that the Referendum would be sure to be invoked in the most important questions, which would be precisely those which would be the most unfitted to become the subject of popular appeal. The pro-

foundest problems would be the most imperfectly considered.

Nor is this a mere picture of the fancy. The practical working of the Referendum in Switzerland affords us some most apposite and instructive examples. If it fails there, it cannot hope to succeed elsewhere. The area is small and so is the population; the people are well educated, and political questions are not either complex or pressing. But what are the facts? According to the official returns between the years 1874 and 1890 there were one hundred and forty-four laws passed by the Federal Assembly. Of these twenty-two were referred to the popular vote, and the result was that thirteen were rejected and nine were approved; or, in other words, nearly one-seventh of the legislation was subjected to revision, and the Referendum on the average was invoked considerably more than once a year. Allowance must be made for those few cases where the Referendum was compulsory; but after making this deduction, what a residuum is left of restless discontent with the legislative chambers. In our own country, with its vastly larger interests, the many bills before Parliament, and the tendency of parties to split up into a number of small and independent groups, the Referendum would be sure to be constantly invoked. Perhaps several times a year the country would be plunged into something like the turmoil of a general election, and it would be kept in a continual fever of excitement. But that is by the way. What concerns us here is rather the nature of the bills which the people rejected. Among these are to be found a bill on currency, a bill for creating a department of justice, a bill for establishing two officials with small salaries in the Chancellor's department and at the Washington Legation. And to this it may be added that in 1891 a bill for the pensioning of old servants of the State was in like manner subjected to the guillotine. Every one

of these bills involved some trifling expenditure of public money, and their rejection is a monumental proof of democratic selfishness. It is certain that the expense involved was considered really necessary by the Federal Council; but the people preferred to save the money and starve the public service. It may be with some confidence predicted that the same thing would happen in England, only in an aggravated degree. Every Chancellor of the Exchequer feels a constant temptation to cut the expenditure of public money to the lowest possible point consistent with the efficiency of the service of the State, and with the Referendum it is to be feared that the proper limits would sometimes be overstepped. It is certain that the people would not vote money for an object which did not appeal to their immediate interests, and that such things as endowments for science and art would receive a very slight measure of support. The mass of mankind look, in the words of Bacon, for things that are *fructifera* and not *lucifera*. Like Atalanta in the race, they stoop to pick the golden apple.

But a much more crucial instance yet remains. The events about to be related occurred only a few months ago, and therefore belong to the newest fashions in politics; and though it is true that the case in point is an example of that form of the appeal to the people which is called the Initiative, yet it is a powerful demonstration of what a popular vote is capable of accomplishing. It is a capital illustration of that particular kind of error into which democracies are very liable to fall. The circumstances of the case are very shortly these. It appears that by the Jewish law no Jew is allowed to eat meat from which the blood has not so far as possible been extracted, and that with the object of attaining the desired end the Jews slaughter their animals in a way peculiar to themselves, called the Shechita, which it is unnecessary here to describe. Now it is a well known

thing that for some time a considerable Anti-Semitic agitation has prevailed on the Continent, and it would seem that even Switzerland has become infected with the poison. There a new and ingenious mode of persecution was invented. As no lawful ground of offence could be discovered the Anti-Semites conceived the notion that the Shechita was cruel, and that a mode of slaughter which perhaps dated from the time of the Pentateuch was an abomination which ought to be prevented by law. A practice to which the civilised world had for centuries consented was suddenly discovered to grossly offend the delicate feelings of the Swiss. So the agitation was carried on in the name of humanity. At last, by dint of persistent importunity, several municipal bodies were prevailed upon to forbid the Shechita within their jurisdiction. But the prohibition was entirely unlawful and as such was over-ruled by the Federal authorities. Attempts were also made to persuade the Federal Council to introduce a prohibitory bill, but these of course proved unavailing. One chance still remained, and that was the Initiative. If the sympathies of the people could be gained, the thing would be as good as done. The agitation became more violent than before; pamphlets were scattered broadcast, and no stone was left unturned to influence the feelings of the people. The required number of voters was obtained to petition for a bill, and a bill accordingly had to be brought in and placed before the people for the expression of their wishes. Out of about three hundred thousand voters only something like half cared to take any part whatever; the rest were utterly indifferent, and as a result a majority was whipped up to affirm the bill. It is stated that this majority was obtained chiefly in the German Cantons and among the Lutheran population, where the Anti-Jewish feeling runs the highest. Now mark well what the whole proceeding means. It should

be noted in the first place that the Jews claim for the Shechita that it is about as painless a method of slaughter as can well be invented, and their assertion is sustained by a considerable weight of authority. At all events it is a disputed and delicate question, and therefore peculiarly unfitted for popular decision. It should be a matter for calm investigation. But by dint of bare-faced declamation the Anti-Semites have succeeded in persuading a majority of the voters that the evidence is all against the Jews. The result has been a serious blow to the credit of democracy. It is said that the heart of the people is almost always sound, a proposition which every one would wish to believe. At least they frequently display a profound sense of sympathy; that is a good which none can scoff at or despise; but it does not afford a reason for putting legislation to the hazardous ordeal of a popular vote. It is of course to the credit of the Swiss that in this instance they were moved to set their faces sternly against what they believed to be cruel, and no one will blame them for that. But that they formed that belief on quite insufficient grounds is placed beyond the shadow of a doubt. They allowed themselves to be carried away by their feelings, and in that direction where assertions were the loudest. The net result is that the cruelty (if any) will not be diminished one iota, for the Jews will simply get their meat across the border; that a small but noisy faction have succeeded in causing their will to prevail; and that in a free country religious liberty has been grievously infringed. The Christian population of Switzerland had not the faintest

right to interfere with the customs of the Jews, and in the present instance a case for prohibition could only have been made out upon the very strongest grounds.

The events related have been treated at some length, not because they are important in themselves, but because they form a capital illustration of the sort of thing that is likely to happen where a people is endowed with the functions which belong to a legislative chamber; for that is really what the Referendum means. The case of the Shechita is a clear demonstration of the two failings into which the many are most prone to fall; they yield to their emotions and are easily influenced by noisy agitations. And if this happens in Switzerland, it is easy to guess what would happen here. If these things are done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry? No one who reflects upon them can regard without alarm the proposal to introduce the Referendum into this country. Amend the Constitution, if you will; but let the right of legislation remain the sole prerogative of Parliament. To share it with the people would be a very dangerous experiment. And although the House of Lords may not be an ideal institution, yet, taking human nature as it is, it may well be thought by many that the so-called "gilded chamber" substantially ensures that the real wishes of the people in the long run shall prevail. Representative chambers have been known ere now to assume despotic powers, and that is a tyranny against which protection is imperative.

C. B. ROYLANCE-KENT.

A CHAPTER IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

THE year 1776 and the name of Washington to the English-speaking race in a supreme degree, and to the rest of the world in only a lesser one, are of immortal import. But who has ever heard of 1676 and Bacon? The story of this first revolt of the Americans might be worth telling for the extraordinary significance of its date alone. I venture to think, however, that it has other features which make it worthy of a brief narration.

Of all the transatlantic dependencies of the British throne in those early days Virginia was the very last from which disaffection might have been expected. And yet it was Virginia that anticipated by a century, and after a fashion in some respects curiously analogous, the movement which deprived the British empire of its chief dependencies and repainted the map of America.

No crisis was then complete without its omens, and the quaint writers of that time have assured us that these were not wanting. For in the spring of 1676 a large comet, "like a horse's tail streaming westward," filled with awe the planters in their manors along the eastern shore, the farmers in their humble homesteads high up the waters of the York and James, the backwoodsmen and the outlaws far inland along the Indian frontier. "Flights of wild pigeons darkening the sky and to whose flight there was no end" caused unwonted amazement throughout the colony, while, as if to fill the very atmosphere with strange presages of evil, "swarms of flies an inch long" (to wit, locusts) descended upon the land with the first bursting of the leaves and devoured in their course every vestige of foliage.

It was remembered by very old men that the same portents had heralded

the terrible onslaught of the Indian chief Opencancanough, who in 1622 had decimated the infant colony with fire and sword. Half a century had passed away since then. The Virginians were no longer struggling settlers supported by an English company. An aristocracy had arisen, strengthened and stimulated by the great inrush of cavaliers and their dependents at the close of the Civil War. The fairest land that English men have ever entered upon, or at any rate the one most suited to their natural bent, had been thickly sprinkled with commodious if primitive manor-houses. Large estates had been carved out of the forests and had even then become associated as a source of pride with names that for generations after had that broad-acred significance to which the Anglo-Saxon has been wont to pay such instinctive homage. There was a democracy too, quite sufficient in numbers to give a greater dignity to the large landowners who carved their coats of arms over their hospitable doors and reared heraldic monuments upon their graves. Ruder settlers cultivated their more limited homesteads between and behind the larger estates, while hosts of indented servants worked out their period of years and acquired in the wilder districts homes of their own as tenants or freeholders. Life in Virginia was modelled, so far as possible, upon that of England. The Church was established, dissenters were as pestilent vermin. The natural feeling of the colony, of all classes that is to say worth taking into consideration, was almost pathetically loyal. Charles the Second, who had been welcomed back to his throne with extravagant delight, had behaved towards Virginia

like a madman, and had opened his reign by granting half a dozen counties that were occupied under the same conditions as Yorkshire and Lancashire, and for all practical purposes as thickly, to a couple of his favourites. This outrage (which however he was forced to cancel), together with the continued enforcement of navigation laws, had somewhat disillusioned even the loyal Virginians. Still the fact that for a century after the occurrences about to be described Virginia was the backbone of Church and King in the colonies, illustrates their feeling and makes the rising of 1676, a unique event in colonial history, all the more curious.

Now there had come to the colony a few years previously to the one he has made famous a young gentleman named Nathaniel Bacon. Like many emigrants to Virginia in those days he was well connected, being a cousin of Lord Culpepper's, while his wife was a daughter of one Sir John Duke. He had moreover an uncle in the colony, also a Nathaniel Bacon, a member of the Governor's Council, "rich and politic who designed him [the younger Bacon] for his heir." It is probable, however, that this aristocratic old gentleman altered his will in the course of the year 1676.

Young Bacon had run through most of his patrimony in England. Sufficient, however, still remained to suffice for the purchase of an estate in Virginia, considerable probably in acreage though in money value not to be compared to the possessions of the larger landholders of the colony. To make his money go further he had, in modern parlance, "gone West." He also followed a custom that with southern landowners was long popular, that is to say he purchased one property as much within civilization as his means would allow as a home for himself, and another, for a trifling consideration no doubt, upon what was then the Indian frontier. The limited perspective of those days is illustrated by the fact that the latter, the up-

country plantation, was close upon the site where the city of Richmond now stands, and it may be interesting to note that a spot in the vicinity of that historic town was known till recent years as "Bacon's quarter branch." Here it is that the broad current of the James river ceases to be periodically agitated into the rocky turbulence of a mountain stream and subsides for good and all into the stately and deep reaches of a tidal estuary. This meant much, this "head of tide-water," to the Virginian of all periods before the railroads, and doubly so to the Virginian of Bacon's day. For the sloop upon the James and York was as much an attribute of the dignity of the old colonial aristocracy as the coach-and-four creaking and groaning over the red clay roads, and infinitely more useful. Bacon's lower plantation was at Curles, further down upon the tidal way and just within the pale of civilisation. His position midway between the presumptive conservation of the great eastern proprietors and the back-country territory, occupied chiefly by the humbler settlers, was geographically favourable to the agitation he was destined to create and lead.

The fact that as a new-comer and a proprietor of the second rank he was at the age of twenty-seven a member of the Governor's Council can only be accounted for by some sort of strong personality, and seems to preclude any suspicion as yet of his democratic tendencies. The House of Burgesses was comparatively popular, but the Council was an inner sanctuary chiefly reserved for the wise and the gray-headed and the large-acred notabilities of the old Dominion. The presence upon it of the younger Bacon is an anomaly which can be accounted for only by possession of unusual talent and force of character. He was impetuous, his friendly contemporaries tell us, and, when excited, "he waved his arms wildly and shouted 'Damn my blood,'" but yet so courteous in demeanour that when he approached a

burgess he did so "stooping to the ground hat in hand." His very enemies describe him as "a man of quality and merit, brave and eloquent, a complete man, wisdom to apprehend, discretion to choose." Such was the youth who aspired so prematurely to the double part of a Washington and a Patrick Henry.

The Governor of Virginia at that time was notable above all the governors that in the course of one hundred and sixty years presided over that loyal colony. Most of them were doubtful characters with fine names, who regarded the office as a perquisite, and the duties it entailed, including residence, as a nuisance to be avoided whenever possible. Many of them had ruled by proxy. Sir William Berkeley, however, had taken another view of his office. Though a strong cavalier and a courtier he had thrown himself warmly into the life of the colony. He was a man, indeed, who stood almost alone among old colonial governors, and was in many respects a rare and unique sample of his class. He was one of the last appointments of Charles the First, and had ruled the colony for thirty-four years, guiding it safely through the troubles and factions caused by the civil war in England. He had no hankerings after the Court of St. James, but lived the life of a good old-fashioned country gentleman in his manor of Greenspring near Jamestown, where seventy servants, we are told, ministered to his wants, blood-horses ran in his paddocks, and costly plate loaded his sideboards. He married too, a lady of the colony, entertained the colonial aristocracy right royally, and appears to have been a genial and popular personage. His house had been a general refuge for cavaliers of quality and all "true men" at the time of the exodus from England, and his kindness of heart and hospitality knew no bounds. Upon one subject, however, he was immutable. At the least sign of opposition to Church or King Sir William became an unrelenting parti-

zan, a stern and zealous bigot. It was hard that one of the best colonial governors of that time should have fallen upon such evil days! The civil war which had extended in some sort to Virginia had no doubt sown seeds of faction, and the monstrous conduct of Charles towards the colony after the Restoration had disappointed the cavaliers to the verge of disgust. This was not, however, Berkeley's fault. He was simply an unquestioning upholder of the divine right of kings. It was unfortunate for him that his master was so unworthy. The incidents of the Virginian rebellion may seem to savour of unreasonableness and faction, but there can be little doubt that they were mainly the issue of disappointment and disgust for unrewarded and worse than unrewarded devotion to the royal cause. It is certain, however, that but for Bacon's presence in the colony this discontent would never have ripened into rebellion.

A great and standing cause of friction between the colonists and the authorities was the royal commission for the prosecution of Indian wars. At this time that band of Ulster settlers, who for the greater part of the eighteenth century formed an impenetrable line of steel between the Indian and the eastern settlement, had not yet begun to cross the ocean. The Indians still hovered upon the eastern side of the Alleghanies, and were now threatening the frontier, and in the very centre of this frontier Bacon's upper estate was situated. In the month of May, 1676, it was actually attacked, his overseer and others being slain. The frontier rushed to arms. Messengers were sent to Sir William at the capital one hundred and fifty miles off to forward a commission to levy war. Now Bacon, we are told, was "a gentleman with a perfect antipathy to Indians." This was no doubt not the sole reason for his being offered the leadership of the gathering forces. Upon the strength of such a qualification only.

competition would have been overwhelming. Though so young, and almost a stranger, he must have shown himself by some means or other to be a man of mark. He must also have aroused distrust in the mind of that staunch King's man Sir William, for he refused him his commission and warned him that if he proceeded it would be at his peril. "Mr. Bacon," said the stout old Tory, "is popularly inclined to a constitution not consistent with the times or the people's disposition."

But Mr. Bacon was already at the head of a considerable force of well-armed housekeepers, and his "perfect antipathy to Indians" was too much for him. The magnetism of the man had already taken effect upon his followers, for when he gave the word to march not a dissentient voice was raised. In the meantime, as if to further incense the choleric old Governor, Bacon sent a post on horseback to Jamestown "thanking him for his promised commission." As the small army was marching westward through the forests of Henrico County there came messengers riding post haste from the capital with a proclamation depouncing Nathaniel Bacon junior and his deluded followers as rebels, and commanding them at their peril to return. The men faltered before this direct thunderbolt from the King's representative. Many of the richer sort fell away, and small blame to them. The majority of the force however succumbed to Bacon's eloquence and pushing on fought the battle of Bloody Run, somewhat famous in Indian warfare, and so named because the small streams which come spouting down the hill-sides in this locality were reported to have run red upon that day with the blood of Indians. The latter were totally routed with great slaughter.

The frontier for the time was safe, and Bacon moved slowly backward to the Lower James with his victorious followers and a train of Indian captives. The aged Governor, how-

ever, roused to dire wrath by the news of Bacon's defiance, raised a force of horse and left Jamestown in hot pursuit of the audacious young councillor. But he was not far upon his westward way when news came that the whole lower country in his rear had risen in revolt, and there was nothing for it but to turn his horse's head once more to the capital. The news of the refusal of Bacon's commission, and his defiance and subsequent victory over the Indians, had spread all over the well settled countries upon the banks of the James and York. The country was in a tumult and civil war seemed imminent. The Bacon incident was no doubt but a breeze which fanned into flames the smouldering fires of discontent. One would scarcely have supposed it of itself sufficient to create such general disturbance, nor is it very easy with such lack of material to fully understand the causes of this temporary wave of dissatisfaction which passed over a colony that for a century after was so notably well affected. With the lower classes a restricted franchise was a burden of complaint. The legislature moreover had sat since the Restoration, for sixteen years that is to say, and Sir William, being on no doubt admirable terms with such old acquaintances, was showing no disposition whatever to dissolve it.

The fiery old cavalier however cooled down before the gravity of the occasion and acted like a "politic man." He hearkened, or seemed to hearken, to the voice of his well-beloved Virginians in their various requests; above all he issued writs for a general election.

Bacon was still a rebel and was at his manor of Curles. In defiance however of the royal decree he offered himself as a burgess for Henrico County, was unanimously elected, and embarking in his sloop with thirty of the chief of his late followers, descended the James River and coolly disembarked at the capital.

Here he and his companions were at once arrested. The latter were put in irons and Bacon was taken before the Governor at the State House. All that remains of this interview between the fiery young rebel and the equally fiery old Governor are three sentences.—“Mr. Bacon, have you forgot to be a gentleman?” “No, may it please your Honour.” “Then I’ll take your parole.” This leniency was no doubt greatly instigated by the fact that Jamestown was fast filling with the newly-elected burgesses, the majority of whom were in sympathy with Bacon.

The first business was that of Bacon. The very majesty of the King’s person in that of Sir William had been grossly outraged. The old knight, so long the ruler and the pride of loyal Virginia, would know no peace of mind till this graceless young democrat had offered his humble apology upon bended knees. The burgesses sat in the upper room of the State House, the Governor in the lower, enthroned amid the pomp and circumstance of royalty, while around him sat his faithful councillors in their scarlet robes. Upon this occasion the House of Assembly were summoned to the bar of the Council Chamber. A long protest from the Governor against various breaches of faith with Indians opened the proceedings. This however was a mere prelude, and when it was over Sir William rose amid a deep and anxious silence and said: “If there be joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth, there is joy now, for we have a penitent sinner come before us. Call Mr. Bacon.”

That young gentleman then appeared, and performed the part of the penitent sinner to every one’s satisfaction, and particularly to Sir William’s. Kneeling humbly at the bar of the House he read aloud from a paper the whole list of his misdeeds, and promised, if pardoned, a reformation absolute and complete, and, what was more to the point, offered as a

proof of his repentance a bond of two thousand pounds for his good behaviour. “God forgive you—I forgive you,” said the old Governor, repeating the words thrice in solemn tones. “And those that were with you,” suggested a member of the Council. “And those that were with you” repeated Sir William, an unimportant afterthought that let loose the thirty gentlemen then lying in irons close by. The Governor then stood up and addressed Bacon with many quaint and fatherly words of counsel and admonition, for which there is here no space. Bacon however was promised his commission as general of the forces against the Indians.

Now there was a certain graduate of Oxford named Laurence living at this time in Jamestown, who had financial reasons for enmity against the Government and had made no secret of his animosity. Him and others the bluff old Governor had publicly denounced by name in his addresses to the burgesses as pestilent schemers, and it so happened that Bacon was at this time a guest in Laurence’s house and was subject to influences most disturbing to a repentant sinner.

All might still have been well, but the promised commission never came. Moreover the new Assembly was the most popular in its sympathies that had yet been elected, and friction between it and the Governor in Council was continuous.

The penitent sinner grew tired of waiting, and was doubtless worked upon by the artful Oxonian. He applied for leave to absent himself from his seat upon the Council, which he still held, in order to visit his wife who was sick at Curles Manor. The Governor did not believe in the sick wife, and moreover had contracted fresh suspicions of his young friend, whose demand he however apparently granted. The “rich and politic uncle” Nathaniel Bacon senior, a great man at the colonial court, suspected that

Sir William had further designs upon the person of that headstrong but distinguished young man whom, so far as history tells us, he still "designed for his heir." So a timely hint was conveyed to the latter, and one morning, scarce a fortnight after that solemn scene of reconciliation in the State House, the colonial capital was thrown into a state of wild excitement by the news that Bacon had fled under the full impression that the Governor's promises and conduct towards him had been "no other than previous wheedles to amuse him."

I am bound to say that I can find no sufficient cause why the minds of men in Virginia, of all colonies, should have been ripe for rebellion; but events prove beyond all doubt that they were so. Bacon made straight for the upper counties and there raised the standard of revolt. He was undoubtedly by nature both a soldier and an orator, and he could both rouse men and lead them. In a short time he was descending the banks of the James at the head of six hundred horse, and was within a day's march of the capital. It was hard on the poor old Governor after his thirty-five years of well-meaning and faithful administration, with his devotion to Virginia, to his Virginian wife, and to Greenspring Manor and its boundless hospitalities; it was hard that he, alone amid the long list of idlers, reprobates, and nonentities that ruled the ancient colony, should have had to face armed rebellion and incur its odium.

Berkeley was now hard pressed, for there seemed no one at this crisis upon whom he could depend. He met it however with energy, and issued a summons for the instant gathering of the train-bands of the counties of York and Gloucester. But even those loyal, prosperous, and well-regulated districts had been poisoned. Instead of two thousand men, well accoutred and mostly mounted and officered by their county lieutenants and justices, only "one hundred soldiers and not one half of them sure neither" answered

the call. We hear nothing of this miserable company, for Bacon with his "well-armed housekeepers" had already seized Jamestown and was parading upon the green before the State House.

The scene of this conflict between the King's authority and his rebellious colonists has been quaintly described by a member of the Assembly who saw it from a window in the State House. The Governor and Council are seated within. Bacon is depicted as strutting up and down the ranks of his army upon the State House green. All has been confusion. The drums summoning the Legislature have been beaten and Bacon's trumpets have played an accompaniment. Suddenly the white-haired Governor, at the head of his Council, emerges from the State House, and rushing up to Bacon tears open his lace coat at his breast and cries out again and again, "Here! Shoot me! 'fore God, a fair mark—shoot!" "No, may it please your Honour, we will not hurt a hair of your head. We are come for a commission against the Indians, and will have it before we go." Sir William and his Council upon this face about, and march back to the State House, the former throwing his arm about like one distraught at the ignominy of the situation. Bacon, at the head of a company of his fusiliers, struts after him wild also with rage, his left arm on his sword-hilt and his right indicating, still more violently than Sir William's, by its gestures the agitation of his mind. The upper room occupied by the Assembly is filled with faces. Bacon's men have their fusils cocked with an order to blaze into the windows where the legislators of the colony are huddled should the fiery-tempered colonial Cromwell drop his handkerchief. "Damn my blood!" shouts he. "I'll kill Governor, Council, Assembly and all, and then I'll sheathe my sword in my own heart's blood." "We will have it [the commission]! We will have it!" cry the soldiers. "You shall have it! You shall have

it!" echoes back the terrified and for the most part sympathetic Assembly, waving white handkerchiefs and cooped up between the upper and the nether millstone, the representative of the Crown and the fusils of the rebels. Bacon then enters the State House and harangues the Governor, Council, and Assembly for the space of half an hour.

The burden of his declamations was not the Indian dangers only, but the misappropriation of the public revenues, the exorbitant taxes, and "the redressing of grievances and calamities in this deplorable country." For two days the prestige of the King's authority resisted the overwhelming pressure. At length Bacon was appointed general and commander-in-chief. His commission signed by the Governor, and a letter sent to the King under the seal of the Governor in Council approving his measures, was the result of the negotiations. But Berkeley, with something of the dissimulation of the two royal masters he had served and more of excuse for the same, sent private despatches of another tenor to London.

Bacon was now at the head of the colonial forces, commissioned nominally for Indian service, practically for any purpose he chose. Private influences, particularly those of the Oxonian Mr. Laurence and a Mr. Drummond, once governor of North Carolina, pressed him hard to use his virtual dictatorship in upsetting the royal authority. The young general was now the idol of the majority of the colonists and had the ball at his feet. He seems however to have resisted the temptation, and confined his attention solely to Indian affairs, which he prosecuted in the back county with great vigour and success.

Bacon and his army were now far from Jamestown. The Legislature had dispersed to their country seats. Berkeley, smarting and sore from his humiliation, began to think he had made a mistake. The county of Gloucester, "the place best replenished

for men, arms, and affection of any county in Virginia," had been scoured by Bacon's troops and all suspected Berkeleyites disarmed. Its recent lapse into Baconian sympathies should presumably have been to some extent cured by these high-handed proceedings. At any rate Sir William thought so and received messages to that effect. Jamestown was unsafe for the somewhat fatuous proceeding he meditated, so leaving his family and his fair manor of Greenspring this uncompromising old Tory crossed the York River to the rich and once loyal county of Gloucester, proclaimed Bacon and the thousand men with him rebels, and summoned all true Virginians to his standard. Twelve hundred men assembled in a big field in Gloucester, but unfortunately they were not so loyal as had been represented, for when asked to march against the popular leader they broke up and dispersed, "sullenly muttering 'Bacon, Bacon!'"

One hope was still left for Berkeley. Across the mouth of the Chesapeake lay a long peninsula called then, and still, Accomac, thickly settled, as the times went, with a population rougher, poorer, and more ignorant than that of the mainland. Over the thirty miles of sea sailed the indomitable Governor, and planted his drooping standard once more upon this strange and remote soil.

Bacon, in the meantime, was speedily apprised of the state of affairs, Messrs. Laurence and Drummond, with motives of their own no doubt, being themselves bearers of the news. Thus proclaimed a rebel for the third time, he faced his army round and marched straight for the eastern counties, keeping perfect order as he went, but arresting some of the more important planters known to be friends of Berkeley. Having arrived at a place called Middle Plantation, not far from Jamestown, Bacon, who was now in Berkeley's absence virtually dictator of Virginia, halted his troops and issued a proclamation call-

ing upon all Virginians who had "any regard for themselves, their wives, children and other relations," to assemble upon August 3rd at Middle Plantation. The summons was widely responded to, and most of the "prime gentlemen" of the colony, including four of the Governor's Council, were present.

Then followed one of those scenes so peculiar to all revolutionary movements among Anglo-Saxons. The letter of the law must not be violated, the majesty of the King must not be outraged; both, if necessary, must be swept aside and trampled on, but it will be done in the name of the law and in the name of the King whose representative has turned traitor against both. There was, as on similar occasions of greater import, a forward party and a party of compromise. All were equally determined to defy Berkeley in his attitude towards their favourite and his army. Bacon, smarting under a sense of personal wrong, harangued his countrymen throughout the whole of that hot August day. A test oath was to be subscribed, that no one should aid the Governor against the general and his army. This all would cheerfully comply with. But Bacon and his friends would not stop there. If an English army landed to enforce the Governor's decrees, he required that the Assembly should bind themselves to resistance. This open rebellion against the King was too much for the majority. It was "a bugbear that [like Patrick Henry's first thunders to their descendants] did marvellously startle them." But Bacon would have "all swallowed or none." A great tumult arose, in the midst of which a gunner from York Fort rushed madly into the crowd crying that the savages were advancing on the fort which the Governor had dismantled. This settled the matter, and the paper was immediately signed binding them to everything, including resistance to the King's troops, but it was not, said the "loyal and prime gentlemen,"

to affect their allegiance. "Allegiance! God forbid!" shouted Bacon; he was himself the most loyal subject of them all! So at midnight, by the light of blazing torches, with their hands on the hilts of their broadswords, the chief men of the colony declared war upon the King's government "until the King should be heard from." Bacon was in the meantime dictator, and writs were issued signed by the members of the Council present summoning the Legislature for September.

The Indians were again on the war-path. Another successful campaign against them followed, when suddenly in the middle of September the startling news sped through the land that the Governor had arrived at Jamestown from the distant shores of Accomac with seventeen ships and a thousand men. Jamestown was garrisoned by a lieutenant of Bacon's with a force of eight hundred men. To these however Berkeley offered such fair terms that they evacuated the place, and left him once more in possession of his capital.

When the news reached Bacon his short Indian campaign was over, his troops dispersed, and only a handful of horse left at his headquarters. With them however he set out at once for Jamestown, raising the country as he marched through it. Hundreds joined him, and when he arrived in front of the town he had a force almost as large as Berkeley's.

The Governor had taken up his abode in the cunning Mr. Laurence's house, who, as a prime mover in the insurrection, had fled with a price upon his head. Bacon now, as a fitting interchange of hospitalities, appropriated Greenspring Manor, and all the fat spoil therein and thereabout, for the use of himself and his army. Earthworks were thrown up on both sides and preparations made for a regular siege.

Bacon had the reputation of being a gallant man and a gentleman; but in his operations before Jamestown he

sadly belied his character. For, sending out into the country, he seized the wives of some of the chief gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who had remained loyal to Berkeley and were with him in Jamestown, and these unfortunate ladies he caused to stand upon the breastworks so that their friends inside the town could not fire upon his workmen. One of these ill-treated ladies we regret to say was Bacon's own aunt, the wife of the "rich and politic uncle" Nathaniel Bacon senior. "The poor gentlewomen were mightily astonished, and neither were their husbands void of amazement at this subtle invention." So much it is easy to understand.

The force from Accomac however proved of little avail. They were a rabble chiefly fighting for plunder and under the promise of a division of the escheated estates of the "prime gentlemen" on the mainland. At the first encounter they fled back to the town precipitately, and when Bacon brought some cannon to play upon the besieged Berkeley gave up all hope, and embarking his force during the night sailed away once more to the distant and sandy shores of Accomac. The capital of the colony was again in the hands of the rebels. For no very obvious reason Bacon decided to burn it. There must have been some policy in this, for the astute Mr. Laurence and the scheming Mr. Drummond, who appear at Bacon's elbow upon every crisis, set fire to their own houses with their own hands. This was the last of the old capital of Virginia and the oldest town in America. Upon the site of Middle Plantation, where Bacon's test oath was subscribed to, the new capital of Williamsburg shortly arose, which was the seat of government till nearly the end of the colonial period.

Berkeley and his longshoremen and adventurers disposed of, Bacon seemed to have Virginia at his feet. Not quite yet however, for news came suddenly that one Colonel Brent had raised an army in the counties to the

northward bordering on the Potomac and was advancing with rapid marches on the smoking ruins of Jamestown.

The rich county of Gloucester was now the chief hope of Bacon, as it had been of his enemy. Thither he repaired with horse and foot, not doubting but that the men of Gloucester would flock to his standard. When it came to fighting, however, these prosperous squires and housekeepers showed, as they had shown to Berkeley, a strong disposition to be neutral and looked askance at the strong wording of the Middle Plantation test oath. While they were parleying came the news that Brent was close at hand. The Gloucester men went back to their plantations and General Bacon advanced against this fresh foe from the north. "The drums thunder a march, and the soldiers under their colours, with abundance of cheerfulness, disburthen themselves of all impediments to expedition excepting their oaths and wenches." The shock of battle seemed imminent, when suddenly Brent's army gives way to sedition and "resolves to worship the rising sun"; some go home, many come over to Bacon's standard. The valiant Colonel Brent, left with a handful only of his followers, rides northwards again towards the Potomac in melancholy mood exclaiming, "They have forsaken the stoutest man and ruined the fairest estate in Virginia."

Bacon's head seems now to have been entirely turned. There were only the neutral men of Gloucester left in the whole colony to be reckoned with. These might easily have been conciliated. But Bacon was ill with fever and ague. His high temper, hitherto under some control, now passed all bounds. He turned on the men of Gloucester and met them in Assembly at the head of his troops on their Court House green. He brandished in their faces the Middle Plantation oath to fight the King if necessary. Would they subscribe to it, or would they not? The Gloucester yeomen were armed to the number

of six hundred. They were strongly averse to taking such an oath, but this young Cromwell with an angry scowl on his face and a thousand armed men at his back was a formidable argument. Still they demurred. Bacon swore they should take it and turned to his troops. A prudent colonel steps out from among the Gloucester men: "Perhaps the oath may yet be taken; he had only spoke to the horse not to the foot." Bacon broke out in a passion: "I spake to the men and not to the horse, leaving that service for you to do, as one beast can best understand the meaning of another." A parson next comes forward, and trusting to his cloth not only refuses the oath but encourages others to do the same. Bacon, however, since he placed his own aunt upon the top of a breastwork at Jamestown, has been no respecter of persons, and the audacious clergyman is instantly arrested. The matter ended by the Gloucester men signing the oath.

Not satisfied with supreme power in Virginia Bacon began now to plan a campaign against the unhappy Berkeley cooped up in the sea-girt wilds of Accomac; but the fiery young leader had worn himself out. Fever, exertion, and mental excitement all combined had consumed him, and now dysentery followed. In the very moment of what seemed to be his crowning triumph he died, and from the moment of his death the rebellion he had swelled to such serious dimensions crumbled away without an effort of resistance. It had been inspired by one man from the first. Without Bacon no such movement would have been possible. The grievances of the colony, judged by the standard of those days, were all insufficient to cause such a serious uprising without the excitement of some strong and magnetic personality. It was not

liberty and justice the Virginians shouted for so much as *Bacon*; and when he died they returned without much further ado to that allegiance from which they showed no more signs of turning for a hundred years. All this is of course in favour of the strong personality of the remarkable youth who in four months achieved so much.

Rebellion simmered on for a while, but an English force landed in January, and Berkeley, without perhaps much serious discontent, was installed once more in Greenspring Manor. Misfortune, however, had turned the once jovial and popular old cavalier into a veritable tiger. He hunted down without mercy every man of quality that had been concerned in the rebellion. In every county gibbets arose from which planters swung in chains. He insulted their wives, and spurned them from his feet as they begged for their husbands' lives upon their bended knees. It was said at the time that he would have hanged half the colony if the Assembly had not insisted on an end being put to his barbarities. At length broken down by sickness, old age, and the hatred he had inspired among the friends and neighbours of a life-time, the wretched old man, amidst bonfires and rejoicings, sailed for England where the rumours of his severities had "caused much talk." Here he found anything but a cordial welcome, and in the same summer he died, killed, it was said, by the ingratitude of his master for whom he had undergone so much. The only thanks he ever got from the King was a characteristic sneer: "That old fool has hanged more men in yonder naked country than I have done for the murder of my father."

A. G. BRADLEY.

THE EARLY LIFE OF PEPYS.

FEW men are better known than Samuel Pepys. For eight years of his life he has recorded with unblushing frankness all he did and all he thought. After the Diary ends, his voluminous correspondence pictures for us, first the busy official of his manhood, and then the dilettante and virtuoso of his age. On the other hand, for the period which precedes the Diary there is an almost unbroken darkness. Half a dozen bare facts are all that the industry of his biographers has recovered. They tell us when he was born and where he matriculated; but there is nothing which foretells the future Pepys except that he was "scandalously over-served with drink" at Cambridge. He was married, his biographers say, on December 1st, 1655, or, as he himself supposed, on October 10th, 1655. As he had no means, he naturally looked for assistance to his rich relations. "Sir Edward Montagu (afterwards Earl of Sandwich), who was Pepys's first cousin one remove (Pepys's grandfather and Montagu's mother being brother and sister), was a true friend to his poor kinsman, and he at once held out a helping hand to the imprudent couple allowing them to live in his house. . . . He owed his success in life primarily to Montagu, to whom he appears to have acted as a sort of agent."¹

Fortunately this connection between Pepys and Montagu supplies materials for the biography of the former which have been hitherto overlooked. When Thomas Carte, about 1740, was preparing his History of England, he borrowed from the Earl of Sandwich three or four volumes of the correspondence of his ancestor Edward

Montagu. These volumes were never returned to Hinchinbrook, but passed finally with the rest of Carte's collection to the Bodleian Library. One of them contains about a score of letters from Pepys to his patron, written between the years 1656 and 1660.

The letters show clearly what the real position of Pepys was, and what services he performed for Montagu. Montagu's earliest letter is dated March 11th, 1656, written at sea, and is a simple order to pay £180 to a certain Captain Hare. It is addressed "For my servant Samuel Pepys at my lodgings in Whitehall." During Montagu's absences from London, whether he was commanding a squadron or living in the country at Hinchinbrook, Pepys was continually engaged in paying and receiving small sums of money for his master. He received also on his behalf the gifts which officers or officials used to offer to the Admiral, and reports one day that "Captain Clerke with his humblest service hath presented you with six goodly planks of cedar," and in another letter that Captain Holland has sent some bottles of Rhenish wine. If any furniture was to be removed from Whitehall to the country, or anything to be bought for his patron's family, Pepys executes the commissions.

"I have sent swords and belts, black and modish, with two caps for your honour and two for Mrs. Jemima." (Nov. 27th, 1656.) "I have delivered and sent the dozen stools and half-dozen cushions. My Lady Pickering [Montagu's sister] was herself here, and see the books and silver bedstead well placed, and in the chest with the cushions there are five pieces of hangings, which her ladyship hath sent. Upon the

¹ Diary of Samuel Pepys. Ed. Wheatley, i. 22.

hangings I have put the letter I mentioned with the ring in it, which the post-master sent me as unwilling to promise its security." (Dec. 11th, 1656.) "I have this week sent down one box of oranges, two razors in a little box, of Mr. Bayly's choosing and setting, some shuttlecocks also, and four battledores for the children." (Dec. 10th, 1657.)

Besides this, Pepys exercised a general supervision over the servants in the London house, though his authority was ill defined and his example not always unimpeachable. In December, 1657, the household was in sad disorder. One of the maids had clandestinely married, and Pepys had been staying out late at night instead of keeping an eye on the servants. Montagu sent Roger Pepys and a Mr. Barton with instructions to set things to rights, and Pepys was for a time in disgrace. Vindicating himself as to "this late business of the maid," he says: "As for my privity to her marriage, if no duty to yourself, a tenderness to my credit (as to my employment) obligeth me to avoid such actions, which (like this) renders it so questionable. But I shall submit your opinion of my honesty in this, to that which Mr. Barton and Roger shall inform you of from her own mouth. If the rendering me suspicious to the maid, and charging her to lock me from any room but my chamber, moved me to speak anything in an ill sense concerning my cousin Mark, I desire it may be valued as my zeal to acquit myself rather than prejudice him. For the week-days I have not yet, nor for the future on Sundays, shall I be more forth at night, though this was not past seven o'clock, as my she-cousin Alcock knows who supped with us at my father's." (Dec. 5th, 1657.) The maid, it is settled, is to be sent away and Montagu's mother-in-law, Mrs. Crew, is to procure a new one. "Mrs. Crew will soon acquaint me concerning the maid heretofore proffered to my Lady, till when I think it not best to let this maid know of her

sudden going away; but I shall have a care to look over the inventory and goods." (Dec. 8th, 1657.) Pepys has a theory of the cause of the trouble which proves that it was not his staying out late that made it. "I shall venture to acquaint your honour that I am too evidently convinced that Sarah's and this maid's miscarriage hath risen from want of employment at home, and especially from their victualling abroad, under pretence of which four hours at least in a day was excused for their being abroad, and from thence at cookshops comes their acquaintance with these fellows. To prevent this (from the time I perceived it) I have allowed this maid very plentifully for my diet for 20 weeks, and I am sure have thereby hindered many ill consequences which in so short a time her liberty had in part occasioned . . . Your directions to give the next maid convenient allowance encouraged me to this liberty of proposing it to your honour that (if you think it fit) she shall diet as well as myself and my wife for four shillings a week, and by that means the disrepute of a maid's going to a victualling house and neglect of your honour's own doors will be prevented. I humbly mention this to your honour upon confidence that it will be received as I intend it, viz. free from any other ends than your honour's commodity." But when the new maid came, Pepys found himself again in a difficulty. "On Thursday night there came a woman from Mrs. Anne Crew, whom I received. But before I said anything to her concerning the house, she began and asked me if I knew what her work must be. I told her I supposed Mrs. Crew had acquainted her with that; she told me, no. Whereupon I told her what had been the office of them that had been before her. She answered she never had been used to make fires, wash rooms or clothes, scour, or do anything like that, and she expected only to take charge of the foods and oversee other maids as a housekeeper. I answered I knew nothing to the con-

trary but that her work was to be as theirs that had been in her place before, but that if your intentions were otherwise Mrs. Crew could best advertise her. So she lodged here that night, and desired to be excused from undertaking anything till she had advised again with Mrs. Crew. Whereupon the next morn she went away, and since I have not heard of her." (Dec. 22nd, 1657.) "My cousin Mark is here, for how long I know not, but your commands concerning him I shall follow. Only it troubles me to hear what your Lordship's apprehensions are concerning me (if his report may be credited). The loss of your Honour's good word I am too sure will prove as much my undoing as hitherto it hath been my best friend. But as I was ignorant of this late passage, so I see little cause by anything I find yet to doubt of giving your Honour a good account of the goods in the house, and my care in keeping them so." (Dec. 26th, 1657.)

How Pepys found a satisfactory housemaid at last the letters do not show. He succeeded however in regaining Montagu's confidence, and by the end of 1659 obtained, doubtless through his influence, a clerkship in the office of Mr. Downing, one of the four Tellers of the Receipt of the Exchequer. Still however he continued to act as Montagu's factotum, and on December 15th, 1659, wrote to advise him on the reply to be sent to a summons to take part in the deliberations of the General Council of the Army. Though no longer living in Montagu's lodgings at Whitehall, he kept his eye on both the house and its occupants. On January 12th, 1660, he reported to Montagu that several persons were trying to get the lodgings granted to themselves, and that Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper was specially anxious about them. More alarming still was the health of "Mrs. Jemima," Montagu's daughter, afflicted with mysterious pimples which her maid pronounced small-pox. "But my Lord, if it be she hath none on her face at

all, and for her health she was last night as well and merry as ever I knew, and hath not yet had the least pain or sickness imaginable since they appeared, which is six days since."

Now and then, but not often, the series of domestic incidents which these letters record is enlivened by references to current events in Court or Parliament. In Parliament in December, 1656, the question of the succession to the Protectorate was under discussion. "The capital dispute, *an anima gubernatoris debet generari vel creari*, hath lately warmed a great deal of breath there, and to be feared some blood too, not one openly abetting generation but the graver of those two your Honour may remember present at Sir W. P's magnetic experiments." In other words the majority were for the election of Cromwell's successor, and against an hereditary Protectorate. At Court preparations were making to celebrate the third anniversary of Cromwell's accession. "Pagan Fisher hath a solemn speech prepared for the 16th current, the day of his Highness's inauguration, to be spoken in the Cockpit on Tuesday next, and distrusting by his rhetoric he should lose the name of the Poet Mendicant he hath fitted a song, which Mr. Hingston hath set for six voices, with symphonies between each stanza for as many instruments, the first of which (being at a practice at Mr. Hingston's chamber) I remember runs thus :

Funde flores, thura, crema
Omne sit lætitiæ thema,
Facessat quicquid est amari,
Tuba sonet, et tormentum
Grande fiat argumentum
Invicti virtus Olivari."

(Dec. 11th, 1656.)

At Hingston's chamber the Protector himself would occasionally appear to listen to the music. It was from once playing before him there that Roger l'Estrange gained the nickname of Cromwell's fiddler. Pepys however does not record seeing the

Protector, though he must often have done so. In a letter dated December 8th, 1657, he illustrates the Protector's idea of humour. "Some talk there is of a plot, but I believe it is merely raised upon the late discovery of so many Jesuit priests, whose copes and other popish vestments the Protector yesterday made some of his gentlemen put on, to the causing of abundance of mirth." A fortnight later he describes a strange embassy to Cromwell. "There is an ambassador, (rather drove than) come from Florida, forced by the Spaniard's rigour to an address to his Highness, but more by the calamity of shipwreck to the miserable condition of his coming, his Highness being necessitated to give him clothes. He is a Moor, and by the perishing of his interpreter cannot be understood. He was yesterday at Whitehall, and was received courteously there." (Dec. 22nd, 1657.)

From the historical point of view the most valuable of these letters are three written in December, 1659, giving an account of the rising opposition of the citizens to the rule of the Army. The demand for the summoning of a Parliament grew daily stronger, and the apprentices were preparing to back their demand by force. "Yesterday," writes Pepys, "there was a general alarm to our soldiery from London, so that the city was strictly guarded all night, occasioned by the apprentices' petition delivered to the Lord Mayor of that import that a rising was expected last night, and many indeed have been the affronts offered from the apprentices to the redcoats of late. Late last night was likewise a proclamation made up and down the town, to prohibit the contriving and subscribing any such petitions or papers for the future." (Dec. 3rd, 1659.)

The proclamation was entirely ineffective, the excitement in the city continued to increase, and two days later a riot took place in which several lives were lost. "Yesterday's fray in London," wrote Pepys to Montagu,

"will most likely make a great noise in the country, and deservedly as being the soonest began, the hottest in the pursuit, and the quietest in the close, of any we have hitherto known. In the morning a Common Council being met, some young men in the name of the city apprentices presented their petition . . . to the Lord Mayor and Common Council. This meeting of the youth was interpreted as the fore-runner of an insurrection, and to prevent that, the soldiers were all, horse and foot, drawn into the City, which the apprentices, by another mistake, thought to be done on purpose to prevent the delivery of their petition. Hence arose jealousies on both sides, so far that the shops throughout London were shut up, the soldiers as they marched were hooted at all along the streets, and where any straggled from the whole body, the boys flung stones, tiles, turnips etc. with all the affronts they could give them; some they disarmed and kicked, others abused the horse with stones and rubbish they flung at them; and when Colonel Hewson came in the head of his regiment they shouted all along 'A cobbler, A cobbler;' in some places the apprentices would get a football (it being a hard frost) and drive it among the soldiers on purpose, and they either durst not (or prudently would not) interrupt them; in fine, many soldiers were hurt with stones, and one I see was very near having his brains knocked out with a brickbat flung from the top of an house at him. On the other side the soldiers proclaimed the proclamation against any subscriptions, which the boys shouted at in contempt, which some could not bear, but let fly their muskets, and killed in several places (whereof I see one in Cornhill shot through the head) six or seven, and several wounded. About four of the City trained-bands were up, but nothing passed between the soldiers and them but sour looks. Towards evening the Mayor sent six aldermen and six Common

Councilmen to desire the remanding of the soldiers out and they would undertake the quieting of the city, which was not then granted, so the soldiers took possession of the gates all night, but by morning they were withdrawn out of the City (having only pulled down the gates at Temple-Bar) and all now quiet as ever." (Dec. 6th, 1659.)

But if the City was for a moment peaceful and submissive, the country was beginning to join in the movement against the domination of the Army. Monk's soldiers were ranked on the northern border waiting only their general's signal to march into England. The fleet in the Downs was preparing its defection, and in Hampshire and Sussex the leaders of the expelled Parliament were gathering men and making ready for an appeal to arms. In the letter in which Pepys describes the riot, he announces also that Portsmouth and its garrison had declared for the Parliament, and two days later that Plymouth and Colchester had followed Portsmouth's example. "Berkshire is on the point of rising, and the city every hour ex-

presses a greater dissatisfaction than before, and what by the pulling down of Temple-Bar gates, sending hand-grenadoes to Paul's, Sion College and other places, are exasperated beyond hopes of a reconciliation. Never was there so universal a fear and despair as now."

Unluckily the letters which should contain an account of the sudden revolution which so soon followed are not to be found. An account by Pepys of the dramatic scenes of December 24th would have been invaluable. Even *Mercurius Politicus*, the dullest of newspapers, becomes animated when it describes the repentant mutineers marching down Chancery Lane to Lenthall's house at the Rolls, and hailing him as their general and the father of their country. But if Pepys described these sights either Montagu forgot to keep his letters, or Carte omitted to steal them. Still, few though the letters which have been preserved are, they not only make the early life of Pepys clearer, but some touches in them suggest and seem to anticipate the Diary.

C. H. FIRTH.

DEER-STALKING.

(A SKETCH.)

I SLOWLY became conscious that some strange sound was increasing in volume outside my bedroom window. What in the wide world it could be my half-awakened senses could not at first imagine, but as my curiosity rose, my attention became more intelligent. Surely it could be nothing but an old grouse-cock fussing over his early feed! But it was uncommonly near the house; there must be something unusual about it. I was out of bed like a shot, and discovered old Neil the deer-stalker standing on the gravel below my window with both hands to his mouth giving the grouse-call. He and I were off for a long day on the hills together, and this was his method of wakening me.

"You'll be gettin' up noo, sir; it's a fine grey kin' o' morning, an' we'll be makin' a start in a wee," was his salutation.

My preparations did not take long. A splash in a cold tub and a hearty breakfast put me in good trim for a long day.

Neil had the rifle and the lunch-bag, and with a good stout stick in my hand we left the lodge still rapt in sleep, and took the road for the hill. The air was keen and exhilarating, and as we entered a long belt of pine wood became fragrant with the scent of the resinous firs. The heather was at its best, and from between the old trees, where the slanting light of the morning entered, came a blaze of colour, broken only by the clumps of olive green juniper bushes or by the feathery bracken where the spiders' webs still hung sparkling with dew. We stepped out steadily, as men do who know they have hard exercise in store for them. The silence was

profound, and our footfalls resounded through the wood with such aggressive loudness that both of us instinctively sought the soft grass at the edge of our path. A few flies rose out of the heather and buzzed round our ears; and the occasional hum of a passing bee told us that daily life had commenced among the busy inhabitants of the forest.

A couple of miles brought us out clear of the pines to a stretch of bare boggy land where next winter's peats were already stacked up to dry in great brown piles. Here our path gradually vanished away among the undulations of the heather. The hills now stood up before us bold and stately in their solitary grandeur.

To emerge from a dark forest and behold suddenly an uninterrupted view of a mountain range always fills the natural being with feelings of awe and even reverence. To one who had been deprived of the pleasure of such scenes for a long year, and who had been forced into the high pressure of a city, the sensation was almost overpowering in its solemnity. So it happened that, partly because Neil and I could no longer walk abreast, and partly because of the scene around and above us, conversation ceased. For my own part I soon became glad of the silence, for I found that all my breath was required in keeping close to the heels of my wiry companion, to whom the rocky hill seemed of no more account than the flat road down by the lodge.

Our way led up the course of a little stream which came cheerily prattling and tumbling over the rocks and between the boulders, now giving

life to a bank of waving bracken, now smothering itself in cushions of verdant moss. But old Neil gave little heed to the burn; he only regarded the gulley in which it ran as a sheltered approach to the shoulder of the hill above, and kept his gray eyes quietly on the watch, his thoughts being on red-deer. As he found the gulley shallowing, the telescope was slung from his back and a large rock selected from which to spy the hill before we ourselves became visible to any living object which might be there. We did not expect to find deer so soon, for they seldom came to the near side of the hills till the severity of winter began to set in. It was a necessary precaution, however, and gave us a welcome rest. No deer were in sight, and we started off again, slanting away to the right in order to pass over a high ridge which ran down from a bare stony top now towering above us. Once on the ridge, we looked down into a deep wind-swept glen bordered on the far side by another steep ridge which gradually spread itself out in lower and lower undulations, till finally, far to the right, it ran down to a distant arm of the sea. The near side of the glen below us was a steep slippery-looking slope of black rock, and crawling to the edge we seemed almost to hang over the vast space. We had a great expanse of country to examine, and there was considerable hope that somewhere or other we would detect the dull red backs or little white rear-marks of a herd. We looked long and carefully, but looked in vain. Not a horn was visible, and somewhat disappointed, we lay still for some time before starting away round the top of the glen for the next ridge.

We were now far up the mountain; the rabbits, which had been plentiful as we started, no longer bobbed among the stones; we had got above even the merry little rills which came tinkling down to feed the burns. We had left the whole world below us, and had not even a sign of cultivation or of living

creature before our eyes. On these great high masses of rock and heather the free breezes of heaven seemed to play in uninterrupted purity. Vast hurricanes had raged here, and had piled up the great rugged billows upon the summits of whose crests we appeared to toss. Feeble, impotent creatures we seemed, venturing out in the presence of such colossal strength; poor insignificant things crawling on the surface of such an ocean. The wind, puffing upwards from the yawning valley, brought a strange realisation of the emptiness of the space below us. It sighed through the short bent grass at our faces, and moaned away down to the plain from which we had come. A great mist still filled a gaping rent in the summit above us, and, like a torn fleece, trailed down over the rugged surface of the hill. The dark purple shadows seemed gloomy enough, and might have influenced our spirits, but that the sun, which had been slowly mounting the heavens, began now to bring warmth and brightness to the scene. A beam stole over the top of the mountain and transformed the mist into a wreath of glowing light which seemed to melt and vanish as by magic. It lit up the wet stones in the depths of the valley, and shed a glamour over the soft outlines of the distant hills; and as the eye rested on the blue, peaceful, far-off sea, a haze slowly rose to veil the sparkling glitter of the sun's path. A delicious and subtle drowsiness began to steal over me. I lay entranced, conscious only of the mystic influence of the scene around me. My limbs, my body, my very mind seemed lost to me. I could not move; I dared not think.

I suppose Neil must have noticed that something strange had hold of me; he may even have thought that I was asleep, for a significant grunt followed by the quick slapping-up of his telescope told me that he was on his legs and that I must rouse and follow him. With sporting instincts again to the front therefore we made our

way round the top of the glen through some desperately sharp rock-splinters shivered from the overhanging cliffs by the winter's frost; then we slowly and carefully began to ascend the next ridge.

Beyond the ridge lay a complicated piece of stalking-country, difficult even to spy properly because of the great number of rocky bluffs which came into view simultaneously, having between them deep corries and defiles in which deer might lie unobserved. It became necessary for us to explore the country in sections, taking the bluffs first and the corries afterwards. The greatest care was at the same time required in moving to the corries, lest rocky bluffs still unexamined should come into view. The wind also in broken country of this sort is apt to be fitful and shifting, so we had to keep our wits well in hand. Neil, the wily one, had come up to the position we now occupied in such a manner that we could first of all spy out the country to our right while protected from the front and to the left by large boulders. Beyond the boulders lay a stretch of rough stunted heather and grass, and beyond that again, from a great excrescence of gray rock, ran a secondary ridge which, from being in a line directly away from us, was as yet quite out of sight.

We searched the ground to our right with the greatest care, covering it yard by yard with our glasses. We worked round to see the ground beyond the boulders in front of us; backwards and forwards slowly travelled the telescope; now and again our position was slightly altered, so as to gain a more comprehensive range. But we came on nothing calling for special examination. We had been screening ourselves carefully from an absolutely barren stretch of land. There the whole of it lay, quiet, brown, and stony, as it probably had lain for hundreds of years. There was not a living thing on it, and the wind seemed to sigh again as it blew up in our faces. Away far below us we

could now see into grim Glen More with Loch Bruachaig and the Lochnan-Clach shining like two little pools of quicksilver wrung by a passing storm-fiend from the weeping rocks above.

The hidden ridge on our left was still unexamined however, and we must see it before going down to the corries. Neil decreed that he would first of all have a look at the ridge by himself. This was communicated to me in a husky whisper, and the old man slipped from our sheltering rocks and away across the little flat. He had taken nothing but his telescope in his hand, and as my eye fell on the bag containing the lunch now lying at my side, my ideas descended to the commonplaces of food, and I became aware that I was possessed of a most ravenous hunger. I fell upon the bag forthwith, and getting into a position where I could watch old Niel I made my frugal meal. The old sportsman had reached the far side of the plateau when I saw him stop to examine the ground with great care. He had evidently struck a trail, and now he was following it a little way along to the right, then retracing his steps was proceeding to his original point of vantage. Slowly he slid his telescope over the stones and quietly brought his head up to the level. A moment there, and as deliberately he lowered himself down to the shelter of the rocks and had commenced to retrace his steps to where I was sitting. There was a steady purpose evident in all his actions which spoke volumes of hope to me. "What is the time, sir?" he asked as he reached me. It was an ordinary sort of question, but I knew Neil would not have wanted to know had he not seen something of decided interest. "Just after one." "Then they'll no rise for another hour yet." "Where are they?" "There's five or six o' them; they've been on the move, and now they're lying down, out o' range, jist 'yont a big kin' o' ruckle o' rocks, wi' an auld switch-horn keeping watch on

the left." While he was speaking he was strapping on the game-bag and taking the rifle out of its cover. "Noo, sir, it'll no be an easy stalk, an' if the wind was in any other airt we could na' have tried it at all; but if it'll hold steady we'll maybe manage it. We'll try it, whatever."

We left our cover without more words, and avoiding the plateau altogether slipped down to the right so as to approach as near as possible before climbing up again to the height where the deer lay. We were soon among huge boulders and deep peat-hags, but the excitement was rising, and we crawled up and down, in and out, stopping for nothing, but ever careful as a pair of black ants. In this way we advanced till we were more than abreast the point from which Neil had seen the deer. Then we turned our faces to the hill and began a silent ascent, crouching among the heather. But the wind, the wind! Was it going to play us false? In the hollow we were leaving we had found it perfectly quiet; now there was a slight suspicion of shiftiness; nothing to cause real alarm, but certainly suspicious. Up and up we crept, by every high clump of heather or wet mossy hollow, for no friendly boulders were here to shelter us. By the powers, a puff of wind coming up from the hollow below us! That would never do; a little further round and it would be fatal. Neil turned his cheek as if to feel its true direction and his eye showed, Stoic as he was, that his hope of reaching his game from this quarter was becoming small. Still if we waited till the deer left their present position and took up a more favourable one, much time would be lost. On the whole it was worth while risking another puff, so on we crawled again. We were now nearing the crest of the ridge and the greatest care became necessary. Our object was to keep the "ruckle o' rocks" between us and the switch-horned sentry, while we tried for one of the others. Suddenly we both simulta-

neously fell flat on our faces, pressing downwards as if our resolve was to bury ourselves in the moss and peat!

Our difficulty was solved; the deer were themselves coming towards us. Even as I realised the fact, and became aware that there had been a few more deer visible than the eye could count at a glance, I noticed old Neil crawling along towards a large clump of heather which afforded the only possible cover, slight as that was, within immediate reach. There was no time to lose; rapid action and perfect silence was imperative. At a moment like this one's whole being seems strained to the utmost tension with mingled feelings of anticipation and dread; thoughts flash rapidly through one's mind, and the quickest actions seem clumsy and slow. The deer were walking towards us, trending across the summit of the ridge so that they would most likely appear outlined against the sky on our left. What a chance! I tried to recollect everything which I knew I should bear in mind at a sudden crisis of this kind, and found my memory a blank. As Neil carefully handed the rifle to me, my fingers felt nervous and jerky, and I took fright lest, when I got it to my shoulder, I should pull the trigger before I intended; then I feared lest in avoiding this danger I should lose my one grand chance. Neil's look was grave almost to sternness; he noticed my fear. I felt that a supreme moment had come, and nerved myself to do my best. The trembling seemed to pass off from every point of my body, and I found myself cool and steady, with everything in readiness and with no desire to hurry. When we sighted the proud heads they had been only about a hundred and fifty yards away, so that little enough time was left us. Now it seemed as if we had waited very long. The suspense was trying. Could something have gone wrong? Could the beasts have winded us, or seen us? I had the sense to reflect that such ideas were natural at such a time, and probably quite groundless;

that it was idiotic to be in such a desperate hurry; that probably only a few seconds had passed since we saw the creatures; in fact that the mind was incapable of measuring time with work like this on hand. When red-deer are suddenly surprised, or when their apprehension and curiosity are aroused, they will stand stationary for a few seconds before they think of making off, provided no very evident movement is made. Other species, Canadian moose for instance, take to flight immediately, and reflect afterwards like the wary animals they are. In the present instance the deer waited. The gently bobbing antlers appeared first through the tops of the heather twigs before our faces. Three stags seemed to be walking ahead almost abreast. They were certain to observe us, so we had simply to wait for a fair chance and take it. The nearest of the three was the first to suspect something and stopped, head in air, a majestic fellow. The other two also stopped, but took a step or two before doing so. It was the work of a moment; I had aimed for the shoulder of the second one and fired. To have attempted a selection of a stag might have meant the ruin of the whole business. I sprang into the heather to give the second barrel if necessary. The herd had wheeled and gone down the nearest slope like a whirlwind. Silence and restraint were now over, and we breathed again as we rushed to the edge of the ridge. There they were, a mottled huddling herd of dull brown backs and white splashed quarters, rising and falling over the rough ground as they swept on in full flight down the slope. But surely I could not have missed; my stag must have already dropped out. Ah! Neil with his hawk's eye had marked him. My second barrel was not needed; the noble spirit had already passed. We wended our way down to where the red-brown back showed over the tall heather. His faltering footsteps had been suddenly checked by some rough

boulders, and he had pitched clean over them into the heather below. It was with a great inward satisfaction that I looked on the fallen monarch. I felt that a good shot had been repaid. He was a handsome fellow of eight points, and if I had had plenty of time, as Neil put it, "I might no ha' managed to find a better one." He did not mean that; but if he had meant it I would have forgiven him. A pipe of tobacco was enjoyed with immense satisfaction; and when Neil had prepared the stag for the gillies, who had been ordered to start after us with the ponies, so as to be at a certain point on our return, we prepared to continue our march.

The country in the immediate neighbourhood could not now be considered, so turning our backs upon it, we made away for the high tops and corries of a part which could be taken on our homeward way. We had many miles before us, but our hearts were light. Even if we saw nothing else, we had secured a good stag and could claim that we had made a successful day. They laugh who win; and as we walked we allowed our long-silent tongues to wag over our good fortune. But the aspect of the weather was beginning to change, and as we climbed we became aware that the sky was now overcast. In our high spirits we had not remarked the gradual fading of the sunlight; but now everything was grey and leaden, and as we looked down on our little plateau and the slope of the ridge where the stag lay, the appearance was very different from what it had been an hour or two before. We had been standing thus looking back, when on turning to resume our climb we saw, on the skyline right above us (and one naturally looks up to see how much higher the hill is), a small herd trot gaily into view, then, after a momentary wondering pause, wheel and disappear from sight in the same sudden way in which they had come. We put our necks to the collar and went up the face of that hill at as good a pace as

we could command. Poor old Neil took the second place now ; but then he carried the rifle, and was getting stiff about the joints, although in much better wind than I was. My efforts benefited me nothing however, for, go as hard as I could, the deer were out of sight when I reached the top. But the ground was soft in places, and after waiting for Neil we tracked them far enough to enable us to conjecture that they had made for one or other of two corries still further up, and nearly a couple of miles to the right. To these accordingly we directed our careful steps.

The first was approached through a magnificent, rugged defile, into which, as into the mouth of some gigantic cave, we made our way, the corry descending in the most abrupt manner, but widening as it did so. We crawled to the edge and looked down. The floor was strewn with great angular blocks rolled down from the high rocky cliffs on either side. It was apparently a perfect home for deer, but the fright which the herd had received at our appearance seemed to have been sufficient to have driven them even through this wild haunt. We slid down into the gorge, feeling sure that in the second corry, which was an offshoot from the first and at a lower level, we should find the objects of our search. To our dismay we suddenly became aware that a heavy mist had gathered on the tops above and was steadily creeping downwards with that stealthy advance so well known to all who go climbing among the hills of Scotland. Eagerly we pressed on towards the spot from which the best view of the corry could be obtained. The gloom was becoming more and more profound. Now we were nearing the spot, and common caution demanded that we should go more slowly. But we had to race this mist, and if possible get to our point before it overwhelmed us in its clammy pall. It was evident that the thickening dusk would steadily increase ; the cloud showed no sign of breaking up ;

although still broad daylight away down in the valleys, the mist was already surrounding us in a premature darkness of night. The wind too had fallen, and now only sighed in fitful pantings as rock after rock was obliterated by the descending cloud. In ordinary circumstances we should have crawled most carefully to the edge of the corry ; now we threw care to the winds and almost rushed in among the mass of rocks we had been striving to gain. To our horror we saw a great volume of mist already pouring over the opposite edge of the corry. Quickly we glanced about ; yes, there they were, quietly feeding at the far—where were they now ? They had vanished—we were ourselves vanishing in the soft, soaking mist. Then all chance was lost ! No ; old Neil was tugging at my sleeve, and now was off down the side of the corry, striding swiftly along among the gigantic boulders. A ghostly place it was, with this shadowy pall of seething vapour. Down we went, and as we neared the bottom Neil slanted quickly off to the right. Now we were conscious of a slight draught of air in our faces. Yes, the mist was certainly thinner, and we trod softly along on the moss between the stones. If a gust would only come now, we might still get a shot ! We were entirely dependent on this one chance, and when we reckoned that we were quite far enough down the gully we softly lay down on the soaking grass to wait. The rocks had already commenced to drip with moisture and the ground smelt damp and earthy ; but just as the sailor seeks any port in a storm, so we gladly accepted our last feeble opportunity and composed our spirits with a faltering hope. The mist would either break soon or not at all, in which case—I felt a smart tap on the back, and at the same time was conscious that a little extra puff of wind was making my damp face feel colder. With that curious invisible power so sudden in its action that the

result has followed the cause before you realise what can have happened, the floor of the corry was cleared of mist. The puff of dry wind coming up the mountain-side had pierced the cloud for a moment, finding its way up the bottom of the corry as through a funnel. The deer, all unconscious of our presence, raised their heads and quietly looked around. "Left!" I heard Neil whisper, and rapidly I brought the rifle up in that direction on a grand stag who stood alone, the rearguard of the herd. As I did so, I was conscious that a hind very near to us started. The blood tingled through my whole frame, but my feelings were of supreme triumph and exultation, for I knew, as my eye caught the sights of the rifle and my finger pressed the trigger, that the fine head now so proudly borne aloft was to be mine. The crack of the rifle rang long in the narrow corry and reverberated among the muffled hills above. Where the herd went to, I know not. There was a sound of scampering feet for a moment, and then everything was silent, for the mist was over us again and the lordly scene was shut from our view. It had been a sudden flash of grandeur; one of those chances which can fall to one's lot very seldom in a lifetime, when by some magic power it seems that one is permitted to look through the outer veil of nature and see the beauty of its dread mysteries.

Our luck had been prodigious. Only a moment ago our chance of anything but a hopeless soaking was extremely remote. Now, it is true, a soaking was a certainty—was in fact already well-nigh accomplished, but the hopelessness had been turned to joy. We had to cross the range we were now on before the lodge could be gained, and we should be in the very thickest of the mist till the descent on the opposite side was begun. But what of that? The gillies would get the stags lifted before nightfall, if they were waiting with the ponies at the proper place, and lost no time after we reached them. And more than that, Neil the Stoic, Neil of the melancholy countenance, Neil was off his head with delight. I never saw him in such spirits, nor heard him talk so fast. I believe the old fellow would have carried me home on his back if I had said I was tired. If we had got nothing all day I might soon have been in a pitiable plight. But things had gone well with us, and we had taken our chances. Wet and weary we might be before we reached home that night, but we had had our hour.

Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed in spite of fate
of mine.
Not heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been has been, and I have
had my hour.

THE BLUE DRYAD.

STOFFLES was her name, a familiar abbreviation, and Mephistophelian was her nature. She had all the usual vices of the feline tribe, including a double portion of those which men are so fond of describing as feminine. Vain, indolent, selfish, with a highly cultivated taste for luxury and neatness in her personal appearance, she was distinguished by all those little irritating habits and unfeeling traits for which anything like an affectionate heart (a thing in her case conspicuous only by its absence), and nothing else, can atone.

It would be incorrect, perhaps, to say that Stoffles did not care for my husband or myself, for she liked the best of everything, and these our circumstances allowed us to give her. For the rest, though in kitten days suspected of having caught a mouse, she had never been known in after life to do anything which the most lax of economists could describe as useful. She would lie all day in the best armchair enjoying real or pretended slumbers which never affected her appetite at supper-time, although in that eventide which is the feline morn she would, if certain of a sufficient number of admiring spectators, condescend to amuse their dull human intelligence by exhibitions of her dexterity. But she was soon bored, and had no conception of altruistic effort. Abundantly cautious and prudent in all matters concerning her own safety and comfort, she had that feline celerity of vanishing like air or water before the foot, hand or missile of irritated man; while on the other hand, when a sensitive specimen of the gentler sex (my grandmother for example) was holding the door open for her, she would stiffen and elongate her whole body, and, regardless of

all exhibitions of kindly impatience, march out of the drawing-room as slowly as a funeral train of crocodiles.

A good-looking Persian cat is an ornamental piece of furniture in a house, but though fond of animals I never succeeded in creating an affection for Stoffles until the occurrence of the incident here to be related, in which however I cannot conceal from myself that the share which she took was taken, as usual, solely for her own satisfaction.

We were then living in a comfortable old-fashioned house facing the high road, on the slope of a green hill from which one looked across the gleaming estuary (or the broad mud flats) of Southampton Water on to the rich rolling woodland of the New Forest. I say *we* lived, but in fact for some months I had been alone, and my husband had only just returned from one of his sporting and scientific expeditions in South America. He had already made a name as a naturalist, and had succeeded in bringing home alive quite a variety of beasts, usually of the reptile order, whose extreme rarity seemed to me a merciful provision of nature.

But all his previous triumphs were completely eclipsed, I soon learned, by the capture, alive, on this last expedition, of an abominably poisonous snake, known to those who knew it as the Blue Dryad, or more familiarly, in backwoods' slang, as the Half-hour Striker, in vague reference to its malignant and fatal qualities. The time in which a snake-bite takes effect is, by the way, no very exact test of its virulence, the health and condition not only of the victim, but of the snake, having of course to be taken into account. The Blue Dryad, sometimes erroneously described as a

variety of rattlesnake, is, I believe, supposed to kill the average man, if not in half an hour, at least as quickly as the Brown Barait, and sooner than the Hammerhead, which it somewhat resembles except that it is larger in size, and bears a peculiar streak of faint peacock blue down the back, only perceptible in a strong light. This precious reptile was destined for the Zoological Gardens.

Being in extremely delicate health at the time I need hardly say that I knew nothing of these gruesome details until afterwards. Henry (that is my husband), after entering my room with a robust and sunburned appearance that did my heart good, merely observed that he had brought home a pretty snake which "would do no harm," an evasive assurance which I accepted with such faith as becomes the nervous wife of an enthusiastic naturalist. I believe I insisted on its not coming into the house. The cook, indeed, on my husband expressing a wish to put it in the kitchen, had taken up a firmer position; she had threatened to "scream" if "the vermin" were introduced into her premises; which ultimatum, coming from a robust young woman with unimpaired lungs, was sufficient. Fortunately the weather was very hot (being in July of the ever-memorable summer just passed) so it was decided that the Blue Dryad, wrapped in flannel and securely confined in a basket, should be left in the sun and the farthest corner of the verandah, during the hour or so in the afternoon when my husband had to visit the town on business.

He had gone off with a cousin of mine, an officer of Engineers in India, stationed I think at Lahore, and home on leave. I remember that they were a long time, or what seemed to me a long time, over their luncheon; and the last remark of our guest as he came out of the dining-room remained in my head as even meaningless words will run in the head of an idle invalid shut up for most of the day in a silent

room. What he said was, in the positive tone of one emphasizing a curious and surprising statement, "Do you know, Hal, it is the one animal that doesn't care a rap for the cobra?" And then, my husband seeming to express disbelief and a desire to change the subject as they entered my boudoir, "It's gospel truth! goes for it so smart! Has the brute down before you can clap your hands." Then they came into my room, only for a few moments as I was not to be tired. The Engineer tried to amuse Stoffles, who was seized with such a fit of mortal boredom that he transferred his attentions to Ruby the Gordon setter, a devoted and inseparable friend of mine, under whose charge I was shortly left as they passed out of the house. The Lieutenant, it appears, went last, and inadvertently closed, without fastening, the verandah door; and thereby hangs a tale of the most trying quarter of an hour it has been my lot to experience.

I suppose I may have been asleep for ten minutes or so when I was awakened by the noise of Ruby's heavy body jumping out through the open window. Feeling restless and seeing me asleep, he had imagined himself entitled to a short spell off guard. Had the door not been ostensibly shut he would have made his way out by it, being thoroughly used to opening doors and such tricks—a capacity which in fact proved fatal to him. That it was unlatched I saw in a few moments, for the dog forced it open with a push and trotted up in a disturbed manner to my bedside. I noticed a tiny spot of blood on the black side of his nose, and naturally supposed he had scratched himself against a bush or a piece of wire. "Ruby," I said, "what have you been doing?" Then he whined as if in pain, crouching close to my side and shaking in every limb. I should say that I was myself lying with a shawl over my feet on a deep sofa with a high back. I turned to look at Stoffles who was slowly peram-

bulating the room, looking for flies and other insects (her favourite amusement) on the wainscot. When I glanced again at the dog his appearance filled me with horror; he was standing, obviously from pain, swaying from side to side and breathing hard. As I watched, his body grew more and more rigid. With his eyes fixed on the half-open door he drew back as if from the approach of some dreaded object, raised his head with a pitiful attempt at a bark, which broke off into a stifled howl, rolled over sideways suddenly, and lay dead. The horrid stiffness of the body, almost resembling a stuffed creature overset, made me believe that he had died as he stood, close to my side, perhaps meaning to defend me, more probably, since few dogs would be proof against such a terror, trusting that I should protect him against the *thing coming in at the door!* Unable to resist the unintelligible idea that the dog had been frightened to death, I followed the direction of his last gaze and at first saw nothing. The next moment I observed round the corner of the verandah door a small dark and slender object, swaying gently up and down like a dry bough in the wind. It had passed right into the room with the same slow, regular motion before I realised what it was and what had happened.

My poor, stupid Ruby must have nosed at the basket on the verandah till he succeeded somehow in opening it, and have been bitten in return for his pains by the abominable beast which had been warranted in this insufficient manner to do no harm, and which I now saw angrily rearing its head and hissing fiercely at the dead dog within three yards of my face.

I am not one of those women who jump on chairs or tables when they see a mouse, but I have a constitutional horror of the most harmless reptiles. Watching the Blue Dryad as it glided across the patch of sunlight streaming in from the open window, and knowing what it was, I

confess to being as nearly frightened out of my wits as I ever hope to be. If I had been well, perhaps I might have managed to scream and run away. As it was I simply dared not speak or move a finger for fear of attracting the snake's attention to myself. Thus I remained a terrified spectator of the surprising scene which followed. The whole thing seemed to me like a dream. As the beast entered the room, I seemed again to hear my cousin making the remark above-mentioned about the cobra. *What* animal, I wondered dreamily, could he have meant? Not Ruby! Ruby was dead. I looked at his stiff body again, and shuddered. The whistle of a train sounded from the valley below, and then an errand-boy passed along the road at the back of the house (for the second or third time that day) singing in a cracked voice the fragment of a popular melody, of which I am sorry to say I know no more:

I've got a little cat,
And I'm very fond of that;
But daddy wouldn't buy me a bow, wow,
wow.

the *wow-wows* becoming fainter and further as the youth strode down the hill. If I had been "myself," as the poor people say, this coincidence would have made me laugh, for at that very moment Stoffles, weary of patting flies and spiders on the back, appeared gently purring on the crest, so to speak, of the sofa.

It has often occurred to me since that if the scale of things had been enlarged, if Stoffles, for example, had been a Bengal tiger, and the Dryad a boa-constrictor or crocodile, the tragedy which followed would have been worthy of the pen of any sporting and dramatic historian. I can only say that being transacted in such objectionable proximity to myself, the thing was as impressive as any combat of mastodon and iguanodon could have been to primitive man.

Stoffles, as I have said, was inordin-

ately vain and self-conscious. Stalking along the top of the sofa-back and bearing erect the bushy banner of her magnificent tail, she looked the most ridiculous creature imaginable. She had proceeded half-way on this pilgrimage towards me when suddenly with the rapidity of lightning, as her ear caught the sound of the hiss and her eyes fell upon the Blue Dryad, her whole theatrical demeanour vanished, and her body stiffened and contracted to the form of a watchful wild beast with the ferocious and instinctive antipathy to a natural enemy blazing from its eyes. In one light bound she was on the floor in a compressed, defensive attitude, near, but not too near, the unknown but clearly hostile intruder. To my surprise, the snake turned and made off towards the window. Stoffles trotted lightly after, obviously interested in its method of locomotion. Then she made a long arm and playfully dropped a claw upon its tail. The snake wriggled free in a moment, and coiling its whole length, some three and a half feet, fronted this new and curious antagonist.

At the very first moment, I need hardly say, I expected that one short stroke of that little pointed head against the cat's delicate body would quickly have settled everything. But one is apt to forget that a snake (I suppose because in romances snakes always "dart") can move but slowly and awkwardly over a smooth surface, such as a tiled or wooden floor. The long body, in spite of its wonderful construction, and of the attitudes in which it is frequently drawn, is no less subject to the laws of gravitation than that of a hedgehog. A snake that darts when it has nothing secure to hold on by, only overbalances itself. With half or two-thirds of the body firmly coiled against some rough object or surface, the head,—of a poisonous snake at least—is indeed a deadly weapon of precision. This particular reptile, perhaps by some instinct, had now wriggled itself on to a large and

thick fur rug about twelve feet square, upon which arena took place the extraordinary contest that followed.

The audacity of the cat astonished me, but by a sort of instinct she seemed to know exactly what she was doing. As the Dryad raised its head, with glittering eyes and forked tongue, Stoffles crouched with both front paws in the air, sparring as I had seen her do sometimes with a large moth. The first round passed so swiftly that I could hardly see with distinctness what happened. The snake made a dart, and the cat, all claws, two rapid blows at its advancing head. The first missed, but the second I could see came home, as the brute, shaking its neck and head, withdrew further into the jungle of the rug. But Stoffles, who had no idea of the match ending in this manner, crept after it, with an air of attractive carelessness which was instantly rewarded. A full two feet of the Dryad's body straightened like a black arrow, and seemed to strike right into the furry side of its antagonist; but the latter shrank back, collapsing with such suddenness that she seemed to have become the mere skin of a cat. As the serpent recovered itself, she pounced on it like lightning, driving at least half a dozen claws well home, and then, apparently realising that she had not a good enough hold, sprang lightly into the air from the body, alighting nearly a yard off. There followed a minute of sparring in the air; the snake seemingly half afraid to strike, the cat waiting on its every movement.

Now the poisonous snake is ever an irritable animal, and the next attack of the Dryad, maddened by the scratchings of Puss and its own unsuccessful exertions, was so furious, and so close to myself, that I shuddered for the result. Panic fear glued me to the spot; indeed I could not have left my position on the sofa without almost treading upon Stoffles, whose bristling back was not a yard from my feet. At last, I thought,—

as the Blue Dryad, for one second coiled close as a black silk cable, sprang out the next as straight and sharp as the piston-rod of an engine, at last the cat is done for, and it will be my turn next! Little did I appreciate the resources of Stoffles, who without a change in her vigilant pose, without a wink of her fierce green eyes, sprang backwards and upwards on to the top of me and there confronted the enemy calmly as ever, sitting, if you please, upon my feet!

Trembling all over with fright I could not but observe that she was trembling too—with rage. Whether instinct inspired her with the advantages of a situation so extremely unpleasant to me, I cannot say. The last act of the drama rapidly approached, and no more strategic catastrophe was ever seen.

For a snake, be it observed, naturally rears its head when fighting. In that position, though one may hit it with a stick, it is extremely difficult, as this battle had shown, to get hold of. Now as the Dryad, curled to a capital S, quivering and hissing advanced for the last time to the charge, it was bound to strike across the edge of the sofa on which I lay, at the erect head of Stoffles which vanished with a juggling celerity that would have dislocated the collar-bone of any other animal in creation. From such an exertion the snake recovered itself with an obvious effort, quick beyond question, but not nearly quick enough. Before I could well see that it had missed its aim, Stoffles had launched out like a spring released, and burying eight or ten claws in the back of its enemy's

head, pinned it down against the stiff cushion of the sofa. The tail of the agonised reptile flung wildly in the air and flapped on the back of imperturbable Puss. The whiskered muzzle of Stoffles dropped quietly, and her teeth met once, twice, thrice, like the needle of a sewing-machine in the neck of the Blue Dryad; and when, after much deliberation, she let it go, the beast fell into a limp tangle on the floor.

When I saw that the thing was really dead I believe I must have fainted. Coming to myself, I heard hurried steps and voices. "Good God!" screamed my husband, "where has the brute got to?" "It's all right," said the Engineer; "just you come and look here, old man. Commend me to the coolness of that cat. After the murder of your priceless specimen, here's Stoffles cleaning her fur in one of her best Anglo-Saxon attitudes." My husband looked grave as I described the scene. "Didn't I tell you so?" said the Engineer. "And this beast, I take it, is worse than any cobra."

I can easily believe he was right. From the gland of the said beast, as I afterwards learned, they extracted half an eggspoonful of poison, enough, if carefully distributed, to be the death of four and twenty full-grown human beings. Tightly clasped between its teeth were found (what interested me more) a few long hairs, once the property of Stoffles. Stoffles however has a superfluity of long hair and is constantly leaving it about. She is still with us; but the Blue Dryad never got to the Zoological Gardens.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THOMAS BECKET.

THE production of Lord Tennyson's *Becket* at the Lyceum has familiarised the public mind with the leading incidents of the struggle between the great archbishop and his fierce and revengeful sovereign. Perhaps some may find it hard to forgive the violation of history and chronology, and, we may add, of all moral probability, by which Becket has been degraded into a confidant of the amour of Henry the Second with Rosamund Clifford and her saviour from Eleanor's dagger. This illicit connection could not have commenced till some years subsequent to the Council of Northampton, while the child Geoffrey, "that pretty lusty boy" who plays so pleasing a part in the drama,—

— So like to thee ;
Like to be liker—
— Ay, and his brows are thine ;
The mouth is only Clifford, my dear
father—

was the son of a low-born mother, and scarcely younger than Rosamund herself. Yet the picturesqueness of the incidents and the exquisite use Tennyson has made of them may plead excuse for the acceptance of the popular myths of "Rosamund's Bower," the "Dædalian Maze" with the "one red line" pointing to its centre, and the choice of the proffered dagger and bowl; while we may well feel grateful for a dramatic poem which, with the insight of genius, has grasped the leading lines of Becket's character and made one who fills so conspicuous a place in English history a living personality. The drama will have helped many to understand, what perhaps they never understood before, that, though in the words of Mr. Freeman (*Norman Conquest*, v. 664) in the main issue, "by the light
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of history the King was right and the archbishop wrong," yet in principle the cause for which Becket struggled was the cause not of the Church only, but of religion itself against brute force and the organised tyranny of a sovereign who only recognised the Church as the creature of his will, bound to carry out his behests, however iniquitous.

The main outlines of the relations of Henry and Becket, and the change from intimate and affectionate friendship to deadly hatred on the King's part, and resolute opposition on that of the archbishop, are familiar to every reader of history. But there is one short episode in Becket's career which has hardly yet met with the attention it deserves both from its bearings on the fortunes of the archbishop himself and for the picturesqueness of its details. This is his flight from Northampton and his concealment in various places in Lincolnshire until, the first keenness of the pursuit having somewhat relaxed, he was able to cross the Channel and find refuge in France.

The great Council of Northampton in October, 1164, which occupies a leading place in Tennyson's drama, was the crisis of Becket's career. The whole proceedings were part of a plan to bring about his complete overthrow, with little regard to justice. As Mr. Freeman says, they were "a series of mean and malignant attempts to crush a man who had become offensive and dangerous." Arraigned by Henry before the barons on various vexatious charges entirely unconnected with the chief matter at issue, which was the immunity claimed for all members of the clerical order from secular jurisdiction, judgment had been given against him and he

was awaiting his sentence. His suffragan bishops had been a source of weakness to him rather than of help. Some of them indeed proved his open enemies. Hilary of Chichester refused to acknowledge him as primate. "He had forsworn himself, broken his allegiance to his King, and was subverting the common laws of the realm." Gilbert Foliot of London, "a child of this world," counselled unconditional surrender, and on Becket's indignant refusal turned away with the words, "Fool thou hast ever been, and fool, I see, thou wilt be to the end." Henry de Blois of Winchester suggested compromising the dispute with the offer of two thousand marks (equal to £18,000 at the present time), an offer which Henry contemptuously rejected. The majority of his episcopal brethren, assured of the hopelessness of the struggle, implored him on their knees to yield and throw himself on the King's mercy. Robert of Chesney, Bishop of Lincoln, a good, simple-hearted man, but weak in judgment, — *simplex quidem homo et minus discretus* is his contemporary Gervase's verdict—told him plainly that if he would save his life he must resign his see. "It is plain," he said, "that this man's blood is sought after. He must either give up his life or his archbishopric; and if he loses his life I don't see what good his archbishopric will be to him." On the rejection of his counsel Chesney had recourse to "the silent eloquence of tears." Becket's appeal to Rome naturally roused Henry to greater fury. His desire to leave the kingdom against his sovereign's will was regarded as constructive treason. The hot blood of the Plantagenets boiled up. Fired with rage the King caught eagerly at the barons' suggestion that Becket should be judged for contempt of the royal jurisdiction, and called upon them to pass sentence on him as a traitor unless he would unconditionally withdraw his appeal and submit to the sentence to be

pronounced on him. What that sentence really was no one outside the royal council chamber ever knew. Robert, Earl of Leicester, the justiciary, when he reluctantly entered the castle hall to deliver judgment, was instantly silenced by Becket who, grasping his primatial cross, which in spite of the remonstrances of the bishops he had continued to wield, once more solemnly appealed to the protection of the Pope, and with stately mien stalked out of the hall, amid insulting cries of "Traitor, traitor!" "Stop the perjurer!" These cries waxed into a yell of ominous ferocity when, stumbling over the wood lying ready for the hearth in the middle of the room, he barely saved himself from falling. Can we wonder if, as at the closing scene of his life, the natural man got the better of the spiritual, and he returned contumely for contumely? One of his assailants he reproached with the illegitimacy of his birth; another he reminded of a near relative who had been hanged, telling them that, "If he were a knight his sword should assert his righteousness." Once safely in the castle yard he mounted his horse, still cross in hand, with his faithful attendant, Herbert of Bosham, following him. At the gates there was a short delay. They were locked; the porter was absent chastising a boy for some petty offence, and there was no one to open them. For a moment it seemed as if the archbishop was caught like a wild beast in a snare. But one of his attendants spied the porter's bunch of keys hanging on the wall, and after sundry ineffectual trials turned the bolt, and threw open the portal. Outside the gates the scene was changed. Instead of insulting enemies the archbishop found himself surrounded with a rapturous crowd of beggars and other poor folk, so dense that he could hardly guide his horse and bear his cross while he gave the blessing which they were clamorously demanding.

Becket's quarters were in the Cluniac priory of St. Andrew, founded in 1084 by Simon de Senlis,—the lame husband of the daughter of the popular hero, the martyred Waltheof,—who had also built the castle, the scene of the recent struggle. On reaching this convent occurred the striking scene so graphically portrayed by Tennyson, though omitted in the representation. He commanded the gates to be thrown open to the mendicant throng and the refectory to be prepared for their entertainment. "Call in the poor! The Church is ever at variance with the kings, and ever at one with the poor. Call them in, I say! They shall henceforward be my earls and barons, our lords and masters in Christ Jesus." All things being ready he sat down at table with his unwonted guests and conversed cheerfully with those about him. It happened that the lection appointed for that evening was the account of the persecution of Pope Liberius containing our Lord's words, "If they persecute you in one city flee ye to another." The passage was taken as an omen. A look of meaning passed from Becket to his trusty disciple Herbert of Bosham, who, as he tells us, then first realised that his master was meditating flight.

The hymn having been sung, the archbishop rose from table. It was the evening of Tuesday, October 13th. He began now painfully to experience the lot of fallen greatness. Bitterly recalling the words of the Son of Sirach, "Some friend is a companion of thy table and will not continue in the day of thy affliction," he saw his knights, his pages, and the other members of his household petitioning for leave to quit his service, "fearing the wrath of the King." Their example was less excusably followed by some of his chaplains and clerks; *hirundinei et arundinei homines*, as Herbert of Bosham calls them, flying away like swallows at the approach of winter, like reeds swayed with every wind that blows. "Farewell friends! farewell swallows! I wrong the bird; she

leaves only the nest she built, they leave the builder."

Only a few remained faithful to their fallen master. With these after having sent a message to the King requesting a safe conduct out of the realm, to which Henry ominously deferred any answer to the morrow, he retired to a privy chamber to concert measures for the flight, which the delay of the King's reply seemed to render more imperative. The better to cover his plans he ordered a bed to be prepared for him in the church, "between the two altars," that is to say, behind the high altar in the apse and in front of the altar of the Lady Chapel. The place would seem a natural one to choose. It was an inviolable sanctuary from which the King's officers, if sent to apprehend him, would not dare to drag him, and here, if such were his desire, he might pass the night in prayer to the Great Deliverer. Still further to hide his intended flight, he ordered his attendants secretly to hire horses in the town and have them tethered at the postern gate, as if for some of the meaner sort of the convent guests, his own horses remaining quietly in the stables. Having sung the Penitential Psalms and the Litany of the Saints, Becket lay down on his couch for a short repose. When all was quiet he rose, and, having exchanged his archiepiscopal garments, even to his stole, for lay attire, taking only his primatial pall as an evidence of his dignity, left secretly by the postern attended by two lay brothers of the recently founded Gilbertine order, by name Robert of Cave and Scailman, and a serving-man of tried fidelity, one Roger de Brai. Having mounted their horses the small party made their way through the silent, stormswept streets. The night seemed one sent from heaven to favour the escape of its servant. A fierce tempest was raging with deluges of rain, and the darkness was intense. Scouts who had been sent to reconnoitre reported that while the other gates were shut and guarded, the north

gate was open and unwatched. Thither therefore they directed their way, as under providential guidance. As the King knew that Becket's wish was to escape to the Continent, a northward direction would appear the most unlikely for him to take, and most effectually throw his pursuers off the scent. On leaving Northampton by the north road the fugitives made their way by cross-roads and by-paths, and by dint of hard riding found themselves early the next day, Wednesday, October 14th, at Grantham, a distance of more than forty miles. The ride had been one of extreme discomfort. The rain was incessant; the ways were miry. The cloak the archbishop wore as disguise became so soaked with wet and heavy with mud that it had to be cut short to relieve his weary frame of the unaccustomed weight. Having rested that day in close concealment at Grantham the party started again under cover of night for Lincoln, which they reached after a comparatively short ride of five-and-twenty miles on Thursday morning.

Lincoln cannot have been an unfamiliar place to Becket. State officials were then commonly paid by ecclesiastical dignities, and in the days of his chancellorship a canonry of the cathedral of Lincoln had been one of the many preferments heaped upon him by his then grateful King. As he descended the hill, after traversing the long straight line of the Ermine Street, the minster of Remigius would rise before him in the gray light of the October morning in its pristine Norman sternness. There, in the apsidal Norman church, which, after conflagration (the common lot of Norman churches) had burnt off the flat wooden ceiling, had lately received a stone vault at the hands of Bishop Chesney's predecessor, Alexander the Magnificent, was the stall which had once been his. The canonical houses around the cathedral walls would have gladly opened their doors to him, and counted themselves honoured by receiving as a guest so undaunted a champion of the

privileges of the Church. At the foot of the hill just outside the Bargate was the newly built Gilbertine house of St. Catherine of Sempringham, to which order his two companions belonged. There, too, an honourable reception and safe shelter might have been reckoned on. But concealment, rather than dignified hospitality, was Becket's first aim. He must be where no royal emissary would think of looking for him. There was an honest citizen, James by name, a fuller by trade, an acquaintance of one of the lay brethren who had been the attendant of his flight, whose secrecy might be trusted. For the convenience of his trade his house lay in the lower town, Wigford as it was then called, hard by the river, then flowing with purer stream than now. Thither Becket repaired, and here, under the name of Brother Dearman, he passed the day, Thursday, October 15th. Having disguised himself in the habit and thick shoes of a lay brother, at nightfall he took boat and slipped down the Witham unseen, or, if seen, unrecognised by any. His destination was a small cell belonging to the Sempringham order, known to the lay brothers, built on an island in the depths of the fens, and only to be reached by winding channels in the morass which none could trace unguided. This cell may probably be placed at Cattley in the parish of Billingham near Sleaford, where a small Sempringham house had been recently founded. Becket's biographer greatly exaggerates the distances, putting it twenty miles from Lincoln.

By this time Becket's iron frame had broken down, and both body and mind called for complete repose before he could undertake the long journey to the coast and face the unknown vicissitudes before him. This he found here. "Deep in the midst of the waters," as one of his biographers describes it, unknown and almost inaccessible, he was safe from fear of pursuit, and could rest and recruit his strength and spirits. The

contrast between the archbishop's former magnificence and his present destitution as he sat alone at the humble board, feeding on pottage, was so overwhelming to the brother who waited on him, that we are told he hastily left the cell lest the tears he could not restrain should disturb the holy man at his meal. After three days' repose Becket again took boat and, emerging from the fen into the stream of the Witham, sailed down to the busy seaport of St. Botolph's, the modern Boston. The length of his stay at Boston is not specified. We next find him at the Gilbertine monastery of Haverholme, the Oat Island, once Cistercian but now made over to the Sempringham community, which he reached by water. At Haverholme Becket definitely turned his face southwards. By this time he had sufficiently baffled Henry's emissaries, and by his turnings and windings effectually thrown them off the scent. At this point the itinerary given us by his biographer, hitherto so minute, fails us completely. The only place mentioned in his journey to the coast is Chicksand in Bedfordshire. Here was another of the newly founded Gilbertine houses, in which,—his unshaken trust in the Sempringham brotherhood from the first beginning of his flight is very noticeable—he could depend on finding a safe place of refuge. At Chicksand he met with a religious named Gilbert, who gained his confidence and whom he took with him as a companion. Avoiding the direct route, and turning his course to the eastern counties, where, being almost a stranger, he was less likely

to be recognised, journeying only by night, and remaining in concealment during the day, slipping from hiding place to hiding place he reached Eastry near Sandwich in Kent, a manor belonging to the prior of his own monastery of Canterbury, not far from the coast. Several days were spent in making preparations for a secret crossing and in watching for a favourable opportunity, during which he occupied the chief parlour, or conclave of the manor house. The house adjoined the church or chapel, and "squints" in the wall enabled the archbishop to assist at the celebration of mass unseen and unsuspected by the lay worshippers, on whom, ignorant of their privilege, he bestowed his archiepiscopal blessing as they broke up. The "kiss of peace" was brought to him by a clerk at the close of the service. At last, on the night of All Souls' Day, Tuesday, November 2nd, just upon three weeks since his flight from Northampton, he and his two companions went down to Sandwich, and, embarking a little before day in an open boat, came safely on the following evening to the shore near Gravelines, avoiding the harbour for fear of recognition. It is not the object of this paper to follow the wanderings of the archbishop any further. Its purpose will have been fulfilled if, by combining the narratives of his various biographers, and, correcting some patent misstatements, a clearer and more connected narrative of his flight is presented than has hitherto been given.

EDMUND VENABLES.

A WINTER'S EXPERIMENT.

IN one form or another the Unemployed Workman has, during recent years, made his appearance almost as regularly as the winter itself. It is interesting to observe how the agitation commences. Last year will serve as an example. In the autumn vague statements were circulated as to the number of men out of work; at one time it was said that there were ninety thousand unemployed in the East End of London. Statements such as these in themselves go far to manufacture a bad winter, and create the gloomiest views as to the situation. In the next place, there were the meetings on Tower Hill, which, though really proving nothing, yet, being fully reported in the papers, helped no doubt to attract public attention, and to force the hands of the authorities. As a result of it all, a circular was sent by the Local Government Board to the Vestries and Boards of Works, urging them to commence without delay any improvement schemes or other work which they might have in hand. The matter was soon taken up in other quarters, and before long the Clearing House and Relief Committees in various parts of London were set in motion.

To inquire how far the general facts warranted such action is not the purpose of this article, which is concerned only with a particular district in the East End. In this district, a representative Committee who undertook to make inquiries came to the conclusion that distress was abnormal only among the dock and water-side labourers.

Now there was a special reason to account for these classes being in want of work. This was the organization of dock labour which followed upon the great dock strike of 1889. Since

this strike the labour in the Victoria and Albert, the East and West India, and the London Docks has been divided into three classes. First there are the permanent hands. Next comes the *A* class consisting of men whose names are registered and who are practically always sure of work. These form the pick of the dock labourers. Then follows the *B* class, which, with the exception perhaps of those who happen to be low down on the list, can generally rely upon a fair amount of work. Finally there is the *C* class, comprising the casual of the casuels, who only get work in times of great pressure, during the periodical wool sales, for instance. These are the men who will tell you that the dock strike has been their ruin; that whereas, before the strike, they were pretty sure to pick up a certain amount of work, now that the new arrangements are in force their occupation is practically gone. Many, too, will complain that men fresh from the country have been given *B* tickets, while they have been allowed to go to the wall. Whether this is so or not, judging from the appearance of many of these men, the authorities could hardly be blamed if they did give the preference to men of rather a higher stamp and of more robust physique than the used-up London loafer. There is an almost indescribable air about the casual dock labourer which distinguishes him from any other class. Though probably all kinds of labour help to recruit his ranks, life in the docks seems before long to reduce them all to the same level. The enforced loafing, the hang-dog look, the greasy clothes, are common to all, and so far help to do away with their individuality that, after seeing

more or less rapidly a hundred or so of these men, the faces seem to repeat themselves, and you begin to wonder whether the same men are not coming before you again and again.

It is not to be expected that those ousted by the new organisation should see its advantages. Yet it must be admitted to be a step in the right direction, since it tends to diminish what has been for years the curse of dock life, the demoralising casual labour. It does, however, unquestionably press hard upon those who are not fortunate enough to be included in the ranks of the regular hands.

To try in some measure to permanently better the lot of these unlucky men, and to attempt for once to get to the root of the matter, was the special function of the Mansion House Conference which was formed last winter, and of its sub-Committee which met in the East End in the very midst of the dock district. The Committee, upon which were represented many important public and charitable bodies, included several residents in the East End, whose long and intimate acquaintance with the class to be dealt with was of immense assistance in the practical execution of the scheme. The experience of former years made it very necessary at the outset to guard against any appeal or statement appearing in the papers, which would be only too certain to raise false hopes and to attract people from the provinces. When, after some weeks, an account of what was being done did appear in an evening paper, the next morning the office was besieged by a number of men from the common lodging-houses in Whitechapel, who, no doubt, would have been followed by hundreds of others if the news had not been spread that no help was being given to those inhabiting these resorts. This limitation was absolutely essential if the doors were not to be thrown open to irresponsible characters, for whom the Committee could most certainly have done nothing in the

end. It was also determined to exclude all single men who might, it was thought, manage for themselves, or should, at any rate, be left until after the men with wives and families had been dealt with. Another condition laid down was that all applicants should have lived for at least a year in the area covered by the Committee. Events proved how wise these restrictions were. Arduous as their work was, it would have been infinitely more so if they had allowed themselves to be flooded with applications from all quarters.

As has been said, the aim of the Committee was not to provide temporary relief, but rather to assist the more capable of the men in such a manner as to remove them once and for all from the ranks of the unemployed. To this end it became necessary to provide some test so as to distinguish those of good character and physique who seemed able and willing to make a fresh start in life. In the first instance each man was examined by the two honorary secretaries, who ascertained among other points where he lived, and whether he could be classed as a genuine dock labourer. If he passed this preliminary examination his application was taken down on a form, and as full particulars as time would allow were elicited as to addresses, references, time out of work, and other details necessary to guide the Committee in their decision. The information was then checked by inquiry officers, and if the statements were found to be correct, and the man's character satisfactory, he was set on to do spade work on a piece of land at Stratford kindly lent for the purpose by the London County Council. The work consisted in preparing the ground, which was in a very rough state, for allotments, and provided just the kind of test which was wanted. After the surface had been cleared of coarse grass, the soil, which was in parts a stiff clay, had to be dug over ready for use. There was also a road to be

made. That the work was really useful was a great gain, for the men could feel that their time was not being wasted, and probably worked much better than they would have done had they known that the work was unnecessary and would benefit no one, as has too often been the case in relief works.

The supervision of the men was most thorough, which made it very difficult for any loafer to go long undetected. A competent foreman was put in charge, under whom were gangers, told off to look after batches of from twenty-five to thirty men. The honorary secretaries were also constantly on the spot. The pay was the same as was to be earned in the docks, namely, sixpence an hour; and the working day was limited to eight hours. The gangers, who did no work themselves, were careful to exact a full day's work from the men, though due allowance was made for any who seemed to be rather below par, or who had not been accustomed to handle a spade. It was no make-believe test. One man, who failed to satisfy it, complained that "He didn't understand that he would have to work, but, to his surprise, when he got to the ground, he found a man put over him whose business it was to do nothing but to see that he did." The pay and hours of work would certainly not be censured as illiberal by those who know. Yet one individual grumbled at the "miserable pittance" which had been offered him; a somewhat startling remark to come from a man who was supposed to have no other work to turn his hand to. On another occasion a number of the men were most indignant, and lodged a formal complaint because they had not been paid for time when they had to leave work owing to rain. This and other incidents of a like nature might probably be accounted for by the fact, which was afterwards ascertained, that one of their leaders had been sent down to the ground to look after

their "interests." Still upon the whole, and setting aside a certain proportion who had to be dismissed for insubordination and laziness, the men worked well, which is saying a good deal when it is remembered from what class the bulk of them were drawn.

Before being given work each man was told that after ten days or so he would be asked to appear before the Committee, and he was strongly recommended in the interval to think how he could best be further helped, and to come prepared with some definite plan which the Committee could consider. When the Committee stage arrived it soon became only too evident that a vast proportion of the men had no ideas or suggestions whatever to offer. Some indeed expressed themselves as being willing to emigrate; a few wished to go into the country; others asked to be started as hawkers, or to have their arrears of subscription to their Trade Unions paid up. But the greater number seemed absolutely unable to make any effort to start afresh. They had for so long been accustomed to a hand-to-mouth existence that they appeared to have grown too apathetic to try any other kind of life. Yet these were picked men of their class, men whose character had to a certain extent been ascertained to be good, and who had stood the prescribed test of work. Inexpressibly sad it was to see them one after another coming before the Committee, and to find that their one idea of help was to have a few more days' work given them. The present was with them the one thing important; with the true casual instinct they were prepared to let the morrow take care of itself. Over and over again, when a man was asked whether he would like to emigrate, the reply was, "I was born in St. George's-in-the-East, and I want to die there." Others would reply that they were willing enough to go, but their wives were afraid to cross the water,

evidently in many cases a mere excuse to hide their own timidity. 'This fear of trying new lands is the more remarkable among people whose occupation brings them into close contact with shipping, and who, mixing with seafaring men, must, one would have thought, have come to think lightly of voyages.

Altogether over seven hundred men were seen by the secretaries. Of these many were found not to fulfil the conditions laid down. Several were builders or general labourers having no connection with the docks; others were too old, or were single men, or were found to be living in common lodging-houses, and so on. Of the cases actually inquired into, two hundred and fifty-three were set on to work. These were again reduced by dismissals, and some who had stood the test never came to the Committee when summoned. The number finally seen by the Committee was two hundred and eight. About two-fifths of these were helped in one way or another in addition to the test work. In some cases the help was but slight, and it is clear, from a recent inquiry which has been made as to their present circumstances, that to only a very few did it mean a really fresh start in life. Most of the thirteen families who were emigrated are, there is reason to believe from information subsequently received, doing well in Canada, and it may be hoped will never return to swell once more the ranks of the unemployed. Great trouble was taken to ensure that only suitable people were sent out, and to help them to obtain work on landing. One or two men were taught milking before they left, as it was understood that they would stand a better chance of work if possessed of this accomplishment. Not more than a couple of men with their families were ultimately sent into the country. A man here and there was sent away in search of work, but these rapidly returned unsuccessful in their quest. Even if there had been openings, it is more

than probable that they could not have been made use of, so deep-rooted was the aversion to leave the East End and to try other regions. At the time it was thought that by entering men into the Trades Unions, or by paying up the arrears of those who had fallen behind in their contributions, they might be helped to obtain work for themselves. In view, however, of the inquiry above referred to, this appears to have been successful in four or five instances only. One or two men who had some knowledge of hawking were supplied with stock, in order that they might make a fresh start. Here again the result has been most disappointing; so far as can be ascertained, only one of these men is doing well. On the Committee's recommendation some half-dozen men of the better class were placed by the Dock Company on the *B* list. So far, however, it has been found that they have benefited little, though this may be partly accounted for by the general lack of employment in the docks.

These were the principal forms of help, and it will be seen how comparatively few of the men can be said to have been lifted out of the slough of despond. It has not been possible to trace every family; some have moved away and disappeared entirely.

Approximately speaking, then, the conclusion seems to be that including the families who were emigrated and the men placed on the *B* list, about nine and a half per cent of the three hundred and sixty-five cases examined have been more or less effectually assisted.

This result was not altogether unexpected. It was recognised that to a large extent it was the failures in life who were being dealt with, men who had lost character, or who were broken down in health and were unfit for continuous labour, or who were too unskilled for other work, having found their level at the docks, from which they seemed unable to rise again to anything better.

Yet in spite of the apparent failure

to solve the problem of the unemployed dock labourer, the effort cannot be said to have been thrown away. It was, perhaps, the most thorough and carefully thought out attempt which has yet been made to grapple with the question, and the knowledge and experience gained should be of considerable value in laying down the lines upon which any future action may be taken. It is true that only a relatively small portion of the casual labourers were affected by the Committee's action, but they presented a very fair sample of the class; and if the field had been extended, there is no reason to suppose that the results would have proved different from what they were.

What then is the lesson to be drawn from this experiment? Can anything be done to improve the position of any appreciable number of these men? The answer, disheartening as it may seem, appears to be in the negative. Absence of energy, initiative, skill, and in some cases of even the desire to make a change in life, combine to render the task an all but impossible one. Religious and other agencies do no doubt succeed, by again building up character, in withdrawing individuals here and there from the wretched circumstances of their class; but the class still remains. No pains were spared to put the situation as clearly as possible before the men, but the greater number seemed altogether unable to make any effort to alter their

surroundings or to strike out a line of their own. To men who have been living by casual labour for years, the fact that their work has become rather more casual is possibly not so alarming as it sounds to the outside world. A little work in the docks is still to be had, and with hop and fruit picking, and a job here and a job there, life is still possible, though the conditions, it may be true, are harder.

No wonder it seems shocking to have to accept such a situation. Yet what are the alternatives? It is obvious that promiscuous alms-giving is no cure. Relief works, in a case where the question is not of tiding over a time of temporary distress, but of dealing with a permanent failure of the adequate sources of subsistence, are no real remedy, but may even aggravate the situation by attracting fresh labour from a distance. Even, as has been shown, a serious attempt to go to the root of the matter is able to effect but little.

Difficult as it is to make up one's mind to leave these poor fellows to their present condition or to the Poor Law, it must be remembered that it would be cruel kindness to take any steps which, while acting as a palliative to the misery of the present generation, would tend to perpetuate the existence of a class whose labour is no longer required.

H. V. TOYNBEE.

A SON OF THE SOIL.

I.

HE was the prize-baby of the Carstead Infant School. He had the happiness to be born fifty years or so ago, when the clergy were the promoters of education, and the laity did all that could be done to discourage their efforts; and when there were no school-boards, nor officers of school-boards, to drive the unwilling child to learn. That was how his career came to be so brilliant and so happy.

He was the youngest child of a highly respected labouring couple of the name of Parish. The Parishes were known to the whole village as model cottagers. They attended church regularly; they sent their children regularly to school with clean pinafores and shining hair; their house was neat, hovel though we should think it in these days; and their garden was productive with cabbages, potatoes, and scarlet-runners. The children were pretty and intelligent, of a delicate make, with fine skins, soft hair, modest blue eyes, and shy smiles. Patty, the eldest girl, went to a place in the village, a mile from her home, on the day she was thirteen, and every one said she was sure to do well, considering the stock she came of. So she did, and her parents were proud of her; but perhaps the child they were prouder of than any was little Jos, the youngest of all, and as we have said, the model infant of the infant school.

He was a most intelligent and engaging little fellow. Not only his own family, but schoolmistress, pupil-teachers, and monitors were all in love with the pretty little boy with his rosy cheeks and short golden curls; and at repeating texts, defining a quadruped, or reading large print off a sheet on a blackboard, no infant

could come near him. His mother had visions of future advancement for him: she did not mention it to her neighbours lest they should scoff at her ambition; but she confided to her husband that if she could get Jos off the land, and taught to be a schoolmaster, so he could wear a good black coat every day of the week, and never need go out in all weathers to earn his living, she should die happy.

She had to die, poor woman, without the accomplishment of that wish. The water-supply of the cottages came from a tiny brook which trickled through a clay cutting at the side of the garden; fever broke out in certain cottages higher up the stream, and contaminated the water. All the Parishes went down with it, and only little Jos survived. They would not let Patty come home to nurse them, but all the offices of kindness that were in her power were supplied by a neighbour—a strong, kind, dirty woman, Mrs. Siggers, who was always at the beck and call of her neighbours in trouble, somewhat at the expense of her own household. But when Patty heard that her mother was dying and wanted to see her, she boldly faced her master (her mistress would have been harder to deal with) and demanded leave. She got it, and sped away to the dear home. The neatness and refinement with which Mrs. Parish had arranged all her little household-goods had given way to dust and disorder under Mrs. Siggers' rule; but Patty scarcely noticed that. She caught up the little, thin, pinched frame of her pet Jos, sobbing as she realised that he was the only one left of the merry faces which used to cluster at the gate to look for her; but she had to stop her sobs, for Mrs. Siggers called to

her to come up at once. Mrs. Parish, with wandering eyes, restless fingers, and panting breath, was enduring the final distress which comes on when soul and body are near parting; she was conscious, but she talked incessantly, and all her talk harped on the same string.

"She frets so," said Mrs. Siggers, "about Jos going to the House. She says she's heard as the master wallops the boys, and as how they dress up the little uns in girls' clothes because they ain't got boys' clothes small enough for 'em, and that do trouble the poor soul. I've told her I'd take him home along of me, and see to him with mine, if they'll give me a shilling and a loaf for him from the Board; but she don't seem to understand, and she goes fret, fret all the time."

"Patty," said the dying woman hoarsely, "promise me you'll see he don't go to the House! They'll dress him up in one of them great ugly bonnets, and that'd break my heart. I couldn't lay easy in my grave if they done that to him, that I couldn't."

"I will see, mother. Don't you fret. I'll save up and pay for his clothes out of my wage, I will, and Mrs. Siggers says she'll look after him with a Board allowance. Don't you fret no more about nothing."

"The Lord bless you, my girl," said Mrs. Parish, and lay quiet. She died that afternoon.

Mrs. Siggers took Jos home, and Patty went back to her place. She and Jos followed the funeral, and many eyes overflowed when they saw the two orphans clinging together by the grave-side. Patty was not without some consoling considerations in her sorrow. She and Jos were made much of by every one, and they had clothes of highly respectable black, presented to them by the Vicar's wife as a token of esteem for their parents; and she felt truly proud when the Vicar, in his Sunday afternoon sermon, said, "My brethren, we have seen this

week the worthy industrious father, the careful good mother, the rosy children, all swept together into the silent grave; let us never forget this warning to reflect upon the shortness of life." Both Patty and Jos were objects of extreme interest that Sunday to all the neighbours, rich and poor alike, and the Vicar's wife herself stopped her when she came out of church. Mrs. Villiers was what they called a "high" lady, and Patty and Jos stood at a respectful distance to receive her commands, Patty making a bob, and Jos, at her reminder, his best arm-waving bow.

"Well, Parish," she said—it was the custom in those days for the "gentry" to call girls as well as boys by their surnames so as to avoid familiarity—"I am glad to see you look so neat in your mourning."

"Yes, ma'am," said Patty, "thank you kindly, ma'am," with another bob.

"You are in service, I think, Parish."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I hope you will be a good girl, Parish, and behave as your poor father and mother would have liked to see you."

"Yes, ma'am," said Patty, while a rush of pink to her delicate girlish cheek and of tears to her pretty blue eyes showed that her grief was too new to be discussed with calmness just then.

"Remember, Parish, it is God's will that they should be taken out of this troublesome world to a better place. And if you are a good girl, you will see them again when you die."

"Yes, ma'am," said Patty tremulously.

"And of course to-morrow you will take your little brother to the Union. He will be well clothed and fed there, and Mr. Villiers will see that you are allowed to visit him sometimes, Parish."

Even in the awful presence of Mrs. Villiers, poor Parish found heart to say, "Please, ma'am, we haven't settled yet about his going to the

House. Mother, she couldn't bear to think of his wearing a straw bonnet like as if he was a girl. She always thought such a deal of him, mother did."

Mrs. Villiers looked down at the delicate little blue-eyed face, with its soft moist rings of golden hair, scanty since the fever, and the thin little bird-like hand that was holding Patty's. She was a kind-hearted woman, but in those days kind-hearted women conscientiously thought it their duty to teach the poor their place, and discourage "fancies."

"You must not be foolish, Parish. Even if he is dressed in girl's clothes for a year or two, they will keep him warm and decent, and he will be none the worse. And if he does not go there, where can he go?"

"Mrs. Siggers, ma'am, she says she'll take him in, and I'm going to save all I can out of my wage, and by and by he'll be able to earn a bit scaring of his birds."

"Mrs. Siggers!" said Mrs. Villiers in a tone of displeasure. "Why, Mrs. Siggers can't even keep her own children clean and neat, or send them regularly to school. It is the worst home for him that can be. Put that out of your mind, Parish, and take the child to the Union to-morrow, or I shall be very seriously displeased."

She turned away without another word, a stout, dignified, middle-aged figure, regarded with great respect by the people of Carstead in general, who did not in those days expect much social courtesy from their superiors. Patty's eyes followed her large black velvet bonnet, lined with pink and adorned with pink feathers, across the churchyard, and then looked at Mrs. Siggers, who for once was at church, more as a mark of respect to the dead than for any other reason. Mrs. Siggers had heard Mrs. Villiers' remarks, and looked red and angry.

"Well, Patty Parish! take the brat to the House, as she bids you, if mine's the worst home for him that can be, then!"

Patty burst out crying, and Mrs. Siggers, easily moved to pity as well as to wrath, was appeased at once, especially when the girl's new black bonnet came in contact with her own dirt-coloured shawl.

"I won't take him to the House. I promised mother not, and you've been so kind. But I thought she would a said she'd pay his schooling for him!"

"My dear, she's got a hard heart," said Mrs. Siggers; "but I'll do the best I can for you and him. Come home now, and I'll give you a cup of tea afore you go back to your place."

Patty did not take Jos to the House next day, but she went there herself to ask for an allowance for him. She was afraid that if she took him he would be spirited out of her grasp and locked up within those prison-like walls, and that Mrs. Villiers would somehow prevent her getting him out. But there was some justice in the guardians' view that Mrs. Siggers was not the best possible trainer of infancy, however kind she might be to her neighbours when they were in trouble; and in those days any whim such as that of poor Mrs. Parish against seeing her little boy in a hideous straw bonnet was considered unsuitable for poor people to indulge in. They said that Josedeck Parish must come into the workhouse school at once, and refused any out-allowance, considering that they were acting for the boy's good, as Mrs. Villiers pointed out. They gave Patty an order for the workhouse for her little brother, and she courtesied and took it, for she had learnt to behave respectfully to her betters, and then cried all the way to Mrs. Siggers'. But Mrs. Siggers was in arms. She had been nettled by Mrs. Villiers, and she declared that if Patty would try to clothe Jos and pay what she could spare out of her wages she would keep him with her. There were six Siggerses, and one more mouth would make very little difference. Patty said something feebly about Master Siggers and how he might feel, but his wife said sharply,

"Siggers 'll do what I tell him ; don't, he'll hear of it again"; and indeed Siggers was a poor shambling creature, ready to do what any one told him. "And if we all have to go into the House come the winter," said Mrs. Siggers, "why Jos will be along of us, and that won't be so lonely for him."

So Jos stayed with the Siggerses, and Patty went back to her place, where she had six pounds a year, and thenceforward tried to dress on three.

The Siggers' family consisted of six girls and a baby boy. They were always dirty, their clothes were always dirty, and the cottage was always dirty; for Mrs. Siggers, though she would work her fingers to the bone for a sick neighbour, never found the time to clean her own home or her children. She was one of the kind slatterns of whom perhaps there were more to be found in the "good old times" than now. The little Siggerses all grinned stupidly when any one spoke to them, showing clean white teeth in the midst of grimy faces; they all had black eyes and trowsled hair, worse than grimy, which generally necessitated their being sent home from school on the rare occasions when some benevolent lady volunteered to pay for their schooling, or they themselves were bitten by a desire to attend the coming treat. They were rather like a set of uncooked potatoes, side by side, when they were not grinning. An untrained set of little animals they were, with the peaceable nature of their father and the general kindness of their mother; and their vacant minds were too slow to imagine a desire for anything which they did not see. They were healthy, and throve on poor food and privation, though they did not grow so fast as nature had intended them to do when she formed them. This made them all square and stumpy in figure, though their muscles were firm and their limbs strong.

Among these children came in delicate little Jos, looking like a child of another race. It probably saved his

life or reason that Patty had stood firm as to his going to Mrs. Siggers' and not to the House; for here, at least, he was mothered in a way, and there he would not have been mothered at all. No orphanages existed then such as now take charge of such little waifs, and bring them up free of the pauper taint. Mrs. Villiers did, after all, offer to pay for his schooling; but Mrs. Siggers either did not get up in time to get him ready, or thought it was going to rain, or was sure he would catch cold, and his schooling was so irregular that the Vicar's wife finally withdrew her offer. Patty was very anxious for him to go to the Sunday school, and he went and sat on a form with some other little boys, who offered him peppermints and pinched him alternately, and read in chorus off a whity-brown sheet, "Do not lie,—A lie is bad,—If you lie, God will put you in hell." Any more cheerful religious instruction had to be deferred to a more advanced sheet of two-syllabled words, owing to the unfortunate length of the word *Heaven*.

This being Jos' chief intellectual pastime, it is not surprising that he quickly fell from his high estate as the show infant of the school. He forgot terribly. Pure air, and better water than that of the ditch of his home, improved his health, in spite of Siggers' dirt; but his little mind lay fallow, unstimulated by any movement of thought or action in those around him.

At first Patty's task was lightened by the kindness of her neighbours. Mrs. Villiers, whose bark was worse than her bite, shut her eyes to Patty's wilfulness about the House so far as to give the girl a pair of boots for her little brother. In fact, she could not help being touched, in spite of her disapproval, by the sight of the sister and brother sitting together every Sunday on the bench near the pulpit, and the confiding way in which the little close-cropped head used to sink against Patty's shawl during the

sermon. Patty always washed his face and attended to other details of cleanliness when she got him ready for church, and brought her scissors privately to perform the offices of a barber upon his head. As for Jos, all the sense of home that he ever knew was when he felt Patty's arm round him in church. Mrs. Siggers was kind, and made no difference between him and the other children, but then she did not behave to her own children as Mrs. Parish had done to Jos.

Jos was nearly eight when one day the farmer for whom Siggers worked said, "You keep Parish's boy, don't you, Siggers?" "Oi, measter," said Siggers. "Well, I want a little un to scare birds in the forty-acre field. Bring him along with you to-morrow, and I'll see if he'll do; and if he will, he shall have sixpence a week."

Mr. Thompson thought he was doing a really kind action in making this proposal. There were any amount of boys in the place, bigger than Jos, who would have been glad of the post; but he was doing his duty by Parish, who had been his "horseman" so long, in taking on his boy. There was no question about accepting the offer. Even Patty, when she came on Sunday, though she said, "He do seem a mite to send bird-scaring," did not demur to the necessity of his going. However, she made him walk back to her place with her, to give him the warm comforter which was the only extra garment she had bought for the winter, and told him he was always to use it. It was February, and though it did not snow, and only froze at night, the weather was very cold. He went off in the morning equipped in the comforter, proud of his promotion. Poor little chap! he little knew what he was in for. Siggers took him a good mile and a half along the roads and lanes till they entered a big ploughed field, surrounded with hedges and hedgerow trees, whose leafless boughs stood up bare against a cold white sky. Siggers instructed him in his

duty towards the rooks, and then went away and left him there to carry it out. For half an hour he ran after every rook he saw (the new broom swept very clean for that space of time), and with each run his boots got more and more clogged with heavy clay. At the end of that period he got tired, and wondered if it was nearly dinner-time. He sat down to rest, and began to feel that awful loneliness that comes on the social human being left for the first time solitary with nature. He looked round to see if any one was near to run to; there was no one in sight, nor even in the lane or the next field; there was not even the roof of a house to be seen. Loneliness increased to fear, and at last he began to cry with fright; then some rooks came, and he tried to forget his fright by scaring them; then he took out the bit of bread and dripping he had brought for his dinner, and ate it, and then he found that he was very, very cold. He ran about to make himself warm, making fresh dashes at the rooks, who appeared to look at him with contempt; then he got very tired, sat down to rest himself and grew very cold again; and it seemed to him that the day had been longer than any day he had ever known, and daddy, as he called Siggers, must have forgotten him entirely. At last, however, when he was crying hopelessly, reduced to utter despair, Siggers did come to fetch him, and he trotted home, so tired and cold that he was half crying all the way; and when Mrs. Siggers had given him some hot tea, he curled himself up in the corner of the room and went to sleep then and there.

He cried the next morning when Siggers called him to go to work, but he did not resist; he was a gentle little fellow, bred up from babyhood to obey. And so the long days went on,—Sundays and all, for Farmer Thompson always said that at bird-scaring time if he passed over a Sunday, he found the rooks had made

up for all the mischief they had been kept from through the week. But Patty walked out to the forty-acre field to see him after church, which comforted him a little.

He ceased to be afraid after a time, and got used to the lonely day; but by that time he had pretty well left off thinking of anything, except perhaps the terrible chilblains which made every step a misery, and the bitter spring winds that blew through his scanty cotton clothes. By the time the bird-scaring was over, he had forgotten all or nearly all he ever knew, and when Patty tried to make him read in her Testament, he confused *was* with *saw* like other village dunces. He went to Sunday-school again in the summer, but he sat with his mouth open, and had no more interest except in peppermints. He had suffered, during ten hours of every day, a modified form of that punishment of solitude which made an idiot of Kaspar Hauser. Sun and air had doubtless counteracted any harmful physical effects; but its intellectual result was the same, so far as it went.

A different Jos sat on the forms of the Sunday-school and shambled clumsily about the village after his bird-scaring experiences had begun, even when the kindly summer had set him free from his bondage, and had released his poor little feet from the perpetual chilblains which lamed him more or less for six months of the year. All deftness had gone out of his little fingers; the quick childish perceptions were dulled, and the once clear little voice was hoarse and rough, and spoke in the accent of the young Siggerses. He was still good and obedient, for the baby morality his mother had impressed upon his mind still clung to it; and he actually once refused some sweets that Sukey Siggers had stolen, saying, "You mustn't steal, or the Lord'll send you to hell." It is true that he somewhat confused Blackford gaol with Gehenna, and was not quite sure whether the big policemen were on the look out

for sinners to take to the greater or lesser doom.

In vain Patty urged her little brother to ambition, and saved up her money to buy him a spelling-book and a Testament to induce him to read. His mind was too much dulled for ambition to thrive on its stunted soil. He only cried when she tried to lecture him, and Patty could not bear to see him cry. The lecture ended with kisses and caresses, and a formless determination in the child's mind that, come what would, he would always be a good boy to Patty.

II.

TEN years had passed, and changed the boys and girls of Carstead into men and women. Patty Parish had passed into good service at Blackford, and thence had found herself a worthy husband in a respectable greengrocer named Moulsey; for a modest and pretty young woman in a good place was generally able to command a choice of eligible lovers, even if her father had worked on the land. The Siggers girls had grown up to a less desirable career. They were too ignorant and dirty for any kind of service; the temptation of smart dress, considered in those days by the gentry one of the worst sins for working-girls, never reached them; all they could do was the roughest field-work, or lending a hand in a neighbour's wash. Mrs. Villiers looked on the other side when she met them, for they scarcely had a character between them all. They had paired young with lads of the same calibre as themselves, and only Polly had married. Yet they were not vicious girls. They were kind according to their lights, fairly honest, and as truthful as their stupidity would allow; once married, none of them all would ever dream of straying from the man she had "gone to church with." They were only utterly stupid, untrained, and ignorant,—in fact neglected.

When Siggers died of rheumatic fever, the character of the girls was thought to preclude their mother from having any relief offered her but the House; the home was broken up, and thenceforth Mrs. Siggers and her girls were "in and out" paupers,—the latter not improved by the society they met in the able-bodied women's ward. They came out in the summer to do such odds and ends of field-work as they could get, supplemented by beggary, and then retired into their refuge for the winter. The guardians' decision was doubtless hard for them, but it probably saved Jos Parish from their bad ways; since when Siggers died, he was yet boy enough to have been protected by his age and the sense of brotherhood they still felt towards him. Patty tried to get him into some more reputable family; but the Siggers' views of personal cleanliness were too deeply impressed upon him to make him a desirable inmate in a tidy household. It ended by his drifting back to lodge with Polly Siggers that was, now Polly Clark, and her boy-husband Jem, who had taken up their abode in a dirty half-ruinous hovel, which the landlord said was not worth repairing, but which he let them occupy at a half-rent.

So time went on until Patty married; and so much was her sisterly heart accustomed to make excuses for Jos's appearance and manners, that it was not until he came over by invitation to pay her a visit in her new home, that her eyes were opened to his deficiencies. Though his smock was unwontedly clean, and his hair sleeked down with cart-grease in his efforts to make himself spruce for Patty, she saw him for the first time with her husband's eyes, and her heart sank with pity for her boy. She noticed his awkward shambling gait, his red fists, so ingrained with dirt that they could not be called clean, his dumbness when addressed, and the hoarse voice and broad accent in which he said the few words he did say. Patty's carpeted rooms, chairs

and tables and chimney ornaments excited such boundless admiration in his breast that it amounted to awe. He stood looking at them with his mouth open, and at last remarked, "You be foine, Patty, to be sure."

"Patty deserves all the fine things I can get her," said Mr. Moulsey, not ill-pleased. "Why don't you try and work up to something better than you are now, my lad, and do Patty credit?"

Jos opened his mouth and stared like a stuck pig. But it was evident that he had taken in the sense of the remark, for when his brother-in-law was out of the room, he said, "Oi wish oi could do 'ee credit, Patty, oi do. But oi be that stupid, there ain't nothin' else for me, only the land."

Patty kissed him in a motherly way, and the tears were in her eyes. "You was sharp enough when you was a little 'un, Jos," she said. "If I was to give you a spellings and a copybook to write in, couldn't you get it up again, don't you think? When you come in from your work, say; the evenings are long now."

"I'm that sleepy when I've had my supper, I can't keep my eyes ope," said Jos, whose pronunciation we will henceforth leave to the reader's imagination. "And I doubt I've forgot everything I used to know. I took my Testament one day,—the one you give me—and I could read God, and a word here and there; but I'd forgot the others, and 'twouldn't make no sense. And there's nobody to ask neither. Polly, she just knows her letters, and Jim, he don't know them." Then after a pause, "They let you into heaven, don't they, without larning?"

"Why, yes, Jos, of course they do. They don't ask only if you've been a good lad and kept the Commandments."

"I larnt *them*," said Jos, "when I was little, all but the Sabbath day one, and I don't fare to understand that; for farmers makes us work Sabbath same as the rest. But I

never would make the beastes work Sundays, if I was master."

Patty's religious instruction evidently had impressed Jos, for later when he was alone with her, being set on his homeward way, he said again, "What do the Commandments say chaps ought to do, Patty?"

"Why, you know," said Patty; "not drink and not steal, and not go along with bad company, and not say bad words, and keep the Sabbath, and go to church reg'lar."

"I do all that, except the Sabbath and church," said Jos meekly.

"Well, you do all you can do, I believe. Don't you worrit, lad; the Lord wouldn't expect you to keep the Sabbath and go to church when you've got to work for your master. You be a good boy, and you'll get to heaven all right, church or no church, and larning or no larning."

Then, as they had got past the outskirts of the town, she kissed him,—stooping to him somewhat, for he was shorter than she was, his growth having been stunted by privation and exposure; and then he plodded homeward to the Clarks' hovel, while she returned with an aching heart to her comfortable home.

There came a long hard frost that winter, and all the labourers at Carstead were out of work, for farmers did not think of paying wages when no work could be done. The starving families filled up the workhouse, and reduced the guardians to out-relief, which they tried to pare down to its lowest practicable limits by strict investigation of the cases. Among others, the Clarks and Jos Parish applied for relief. Mr. Villiers was on the Board that day, and when Jos shambled in, looking all the stupider and stolider for his shyness, the Vicar said, "But you've got a sister comfortably married at Blackford. Why does not she help you?" Jos only stared and gaped helplessly. "Did you tell her you were in need?" "No, sir," said Jos. "Why not?" "She's married," said the lad at last. "And

won't her husband let her help you?"

"I don't know," was the answer. "Well," said the Vicar, "I knew your father and respected him. Here's half-a-crown for you. Go over to Blackford to see your sister; tell her your plight, and perhaps she can keep you till you find work there."

Jos took the half-crown and tramped obediently to Blackford that afternoon, eight miles of snowy road with a bitter north wind blowing in his face. His previous visit had made him feel shy of Patty's home and Patty's husband, and an innate sense of self-respect, such as he could never have formulated in words, gave him an instinct against begging of Mr. Moulsey. But asking for work was another thing, and it was always good to see Patty. Jos did not say this to himself, but he felt it dimly, in the way an intelligent animal anticipates pleasure.

Patty was not to be seen. She had a baby two days old, and her husband's mother was guarding her like a dragon. Jos was received not very warmly by Mr. Moulsey, who was not over and above pleased at the notion of the loutish country lad settling in Blackford. However when he heard that Jos had been ordered by the guardians to apply for help to his sister, he began to think that he had better find something for the boy to do, and having a brother who was a joiner in a thriving business about three miles off, he arranged with him to take Jos on for a while, and see if he could teach him anything.

Alas, poor Jos! He was willing enough, but hopelessly incapable of anything but the roughest field-labour. His clumsy fingers could not cut a bit of wood without cutting it in the wrong direction, or else cutting themselves. His untrained eyes could not see, without measuring, a ten-inch from a twelve-inch plank. He could not find an address if sent on an errand. The foreman was an ill-tempered man, who made him more stupid than he would have been by

swearing at him, kicking and cuffing him. Jos had been neglected for much of his life, but he had never been ill-used before. He 'took it all in the spirit of a long-suffering donkey, and his eyes, like the donkey's, began to look puzzled and wistful. Finally he was returned upon the greengrocer's hands as an utter failure, and Patty cried, which hurt him more than all.

Moulsey got him a place next as a bricklayer's labourer, stipulating however that he must keep away from his sister's house. "I'm willing," said the greengrocer, "to help you all I can, Jos Parish. You had a good chance at my brother's, and if you'd got on there, and learned yourself to be trim and smart, you might have been a credit to Patty yet. But you've throwed that away, and now you must do the best you can."

"'Praps I'd better go home to Carstead, and try the land again," said poor Jos.

"No, I ain't going to have them guardians putting it on to me, and getting it most like spread abroad in the paper that my wife's sister to a pauper. I won't have Patty disgraced like that. If you can't keep yourself out of the House, you must just stop here, and let me see that you get something to live by. But I ain't going to have a hodman coming in here familiar-like before all the street. If you're took bad, so as you can't work, send me word and I'll come and see to you; but keep out of my house, and don't put it about that my wife is kin to you, or I'll do no more for you."

Jos went out, feeling as if he had been kicked. He knew quite well that Patty had no hand in his exile, and did not dream of blaming her. A wife, according to his simple belief, must do what her husband bade. He did not even blame Moulsey. It was not Moulsey's fault if Jos were helpless, stupid, and altogether "onfortunate." Of course it would never do for Patty's name to be put in print as sister to a pauper; Jos understood that would disgrace her for life. One

thing was clear to him, that if he went back to Carstead, and worked on the land again, nothing must ever induce him to apply for relief, for Patty's sake.

He tried the hodman's life, but he could not bear it. As the summer came back into the close streets and unsavoury lanes of the country town, he began to pine more and more for the cornfields, the hedges and the trees, and the smell of the sweet earth. His companions too were low and vicious; and he did not like them, for Jos, stupid as he might be, did his very best to keep the Commandments as expounded by Patty. One day when his wages were paid he made up his mind to break altogether with his uncongenial life, which was unbearable to him now that his sister was shut out of it. He made up his bundle, and walked back to Carstead, finding a strange dumb pleasure in the sight of the familiar trees and hedgerows, even the dirty hovel where Jim and Polly Clark abode. Patty took the matter into her own hands, and came over to find out why he had run away, a proceeding which had greatly incensed her husband. Jos had not much to say, except that he had "fared to want to get home again." He had no power of presenting his case at its best, even to Patty.

"Well, Jos," said Patty, "you've chose, and you must abide by it; but now see here. If you fall ill, or get out of work, don't you go to the Board, my lad, but send some one private to me, and I'll help you. Moulsey, he's angry, and maybe he wouldn't let you have anything if it come to his ears; but you was my baby so long, I could never shut my heart to you, and I'll make shift to send you help without wronging of him, if you'll let me know private, as I said before."

"I won't go to the Board," said Jos. "I don't want to be a disgrace to you, Patty." So they parted.

Haytime came, and harvest, and Jos got work as one of the extra

hands who were always required then. But the summer days drew in, and the autumn work was over, and another hard winter set in. Again the House filled rapidly, and this time the Clarks, made callous to the workhouse by a long spell of it, were among the earliest to demand relief. They left Jos in the hovel alone.

Jos might be stupid, he might not understand the use of soap, he might be a failure in life, but he proved to be capable of understanding what it was to "swear to his neighbour; and disappoint him not, though it were to his own hindrance." He had promised Patty that he would not go to the Board, and he did not go. The first day after the Clarks went into the House, he tramped over to Blackford, picking one or two half frozen turnips out of the roadside fields as he went along. Watching Moulsey out of the way, he knocked at the door. Patty's little nurse-girl opened it, and said that her mistress had gone to stay with master's sister, who had got a baby, away at Farringfold. Jos asked where Farringfold was, and was told that it was a long, long way off; the girl most thought it was in the shires, for she had heard say Mr. Baker was a shire-man. Jos saw nothing else to do but to tramp home again. Patty was as far away from him in the shires as if she had been in the churchyard.

He dragged himself home with some difficulty, trying to appease his hunger with more turnips; and when he got in, he went to bed, where he shivered all night in the fireless room under insufficient covering, too hungry to sleep. In the morning he got up, and tried to get warm by walking about the village, and one or two kindly neighbours gave him a bit of bread, and asked when he was going into the House. Jos accepted the bread, and ate it like a famishing beast; but he gave an evasive answer about the House. He knew that if he gave his real reason, the neighbours would cry shame on Patty which she

did not deserve, and all the dumb loyalty of his nature turned to shielding Patty from blame.

Want and hunger were efficient passports to the charity of Carstead village; and for about a week Jos got along on the alms of his neighbours. Application was made for his needs to the vicarage; but Jos was not the only person in need that hard winter, and the application only brought him a hunch of bread and cheese for his present necessity, and a command to go and ask for an order for the House as soon as possible. It was so obvious that a young man who had no work in a hard winter should at once take refuge in the House that the neighbours held out their hands to him more and more grudgingly, and he himself felt that it needed all his power to keep away from the ugly brick building, where there would be food and fire for the exigent needs of his body. But to disgrace Patty! It was something not far short of heroism that made the poor starved lad shamble weakly back to his hovel, and renounce the sustenance that he might have had for the asking.

One morning there was no more question of action for him. He tried to get up, but fainted and fell on the floor. How long he lay there he did not know; but when he came to himself he could not stand, and only with great difficulty crept back upon his miserable pallet. There was a little water in the kitchen, for Jos had taken to be perpetually thirsty of late, even at night, and the water seemed somehow to allay the gnawing at his stomach. He lay there, only half conscious, in the doze of fever, for privation had produced pneumonia. The unwonted circulation of his blood, caused by the fever that was slowly burning out his poor weak life, brought images to his brain of the days long past, when he was a little lad with a tender mother and a kind father, and used to go to school and be praised and petted there. It seemed to him that his mother was there, sitting

near his bed, only not quite near enough to take him into her lap as he wanted her to do; and he had so many things to tell her, but his mouth was too dry to speak, and the water in the pitcher was all gone. Still, he did not want to eat now. No one came near him all that day; and all night he lay in the cold and darkness, struggling for breath, but unconscious for the most part of his own suffering. In the morning he was conscious again for a little while. He saw the grimy walls, the fireless grate full of the cinders of the last fire, and the beams of the winter sun struggling through the frosted window; and he felt a new strange sensation which he had never known before, and guessed that it meant death. If only he could tell some one that he was dying! He tried to rise, and half lifted himself up; but the deadly faintness came on again, and he fell back unconscious.

The neighbours took it for granted, when they did not see him, that he had taken the obvious course of going to the House, as they had always counselled him to do. But the second day Mrs. Page, a kindly gossip who lived near him, happening to go to the relieving-officer on business, remarked that she supposed Jos Parish had been driven to the House at last. The relieving-officer said he had seen nothing of him; and they agreed that he must have gone off to his sister at Blackford. But a misgiving entered Mrs. Page's mind as she passed the hovel, and opening the door she looked in. There was the empty, fireless room, and there on the pallet lay the dying boy. The hunger and cold were all matters of the past now.

Then there was an outcry of passionate pity, and neighbours brought of their scanty store of coals and food, and tried to bring life back to the wasted body. But it was too late. All they could do was to produce a temporary flicker before the flame

expired; and so it came to pass that he was still living and conscious, when Patty's hot tears fell on his face.

"Jos, Jos, my little lad! I never thought of this! Why didn't you come and let me know how it was with you?"

"I come over," said the hoarse gasping whisper, "but they said—you was gone—to the shires."

"I was only gone two days to stand godmother to their baby, and it was no more the shires than this. It's but eight miles the other side of Blackford. Then why didn't you go to the House?"

"You said 'twould disgrace you," said Jos feebly. "You've been a good sister to me, Patty, and I didn't want to be cast up to you. Don't cry, Patty. It don't make no matter now."

But Patty went on crying; and it was Mrs. Page who bent over the pallet to say, "Tell us, my lad, is your soul at peace, and are you ready for the Lord to take ye to Him?"

Jos looked up with confused glazing eyes. "I don't mind," he said slowly; "I can't say nay to Him if He bids me."

"But give us a word to show how ye feel, for a comfort to your sister here."

"I don't feel nohow," said Jos. Then he dozed away, and when he opened his eyes again, the end was nearly come. He did not know Patty or any one; his vague intelligence had receded into the division of his brain which dealt with childish ideas and feelings, and he said, "Mother!"

"Mother ain't here, dear lad," said Patty; but he did not hear.

"Mother, I know a new text. Suffer little children——"

Those were the last words he spoke, and the childlike soul was suffered to enter the Presence where all confusions are reduced to order.

M. BRAMSTON.

SOME THOUGHTS ON ROUSSEAU.

A GREAT Frenchman has told us what a fascination there was for him in the title of an Italian book, *Opinion, Queen of the World*. A mighty queen she is, for her sway is almost universal; yet was ever another princess so fickle? A century ago she told the world it was her pride to be the mistress of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Who will tell us how many lovers she has since favoured? And so many of them have been far less worthy! Yet Rousseau's life was not blameless. He has indeed been accused of nearly every vice of character; and, once the glory of France, he is to-day only a pathetic figure among the broken idols of our race.

Jean Jacques and his works occupy more than eighty pages in the catalogue of the library in the British Museum; surely, then, enough has now been said about him. Yet it is well to revise our literary judgments from time to time; moreover, a man of genius is so rare and so interesting, that we can hardly say too much about him, provided we can say it in the right way. Nor can we forget that Rousseau was one of the greatest powers in literature of the last hundred and fifty years.

A well-informed little book on Rousseau, by M. Arthur Chuquet, was added some time ago to the series of French Great Writers; and it tempted us to trace in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and elsewhere the history of French opinion concerning Rousseau. The articles of George Sand, Sainte-Beuve and others are for the most part eulogistic of Rousseau's literary genius. But a later critic, M. Ferdinand Brunetière, has struck a different note; not only does M. Ferdinand Brunetière seem to regard

Rousseau as a broken idol, but as one that should straightway be burnt. The opinions of so accomplished a critic command respect, and we must come back to M. Brunetière.

In a discourse at the inauguration of a statue to Rousseau in 1889 M. Jules Simon observed: "Of Rousseau it has been said that he formed a new social system, and a new order of men." This was the general opinion at the beginning of the century; and Napoleon expressed not merely his own thought, but the thought of France, when he said, "There would not have been a Revolution without Rousseau." Even if this be called an extreme view, the man's far-reaching influence is unquestionable. No doubt Napoleon, if he were alive to-day, would admit that Rousseau, judged by our present standards, was only a moderate Radical in spite of all his wild paradoxes. Our contemporaries freely describe themselves in a manner that would have startled Voltaire or Rousseau. A much-advertised Norwegian playwright, for instance, has recently told us through a newspaper that he is "an anarchist and individualist." If a third term be required to complete the category, it was not for him to supply it. The great writers of the eighteenth century said many foolish things, but they never went the length of describing themselves in this unseemly way. But as an example of the admiration which Rousseau excited among his contemporaries, take the following portion of an epitaph: "Weep, passer-by; here lies the man in whom were united all the qualities that were most esteemed by ancient Greece and Rome,—the severity of Cato with the eloquence of Demosthenes, Plato's sublimity of

soul with the pride of Diogenes." The writer of epitaphs is privileged to give himself away. Rousseau had none of the stoic's severity, which was rooted in self-discipline and self-control; nor had he much of Plato's sublimity of soul. The eloquence of Demosthenes he had, and something of the pride of Diogenes. The philosopher of the barrel was not a man of mean powers, but he was none the better for copying so closely the habits and manners proper to the kennel. In this respect Jean Jacques occasionally imitated Diogenes, though he was otherwise free from the bitter humours of the cynic.

But for the moment let us put aside the question of public opinion respecting Rousseau, and try to see the man himself.

Jean Jacques was born at Geneva on the 28th of June, 1712. His father was a weak man who loved fine phrases, and from him, no doubt, the son inherited his fondness for melodramatic effect. His mother died in giving life to the child. Born in the city of Calvin, he had by nature something of the Calvinist's intensity, but none of his feeling for right conduct. His surroundings were plebeian; his meagre education was irregular, and suited to the son of a "man of sentiment." Let it count as a virtue that in his boyhood he loved Plutarch.

He was apprenticed at thirteen to a notary, but was soon declared to be incapable. Other callings were tried with little better result. The young Rousseau was not industrious; he was a dreamer, acutely sensitive, easily led, and without any true strength or elevation of character. Later in life his keen, overstrained sensibility marked him off from other men; but in his youth this sensibility can have seemed nothing but a fatal weakness. His father had left Geneva, in circumstances not entirely creditable to him, when his son was only ten years old; and the boy was then

taken in charge by one relative after another, until at sixteen he in his turn ran away from Geneva, and began that vagrant, aimless life which was to last so many years. He has described this early life fully (in a great number of instances too fully) in the *Confessions*. In that singular autobiography he is guilty of all sorts of exaggeration, but notwithstanding this, he has given a truer picture of himself than any one else has given of him.

At Turin in 1728 he became a convert to the Church of Rome without any seriousness of purpose, which made it easy for him in the course of years (when convenience pointed that way) to change his religion a second time. After the first change, he alternated between the parts of lackey and vagabond until in 1731 he went to Annecy, to the house of Mme. de Warens. They were already known to each other, for she had acted as spiritual directress to the youth prior to the affair at Turin. He lived in her house many years, and all through life kept a warm affection for her. It was a strange household! Mme. de Warens was not without charm or intelligence, but she had no principles and no delicacy. Jean Jacques was kept at her expense; and after a time he had the footing of a lover. Other needy adventurers who lived upon this frail, good-natured woman, had the same footing. It is a vulgar drama, in which the actors strain overmuch one's spirit of indulgence too far; they were a rascally crew.

The house of Mme. de Warens, first at Annecy, then at Les Charmettes, may be described as Rousseau's home for about nine years. There was a break now and then, but the youth was glad to be back again, for he had known hunger away from this singular home. He had no duties, though he sometimes amused himself, and helped to keep the world going, by sorting plants or watering the garden; for the rest, he read with

little system, and played with the subject of music. The life of the galley-slave would have been better! Let us, however, be just, and state that during the last year of his life at Les Charmettes he studied seriously, and thought deeply about many things; also he shook off his old light-heartedness, and yielded somewhat to a spirit of brooding, which in later years easily developed into a whining misanthropy.

In 1741, when he was in his twenty-eighth year, he went to Paris, and the Swiss vagabond must henceforth be reckoned a Frenchman. As this is his first important appearance in the great world, we may here fitly glance at the man apart from his surroundings.

He was not uncomely, for he had good features and brilliant eyes, a face full of intelligence and sensibility. In the engraving of the pastel by Latour, prefixed to M. Chuquet's book, there is a great want of refinement about the lower part of the face, but this may be in some degree the fault of the engraver; it is not so pronounced in any other engraving we have seen of that portrait. To a man like Rousseau, who was always pining for the love of women, a good presence was not a drawback; but in other respects the poor fellow was ill-equipped for the warfare of life. He was twenty-eight years old and without a calling, without money also, or powerful friends. A brave man would find here nothing insuperable, but Rousseau was not brave. Picture the man, and say whether courage usually goes with such qualities: a sensibility so keen that in poet or artist you look in vain for the like; an intellect certainly acute, but untrained and incapable of continuous thought; an imagination powerful but disordered, and seeming with the intellect to work only at the call of passion,—what we may call a sensual intellect, a sensual imagination; an almost total lack of will, a morbid self-consciousness, and

an enormous vanity; without tact, awkward, ingenuous, provincial;—what an outfit for a man at the start of life! If he had been wicked, there is always the possibility of repentance; but Rousseau was a weak man, not strictly a bad one. Add to what has just been said a still worse weakness; an order of thought cankered at the source, introspective, making healthy activity impossible, and fatal to true nobleness of character. Who would venture to predict that any intellectual or moral order could be evolved out of elements such as these?

He is the spiritual father of the Hamlet, the Master of Ravenswood, of our century,—that type of mind which in the character of René has been fixed by the genius of Chateaubriand. Here we have Hamlet with a complicated form of mental disease; we shall not explain it by saying the will-power is weak, and the thinking power in excess. René, like the others, is in the grip of fate, but he has a blight more deadly than theirs; and worst of all the wretch is full of self-pity! This frame of mind has given itself various names since Rousseau's day, and it is still among us, with a new and foolish name. It was René-ism many years ago; it is *fin-de-siècle*-ism now. What is it but the soul's Augean stable? If the gods would send us a spiritual Hercules to clear it, we would thank them night and day.

Rousseau, father of this sickly family, regards himself as the stricken darling of fate; not once will he see that destiny is to be won over by the strong man, and made into a pleasant yoke-fellow. The inner peace and breadth and serenity of the great spirits will never be his; in lieu of this he will (after death) help to "make history" in a very tragical manner.

In Paris he rented a garret and tried to live by teaching music, in the meantime struggling hard to earn a

reputation as a man of original musical genius. He was at Venice for a while as secretary to the French ambassador there ; and soon after his return to Paris he took Theresa Le Vasseur for a mistress. She, not liking to come empty-handed, brought her family to live upon the foolish Jean Jacques. We cannot write the name Le Vasseur without thinking of a word that was used much too often, and sometimes cruelly, by the ruling class a century ago—*canaille* ; what other word would so justly describe them ?

It was not until 1750 that he became famous by the publication of his *Discourse on Arts and Sciences*. His earlier performances, whether musical or literary, had not been of much importance ; and he had earned bread for himself, Theresa, and other Le Vasseurs, by acting as secretary to M. Franceuil, and by teaching or copying music. It was about this time he first gave himself the airs of a misanthrope, forced, he thought, to do so as a logical consequence of his churlish attitude towards society, set forth in the *Discourse* aforesaid. But he continued to seek fame both as a musician and a writer of prose. His *Village Sorcerer* in 1753 added to his reputation, and brought him money ; it would have secured him a pension, if he had not taken fright at the thought of an interview with the King. In addition to his performance in music, he wrote some articles for the *Encyclopædia* ; and in 1754 he published his first well-written work, the *Discourse on Inequality*.

In April, 1756, through the kindness of Mme. d'Epinaï, he took possession of the Hermitage, near the woods of Montmorency, where he lived about two years. This period was chiefly remarkable for his violent and unrequited passion for Mme. d'Houdetot, a relative of his protectress, who had already a lover in St. Lambert. Rousseau has told us that he had no regard for the women of his own class,—he “sighed for ladies” ; yet he was never

the lover of a woman of quality. Shall it be said that all is contradiction in the life of this man ? He pined to be the lover of a countess ; yet within his circle of conquest you see only—Theresa Le Vasseur !

The sojourn at the Hermitage came to an end with much bitterness of feeling on the part of both Mme. d'Epinaï and Jean Jacques. He was suspicious, exacting, ungrateful :—What can you do with a self-torturer ? This was at the end of 1757 ; he then went to live at Montmorency, and during the first weeks of his residence there he wrote the *Letter to M. d'Alembert*. It is a condemnation of the theatre, admirably written, partial, austere. Rousseau himself was a disappointed playwright, do you say ? Yes, but this letter is more than a veiled expression of disappointment ; the half-developed side of Rousseau, the Hebrew in him, here finds a voice.

At Montmorency he gained the friendship of the Duke and Duchess of Luxembourg, and he soon became their guest. It is astonishing that this underbred man of genius should have received such kindness from the proud aristocracy of that period. From this place he sent to the press that strange, fascinating, unwholesome book, *The New Héloïse*, soon followed by *The Social Contract* and by *Emile*. *The New Héloïse* was one of the greatest literary successes of the age, and gave Jean Jacques a place beside the envied Voltaire.

Now came the foolish quarrel with Voltaire. The poem on the earthquake at Lisbon had filled Rousseau with indignation, and he wrote to defend Providence against the attacks of the sceptical Voltaire. Whatever we may feel as to the literary merit of that poem, it is impossible to forget that the subject is not poetical. Moreover, the man who has accepted in the clearness of day a theory of the universe that gives him a living faith, and sustains him in the conflicts of life, will not be for ever distressed by

an earthquake ; and if nothing less will move him to deal with the question of moral evil, that terrible problem will not occupy him long. The deep thinker does not wait for an earthquake. Voltaire had too keen an interest in literature and stock-jobbing to suffer long from any of the worst forms of despair ; while Rousseau's apology for Providence is frenzied in tone and greatly below its theme. Jean Jacques ended a second letter to Voltaire with an over-emphasised passage not free from insolence ; and henceforth the two men, rivals already in literature, were rivals also in the art of abuse. Voltaire in one letter calls Rousseau "a lackey of Diogenes," "an utter fool," "a ferocious wild beast that should be seen only through the bars of a cage, and touched only with a pole." Such are the amenities of literature !

Voltaire was ill when Rousseau's letter reached him, and he sent only a note to acknowledge it, promising to reply later on. "Since that time," says Jean Jacques in the *Confessions*, "Voltaire has published the answer he promised me, which I did not receive. This is the story *Candide*, of which I am unable to speak, as I have not read it." He thus missed reading the wittiest of books, if his statement be correct, and there is no reason to doubt it. He has himself told us (what certainly was true) that he was indifferent to ridicule, but could not endure scorn. It has been said that Rousseau had no sufficient ground for believing his letter to Voltaire on the earthquake gave birth to *Candide*. Mr. John Morley, in his able work on Rousseau, expresses this opinion. We do not share it ; indeed we are convinced that Pangloss is Rousseau ; the date of the publication of *Candide* alone would justify this view, if other circumstances did not favour it. The character of Pangloss is plainly suggested in Rousseau's letter of 1757. If this did not give Voltaire the idea, where else did he get it ? Voltaire did not write satires that had no special application.

Emile was published in May, 1762, and within a month it was publicly burnt, and the author was to have been arrested. Fortunately through the assistance of his friends he was able to leave Montmorency, and take refuge at Yverdun in Switzerland. The orthodox Swiss, however, who found a home for Voltaire, would not give a home to their countryman who had written *Emile*. He therefore went to Motiers, a short distance from Yverdun, which brought him within the jurisdiction of Prussia. The letter in which he announced this to Frederick is eminently characteristic of Rousseau ; it is not a courtier's letter, yet few courtiers could have flattered so adroitly. "Much evil have I spoken of you ; I may yet speak more. In spite of this, —driven from France and Geneva, and from the Canton of Berne—I come for shelter to your states. Was I wrong in not doing this at first ? It may be ; you are not unworthy of the eulogy. Sire, I deserve no favour at your hands, and I seek none ; but it seems right to tell your Majesty that I am in your power, and by my own act. Do with me as shall seem good to your Majesty."

At Motiers he had the good fortune to win the friendship of George Keith, Earl Marischal of Scotland ; and it is to Rousseau's credit that he always remembered with gratitude the kindness he received from this generous man. At this place he wrote his *Letter to the Archbishop of Paris*, in reply to the condemnation of *Emile* which that ecclesiastic had published. The archbishop was within his rights in condemning the pamphlet ; but he was not wise in matching himself against such an antagonist. At Motiers, where he assumed the Armenian dress, Rousseau lived for a little more than three years, and he would have remained there longer if the populace had not risen against him. It was not a noble concern for piety that led the mob to persecute Rousseau ; mobs are not usually swayed by motives of that kind. Rousseau was unpopular be-

cause he had in his *Letters from the Mountains* spoken disrespectfully of the Swiss ; Voltaire maliciously helped to brew the tempest, and the clergy did the rest.

Jean Jacques left Motiers in terror, and went to the Isle of St. Peter in the Lake of Bienne. Here he lived less than two months, the happiness of which he has described in a noble piece of prose, and then the powers at Berne commanded him to quit their territory. The poor hunted man in his despair begged them to give him for the rest of his life the shelter of a prison ! A few months later, at the invitation of Hume, he came to London. The sixteen months of his stay in England (first in London, then at Wootton in Derbyshire) were not happy. He disliked our climate, which in itself is not an evidence of eccentricity ; he was wildly suspicious, and sometimes half-insane. In writing at Wootton the first part of his *Confessions*, he no doubt found pleasure, for he loved to dwell upon the memories of his youth ; and he hoped (foolish man !) that this book would put him right with the world. At length came the quarrel with Hume, and literary Europe was filled with the reports of it. Rousseau was half mad, and Hume (like his century) had no magnanimity. Full of imaginary wrongs, looking upon all men as his enemies, Jean Jacques took flight back to France.

Henceforth he wrote nothing of moment, except the second part of *The Confessions*, and *The Musings of a Lonely Rambler*, which is really a third part, for it is purely autobiographical. His *Dialogues* are important only as a proof that he sometimes lost all mental balance.

The rest of his life has been described as full of gloom, but it was so only in part. He had perhaps as much intermittent happiness as at earlier periods of his life, but his sensibility became more acute as physical power declined ; he was sometimes insane,—no other word will describe his condition. What need to dwell upon

these last years ? It is not the spectacle of a great spirit that fights to the end, and makes death almost winning. He is stricken, and you see it all too plainly. His death took place on the 2nd of July, 1778 ; whether it was natural or self-sought, is not and cannot be known.

The words of Frederick the Great, with which M. Chuquet closes his book, give us the attitude towards Rousseau which we think should be that of all men of right feeling. "You ask me what I think of Rousseau," wrote Frederick to Voltaire. "We must pity the unfortunate ; it is only perverse souls that judge them harshly." This, however, is not the general feeling. In reading many criticisms upon Jean Jacques we have concluded that he is to many persons a monster such as is sketched by Macaulay in that study in black and red which he offered as a portrait of Barrère. Perhaps it is difficult to avoid strong feeling in presence of Rousseau ; yet after all he was a man, and his failings are human, not satanic. The principal charges against him are that he sent his illegitimate children to the hospital for foundlings, and that he confessed all his sins with a proud and detestable frankness, regarding this as a sufficient expiation. It is very unclean ; yet some of us meet men in society who have not even taken this trouble with their illegitimate children, and it has never been observed that we shudder in their presence. The truth is, Rousseau did what millions of ordinary men are doing every day ; though he sinned and suffered fitfully from remorse, he did not repent. Now repentance (as an English writer has nobly said) is "the most divine of all the acts of man" ; yet how rare it is, how infinitely difficult ! Let us take a single illustration of what has just been said about the general sentiment of dislike for Rousseau. Not long ago in an English paper we read these words, "By his side Voltaire is an angel of light." Our admiration for Voltaire's literary faculty is by no means luke-

warm, but we see little of the angel in that writer of a hundred volumes. Rousseau, with all his errors, had in him more than Voltaire of the material out of which saints are made. He had reverence; who will say as much for Voltaire?

We have already sketched Rousseau's character; what he was at twenty-eight, when he came to seek fame in Paris, he remained to the last. His wider experience and intellectual pursuits did not alter his frame of mind, for he was to the end the creature of a disordered imagination and a morbid sensibility. The lives of wise men are directed either by general elevation of character or by sheer strength of will; with Rousseau sensibility had to answer for the one or the other, and no gift of the seer is needed in such a case to foretell the result. He had chosen for his motto the three Latin words which proclaim that it is well to give up one's life to the truth." It is singular that M. Renan, one of the greatest of Rousseau's literary sons, had for a motto, "I have sought the truth." Rousseau would have done better to treasure the fine saying of Bossuet (and of all men Rousseau is surely the one to whom it is least applicable), "A great soul is always master of the body which it animates."

It was not his felicity to attain self-mastery; it would have been little less than a miracle if he had done so. Now if his deranged sensibility had not touched his literary work, we might have let it go with the briefest comment. But partly by the contagious nature of his mental disease, and partly by pure strength of genius, he created a revolution in literature, and gave to Europe a style of writing which for more than a hundred years has held the fashion. Say, if you like, with M. Ferdinand Brunetière, that Jean Jacques was the greatest of egotists, that his whole literary life was a voyage of discovery along the dreary coast of the *ego*; it is for the most part true. And

for this reason we cannot judge him as an artist; he has no detachment from self. A religious writer has lately said that Rousseau was too much of a prophet to be an artist; he had too much of the unrest of the prophet to breathe the serene air which is life to the artist. His fervour is that of the special pleader, who is eager to produce an immediate effect and is unscrupulous about his means. If nothing else will avail, he will weep, and that certainly must be convincing. But how far from the method of the artist! He usually begins with a paradox, and thinks out his subject as he proceeds; the paradox has given him a start, which is always a difficult matter. He does not take in advance a comprehensive view of his subject, and settle at once those questions of selection and arrangement which the artist cannot evade; nor does he know whether the subject in hand shall occupy one hundred or five hundred pages; so much will depend upon his humour.

We have twice mentioned M. Brunetière, and have alluded to the sharp things he has said about Rousseau at various times in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. One or two sentences will plainly show his position: "Rousseau is the most eloquent of lackeys. . . . If I wished to give in a word an almost complete description of Jean Jacques, I should say that he alone stands for me as the plebeian invader of the province of literature." The comparison with the lackey has been overdone. Even M. Chuquet, who has so much admiration for Rousseau, quotes approvingly this remark of Mme. de Boufflers respecting *The Confessions*: "These infamous memoirs are the confessions of the lowest type of lackey, or of a person of meaner condition." Fénelon might justly have said this, if so saintly a man could have been quite so uncharitable; but the contemporaries of Rousseau were on a different level. The fashionable world of that day found pleasure in *La Pucelle*, and

(still worse, if possible) in the best-known work of Brantôme, a man to whom nature denied a moral sense in order that he might paint vice without misgiving. The persons who delighted in such corrupt literature could not without affectation have been pained by Rousseau's vices, or by his want of reticence. Yet this does not cover the whole ground. A historian of the Church has called Voltaire's *La Pucelle* "worthy of Sodom"; and Brantôme's work may be said to be worthy of Gomorrah (a more pleasant comparison would not meet the case); but Voltaire and Brantôme are not plebeian,—theirs is the vice of the drawing-room, not of the servants' hall. The tradition of literature had long been aristocratic, and Rousseau broke with it, not indeed with premeditation, but in obedience to a law of his being; in him the leaven of the new time was at work. It was at work also in others, in Diderot, for instance; yet M. Brunetière thinks it is just that Rousseau, whose influence was paramount, should take most of the blame. If any one must be blamed, it is the men who first developed the art of printing, the popes and kings who permitted the exercise of that art, and the men of science whose discoveries have changed many of the conditions of human life. Why not at once quarrel with a thunderstorm? It would be more sensible to censure the whole race of men, because at the right moment it could not produce a sound thinker and a writer of genius capable of exercising upon the world a greater influence than Rousseau's. If you do so, you ought as a matter of consistency to make it known to everybody included in the censure; and that might be difficult.

Enough for us to judge where the evidence is clear. Let us speak first of Rousseau's defects. He is a remarkable example of the thinker in whom passion is for ever taking the place of reason, who lives upon half-truths. A single illustration will be enough, and

we will take it from *The Discourse on Inequality*: "The riot which ends in the death or deposition of a sultan, is as lawful as the acts by which he could, the day before, dispose of the fortunes and lives of his subjects. As his position was maintained only by force, so by force only is he overthrown. Thus everything happens according to the law of nature; and whatever may be the outcome of these frequent and sudden revolutions, nobody has the right to complain of the injustice of his fellows, but merely of his own indiscretion or ill-luck." To a generation that is acquainted with the political uses of dynamite, these words of Rousseau may appear mild; let it, however, be remembered that he was not a salaried assassin, but an original thinker and a man of genius. The wretches who commit crimes for political purposes usually drift into the hands of the executioner, and the business is at an end; but Rousseau's influence did not end at his death. Now if, in the ordinary course of human affairs, these words of Rousseau may with justice be put into practice, it follows that Charlotte Corday's act in killing Marat may not have been a crime; it was such teaching as Rousseau's (whether she was conscious of it or not) that gave her the inspiration. Charlotte Corday's act *was* a crime; only a perverted moral sense will deck it out with fine phrases.

It was upon such false rhetoric as this that the souls of men like Danton and Robespierre had been fed; with such windy half-truths they pointed their speeches, and thrilled the murderous gangs that worked with them. In Europe to-day there is more of this kind of spurious coin in circulation than ever before in any age of the world. Rousseau and his followers would make all men equal; their desire was to return to a state of nature, whatever such a phrase may mean. The Rousseaus of our day are indifferent as to whether we go back to nature or forward to anarchy; it is enough for them to hate all inequality

and time-honoured usage. The conventions of society, they say, are artificial; of course they are,—so is all the work of man. All art and literature and political machinery are necessarily artificial; what is there within the experience of man which is not so, except his inner life? The social usages of any day are not more artificial than socialism itself would be; they are not more artificial than trades-unions, or co-operative societies, or any other method by which the mind of the nineteenth century expresses itself. A well-known member of the House of Commons, speaking lately in public on behalf of a friend X., said: "I am told X. is not respectable; well, when he *is*, he will be fit for a prison or a lunatic-asylum." This is the political folly of Rousseau, which graces "the first assembly of gentlemen in the world." Here we have a portion of M. Brunière's charge against Rousseau; the plebeian in him is shown by a blind hatred of social usages. When a man seriously gives expression to such sentiments as we have just quoted from Rousseau and the politician, it is fitting that at the moment of uttering them he should gesticulate with the right arm, and with the left press to his heart a tankard of beer.

It is, however, necessary to add that much of Rousseau's writing on political and social questions is solid and well-reasoned. When he writes as a man at war with society, he is foolish, hysterical; but often he writes after the manner of a true statesman. He is generally remembered only as a revolutionary politician, and the other side is forgotten. Now with all his dislike for what we may call the ornamental side of society, he knew as well as the statesman the iron force of custom, the need for adapting every measure of government to the special wants of the race at any particular time. And if he is the intellectual parent of Danton, we must also reckon among his children the men who gave America a new constitution. His

hostile attitude towards society is no doubt rooted to some extent in envy; but he had a genuine hatred of oppression, and a touch of that burning love for the whole race, that transcendent charity, which from time to time, in saint or sage, illumines the pathways of men as with a divine radiance. Of this spirit there is in him a trace; but it is a long way from Jean Jacques to St. Francis of Assisi!

It is not only by his political passion that Rousseau shows himself to be incurably plebeian; you see it also in such a passage as the following, in which he is speaking of the quiet and rural life that would best please him. In such a place, he says, there would be "no intrusive lackeys secretly listening to our talk; in low tones finding fault with our manners, and counting with envy the pieces as we eat them; taking pleasure in making us wait for something to drink, and grumbling because the dinner is too long." This is enough to make us accept Mme. de Bouffler's description as just and final. Yet Rousseau himself, speaking of *The New Héloïse*, says: "A very nice insight, which can only be acquired by social intercourse with such as are of gentle birth, is necessary to understand all the subtle mysteries of the heart with which *The New Héloïse* abounds. I do not hesitate to place the fourth part of it upon an equality with *La Princesse de Clèves*." The charming woman who wrote *La Princesse de Clèves* had not Rousseau's eloquence, but she had repose, perfect tact and delicacy, and every patrician grace. Rousseau was not the master of a style, either in life or literature, that announced high-breeding; even in the best part of *The New Héloïse*, he does not write with the restraint and ease which are natural to Mme. de La Fayette.

The ferment which exists in his political writing, is present also in his descriptions of the passion of love, for he has none of the reticence of a fine nature. You feel that if Jean

Jacques himself, or one of the male characters in his books, had like Lovelace been called to the wars, and his mistress had pleaded that he would stay at home, neither duty nor honour, neither the lust of action nor the spirit of adventure, would have constrained him to go. The sentimentalists have almost banished from literature that genius for adventure which in many old books enthralls the generous reader. Take Chateaubriand, for example, in describing the places he has seen, or in depicting the lives of the American Indians in *Les Natchez*, he has none of this spirit. The diseased self-consciousness communicates its own blight to everything that comes within touch of it. Nor is this baleful shadow over our prose only; it has tainted our poetry also. It will, we think, appear to our grandchildren that nearly all the writing of the sentimentalists has been done at a distance from human life. There is no pulse in it. The impression which it is likely to leave with them is not that of a triumphant victory of mind, but rather a victory of the senses. It questions and murmurs against fate too much, and has none of that elevation of spirit which is at once joy and repose.

If Rousseau has any literary or other merit, it is time we said a word for it. What a breath of the country did he bring into literature! In modern prose before his day, where the classical tradition had been followed, nature had always been described in the baldest manner, and instead of the sweet odours of flowers and the fulness of vegetable life, we find only the picture of a herbalist's collection of dried plants. Rousseau's love for the country was the purest passion of his life; and in his descriptions of rural scenes he is not only an originator, but a true enchanter also. If you would measure the extent of his originality, take any passage from Swift or Voltaire, and compare it with the following, from the fourth book of *The Confessions*:

"The dawn was so enchanting that I dressed myself in haste, and went into the country to see the rising of the sun. Oh the pleasure, the charm of that morning! It was the middle of summer; the earth was arrayed in all her wealth of grass and flowers; the nightingales, whose singing-time would soon be over, sought with delight to give their sweetest song; all the birds, in concert bidding farewell to spring, hailed the dawn of a lovely summer-day;" This rendering of a delightful passage is not satisfactory; no translation ever is, in such a case. Where the thought or sentiment to be conveyed from one language to another is without literary form, translation is usually not difficult; but where the charm of the original is chiefly in the music of each line or the cadence of each sentence, adequate translation is impossible. Even if you do produce a rhythmical effect that is satisfying, it is your own, and not the same as your author's. Therefore our translations from Rousseau must of necessity do him injustice.

Now the prose of Swift or Voltaire makes its appeal too exclusively to the intellectual side of our nature; the emotions are not touched by it. Rousseau brought into prose a new form of witchery, that went no doubt to the other extreme, and made its appeal almost entirely to the emotions. It is not perfect prose, for such a prose would be at once as sure and light of touch as Voltaire's, while it would be as capable of satisfying the emotions as the prose of Rousseau. The master of such a style, however, is yet to come; and in the meantime we will not praise in a half-hearted way the great and original writer who first in modern classical prose described hill and dale, the flowers and the fields, with that magic which before had belonged only to poetry.

Rousseau, as M. Chuquet and others have pointed out, is the true father of romanticism. He it was who first entered that new world, and

his banner is flying there still, though many would have us believe that the device upon it is not Rousseau's. We do not even think with M. Chuquet that Rousseau's method of description has been improved by later writers; Chateaubriand and a few others have painted larger pictures, but not with Rousseau's simplicity and unerringness. Jean Jacques' colouring is not too rich, and he does not mar his pictures by excess of detail.

His influence, we see, has been great, and is beyond dispute; he gave to literature a new manner of describing nature, and to prose a new rhythm and a larger expression of emotion. By all this he has added permanently to the joys of our race, and he has the gratitude of every true lover of humane letters. The evil service he has done to literature has been chiefly by the glorification of self, and of this enough has been already said. But there is a side of his influence which we have not touched upon; he first gave anything like a full expression to that feeling for religion without dogma, at once sceptical and reverent, which has found a larger utterance in M.

Ernest Renan. It is not likely M. Renan ever realised that he was in this sense a child of Jean Jacques; the position of the two men towards religion is nevertheless essentially the same. In M. Renan it was in a manner fortified by a profound erudition which contrasts strangely with Rousseau's meagre knowledge; but the child of Geneva, though he lacked the learning, had the more originality. And notwithstanding the alluring perfection of M. Renan's literary form, some portion of Rousseau's work will, we think, last the longer; for M. Renan's delightful art is too literary; it has not that accent of homeliness which will preserve some things of Rousseau's. Neither M. Renan, nor any other of the literary school of Jean Jacques, has given us a piece of prose of considerable length so faultless as Rousseau's description of his life in the isle of St. Peter. We will not hazard the experiment of a translation; but surely no one with any literary sense could read the passage, in *The Musings of a Lonely Rambler*, without a kindly feeling for the great man of letters who wrote it.

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PERLYCROSS.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER XXI.

BLACKMARSH.

A LONG way back among the Black-down Hills and in nobody knows what parish, the land breaks off into a barren stretch, uncouth, dark, and desolate. Being neither hill nor valley, slope nor plain, morass nor woodland, it has no lesson for the wanderer, except that the sooner he gets out of it the better. For there is nothing to gratify him if he be an artist, nothing to interest him if his tastes are antiquarian, nothing to arouse his ardour, even though he were that happy and most ardent creature, a naturalist free from rheumatism. And as for any honest fellow mainly concerned with bread and butter, his head will at once go round with fear and with looking over his shoulders. For it is a lonesome and gruesome place, where the weather makes no difference; where nature has not put her hand, on this part or on that, to leave a mark or show a preference, but slurred the whole with one black frown of desolate monotony.

That being so, the few and simple dwellers on the moorland around, or in the lowland homesteads, might well be trusted to keep their distance from this dreary solitude. There were tales enough of hapless travellers last

seen going in this direction, and never in any other; as well as of spectral forms, low groans, and nightly processions through the air. Not more than a hundred years ago, there had been a wicked baronet, profane, rapacious, arrogant, black-hearted, foul, and impious. A blessed curate prayed him not to hunt on Holy Friday. He gave the blessed curate a taste of whip-thong from his saddle; then blew seven blasts of his horn, to proclaim that he would hunt seven days in every week, put spurs to his black horse, and away. The fox, disturbed on Holy Friday, made for this Forbidden Land, which no fox had ever done before. For his life he plunged into it, feeling for the moment that nothing could be worse than to be torn in pieces. The hounds stopped, as if they were turned to stone in the fury of their onslaught. The huntsman had been left far behind, having wife and family. But the wicked baronet cracked his whip, blew three blasts on his horn, leaned forward on his horse and gave him the rowel. The hounds in a frenzy threw up their sterns and all plunged headlong into it. And ever since that, they may be seen (an hour after sun-down, on every Sunday of the season and on any Holy Friday) in full cry scouring through the air, with the wicked baronet after them,

lashing his black horse and blowing his horn, but with no fox in front to excuse them.

These facts have made the Forbidden Land, or the Blackmarsh as some call it, even less desirable than its own complexion shows it. And it is so far from Perlycross that any man on foot is tired by the time he gets there, and feels that he has travelled far enough and in common sense must go home again.

But there was one Perlycrucian now (by domicile, not nativity) of tireless feet and reckless spirit, too young for family ties and too impetuous for legends. By this time he was admitted to the freedom of every hedge and ditch in the parish, because he was too quick to be caught and too young to be prosecuted. Horatio Peckover was his name, by usage cut short into Hopper; a lad in advance of his period, and the precursor of all paper-chases. Like many of those who are great in this line, he was not equally strong in the sedentary uses of that article. Mr. Penniloe found him so far behind, when pen and ink had to be dealt with, that he put him under the fine Roman hand of Sergeant Jakes the school-master. Jakes was not too richly endowed by a grateful country for years of heroism; neither was his stipend very gorgeous for swinging cane in lieu of gun. Sixpence an hour was his figure for pen-drill of private pupils, and he gladly added Hopper to the meagre awkward squad.

Soon an alliance of the closest kind was formed, the veteran taking warm interest in the spirited sallies of youth, and the youth with eager thirst imbibing the fine old Peninsular vintage of the brightest ruby, poured forth in the radiance of a yellow tallow candle. For the long school-room was cleared at night of coats, and hats, and green-baize bags, cracked slates, bead-slides, and spelling-books, and all the other accoutrements and even toys of the youthful Muse; and at seven o'clock Horatio stepped across the road from the rectory, sat down at the

master's high black desk, and shouldered arms for the copy-drill. The sergeant was famed for his flourishes, chiefly of his own invention, and had promised to impart that higher finish when the fancy capitals were mastered.

"What a whack of time it does take, Sergeant!" cried Hopper, as he dipped his pen one Friday night. "Not half so bad as Latin though, and there is something to look at afterwards. Capitals almost captured now. Ah, you have taken the capitals of many a country, Sergeant. Holloa! 'Xerxes was conqueror at Marathon,' to-night! Sergeant, are you quite sure of that? I thought it was another fellow, with a longer name—Milly, Tilly, something."

"No, Master Hopper; if it had been, we must have passed him long ago, among the big M's."

"To be sure. What a muff I was not to think of that! I beg your pardon, Sergeant. There's scarcely anything you don't know."

"I had that on the highest authority (right elbow more in to your side, sir, if you please). That Xerxes copy was always set by commanding officer at Turry Vardoes,—could not tell what to do with the men at night—so many ordered to play at nine-pins, and so many told off to learn roundhand. If it had not been for that, sir, I should never have been equal to my present situation."

"Then it must have been Xerxes, Sergeant. And after all, how can it matter, when it happened so long ago? A blot again! D—n it!"

"Master Hopper, I am very sorry, but it is my duty to reprimand you for the use of profane language. Never permitted, sir, in school-hours. Would you do it before Mr. Penniloe?"

"I should rather hope not. Wouldn't old Pen stare! And then he'd be down upon me, like the very—capital D. Sergeant, pray excuse me; I only thought of him, without any name. I suppose we may call him Old Nick though, with-

out having to go to him for doing it. I never could see what the difference was. But, my eye, Sergeant, I expected to see the old chap yesterday, cloven hoof, tail, eyes of fire and everything!"

"What do you mean, sir? Where was he? Not in Perlycross, I hope?" Sergeant Jakes glanced down the long dark room, and then at the pegs where his French sword was hanging.

"No, not here. He daren't come so near the church. But in the place where he lives all day, according to the best authorities. You have heard of Blackmarsh, haven't you? No marsh at all,—that's the joke of it—but the queerest place I ever saw in all my life. Criky, jimminy, but it is a rum un!"

"You don't mean to say you were there, sir?" The Sergeant took his hand from Hopper's shoulder, and went round to see whether he was joking.

"To be sure I was, as large as life and twice as natural! Had a holiday, as you know, and got leave off from dinner. Mother Muggridge gave me grub enough to go to Halifax. I had been meaning to go there ever so long, because everybody seems to funk it so. Why there's nothing there to be afraid of; though it makes you look about a bit, and you aren't sorry to come out of it."

"Did you tell Mr. Penniloe you had been there, Master Hopper?"

"Sergeant, do you see any green in my eye?" Horatio dropped his pen, and enlarged the aperture of one eye, in a style very fashionable just then, but never very elegant.

"No, sir, I can't answer fairly that I do; and I don't believe there ever was much, even when you was a babby."

"Mum's the word, you see then, even to old Muggridge, or she might be fool enough to let out. But I say, Sergeant, I've got a little job for you to do; easy enough; I know you won't refuse me."

"No, sir, that I won't; anything

whatever that lays in my power, Master Hopper."

"Well, it's only this,—just to come with me to-morrow—half-holiday, you know, and I can get off plum-duffs—always plum-duffs on a Saturday, and you should just see Pike pitching into them—and we'll give the afternoon to it, and examine Blackmarsh pretty thoroughly."

"Blackmarsh, Master Hopper! The Forbidden Land, where Sir Robert upon his black horse, and forty hounds in full cry before him, may be seen and heard sweeping through the air like fiends!"

"Oh, that's all my eye and Betty Martin! Nobody believes that, I should hope. Why, Sergeant, a man who knows all about Xerxes, and has taken half the capitals in Europe—oh, I say, Sergeant, come, you are not afraid now; and a fellow of sixteen, like me, to go there all by myself, and stop—well, nearly half an hour!"

"Afraid! Not I. No, certainly not,—after mountains, and forests, and caverns, and deserts. But the distance, Master Hopper, for a man of my age, and troubled with rheumatism in the knee-joint."

"Oh, that's all right! I have planned out all that. Of course I don't expect you to go ten miles an hour. But Baker Channing's light cart goes every other Saturday to Crooked-post quarry at the further end of Hagdon, to fetch back furze enough to keep his oven going from a stack he bought there last summer. To-morrow is his day; and you have no school, you know, after half-past ten or eleven. You ride with old Tucker to the Crooked-post, and come back with him, when he is loaded up. It sha'n't cost you a farthing. I have got a shilling left, and he shall have it. It is only two miles or so from Crooked-post to this end of Blackmarsh; and there you will find me waiting. Come, you can't get out of that."

"But what do you want me there for, sir? Of course, I'd go anywhere

you would venture, if I could see any good in it."

"Sergeant, I'll tell you what. You thought a great deal of Sir Thomas Waldron, didn't you?"

"More than of any man that ever lived, or ever will see the light of this wicked world."

"And you didn't like what was done to him, did you?"

"Master Hopper, I tell you what; I'd give ten years off my poor life, if I could find out who did it."

"Then I fancy I have found out something about it. Not much, mind; but still something, and may come to more, if we follow it up. And if you come to-morrow, I'll show you what it is. You know that my eyes are pretty sharp, and that I wasn't born yesterday. You know who it was that found Little Billy. And you know who wants to get Fox out of this scrape, because he is a Somerset man, and all that, and doesn't deserve this trouble. And still more because——"

"Well, Master Hopper, still more, because of what?"

"I don't mind telling you something, Sergeant,—you have seen a lot of the world, you know. Because Jemmy Fox has got a deuced pretty sister."

"Oh come, Master Hopper, at your time of life! And not even got into the flourishes!"

"It doesn't matter, Jakes. I may seem rather young to people who don't understand the question. But that is my own business, I should hope. Well, I shall look out for you to-morrow; two o'clock at the latest."

"But why shouldn't we tell Dr. Fox himself, and get him to come with us? That seems the simplest thing."

"No; there are very good reasons against that. I have found this out; and I mean to stick to it. No one would have dreamed of it, except for me. And I won't have it spoiled by every nincompoop poking his nose into it. Only if we find anything more,

and you agree with me about it, we will tell old Pen, and go by his opinion."

"Very well, sir. It all belongs to you; as it did to me, when I was first after Soult's arrival to discover the advance of the French outposts. You shall have the credit, though I didn't. Anything more, sir? The candle is almost out."

"Sergeant, no more. Unless you could manage,—I mean, unless you should think it wise to bring your fine old sword with you. You say there is no such piece of steel——"

"Master Hopper, there is no such piece, unless it was Lord Wellington's. They say he had one that he could lean on,—not a dress-sword, not flummery, but a real workman—and although he was never a heavy man—a stone and a half less than I was then—it would make any figure of the multiplication-table that he chose to call for under him. But I mustn't carry arms in these days, Master Hopper. I shall bring a bit of Spanish oak, and trust in the Lord."

On the following day the sun was shining pretty well for the decrepitude of the year. There had been no frost to speak of, since that first sharp touch about three weeks back. The air was mild, and a westerly breeze played with the half ripe pods of gorse and the brown welting of the heather. Hopper had brought a long wand of withy from the bank of the last brook he had leaped, and he peeled it with his pocket-knife, and sat (which he seldom did when he could help it) on a tuft of rush, waiting for the sergeant. He stretched his long wiry legs, and counted the brass buttons on his yellow leathern gaiters, which came nearly to his fork and were made fast by narrow straps to his brace-buttons.

This young man (as he delighted to be called) had not many grievances, because he ran them off so fast; but the two he chiefly dwelt upon, in his few still moments, were the insufficiency of cash and calf. For the

former he was chiefly indebted to himself, having never cultivated powers of retention; for the deficiency of calves, however, nature was to blame, although she might plead not unfairly that they were allowed no time to grow. He regarded them now with unmerited contempt, and slapped them in some indignation with the supple willow wand. It might well be confessed that they were not very large, as is often the case with long-distance runners; but for all that they were as hard as nails, and endowed with knobs of muscle tough and tense as coiled mainspring. In fact there was not a bit of flabby stuff about him; and his high clear colour, bright eyes, and ready aspect made him very pleasant to behold, though his nose was rather snubby, and his cheek-bones high, and his mouth of too liberal aperture.

"Come along, Sergeant, what a precious time you have taken!" Hopper shouted, as the angular outline of the veteran appeared at last in a gap between two ridges. "Why, we shall scarcely have two hours of good daylight left. And how do you know that Tucker won't go home without you?"

"He knows a bit better than that," replied Jakes, smiling with dark significance. "Master Hopper, I've got three of Tucker's boys in Horseshoe. Tucker is bound to be uncommon civil."

Now the Horseshoe was a form in the school at Perlycross especially adapted for corporal applications, snug as a cockpit and affording no possibility of escape. And what was still better, the boys of that class were in the very prime of age for attracting, as well as appreciating, healthy and vigorous chastisement; all of them big enough to stand it, none of them big enough to kick, and for the most part newly trousered into tempting chubbiness. Truly it might be said, that the parents of playful boys in the Horseshoe had given hostages to education.

"But bless my heart—what—what?" continued the ancient soldier, as he followed the rapid steps of Hopper, "why, I don't like the look of this place at all. It looks so weist, as we say about here, so unwholesome, and strange, and ungodly, and—and so timoursome."

"It is ever so much worse further on; and you can't tell where you are at all. But to make sure of our coming back, if—if there should be nothing to prevent us, I have got this white stick ready, and I am going to fix it on the top of that clump. There now, we shall be able to see that for miles."

"But we are not going miles I hope, Master Hopper. I'm a little too stiff for such a walk as that. You don't know what it is to have a pain in your knee."

"Oh, don't I? I come down on it often enough. But I don't know exactly how far we are going. There is nothing to measure distance by. Come along, Sergeant! We'll be just like two flies going into one of your big ink-pots."

"Don't let me lose sight of you, Master Hopper. I mean, don't you lose sight of me. You might want somebody to stand by you. It is the darkest bit of God's earth I ever did see. And yet nothing overhead to darken it. Seems almost to make its own shadow. Good Lord! what was that came by me?"

"Oh, a bat, or an owl, or a big dor beetle; or it might be a thunderbolt,—just the sort of place for them. But—what a bad place it is for finding things!"

There could scarcely have been a worse one, at least upon dry and un-forested land. There was no marsh whatever, so far as they had come, but a dry, uneven, shingly surface black as if fire had passed over it. There was no trace however of fire, neither any substance sufficient to hold it, beyond the mere passage of a shallow flame. The blackness that covered the face of the earth, and

seemed to stain the air itself and heavily dim the daylight, was of something unknown upon the breezy hills or in the clear draught of a valley. It reflected no light and received no shadow, but lay like the strewing of some approach to quarters undesirable. Probably from this (while unexamined by such men as we have now), the evil repute of the place had arisen, going down generations of mankind, while the stuff at the bottom renewed itself. This stuff appeared to be the growth of some lanky trailing weed, perhaps some kind of *Persicaria*, but unusually dense and formless, resembling what may be seen sometimes at the bottom of a dark watercourse, where the river slides without a wrinkle and trees of thick foliage overhang it. And the same spread of life, that is more like death, may be seen where leagues of laver strew the foreshore of an Atlantic coast, when the spring-tides are out and the winds gone low.

"By George! here we are at last. Thought I should never have made it out, in the thick of this blessed cobobbery!" shouted Hopper, stopping short and beckoning. "Now, Sergeant, what do you say to that? Queer thing, just here, isn't it?"

The veteran's eyes, confused and weary with the long monotony, were dazzled by sudden contrast. Hitherto the dreary surface, uniform and trackless, had offered only heavy plodding, jarred by the jerk of a hidden stone sometimes, but never elastic. All the boundary-beaters of the parish, or even a regiment of cavalry, might have passed throughout and left no trace upon the padded cumber. But here a glaring stripe of silver sand broke through the blackness, intensely white by contrast, though not to be seen a few yards off because sunk below the level. Like a crack of the ground from earthquake, it ran across from right to left, and beyond it all was black again. The ancient soldier glanced around, to be sure that no surprise was meant; and then with

his big stick tried the substance of the white material. With one long stride he could have reached the other side, but the caution of perilous days awoke.

"Oh, there's nothing in that, and it is firm enough. But look here," said his young companion; "this is what floors me altogether."

He pointed to a place where two deep tracks, as of narrow wheels, crossed the white opening; and between them were three little pits about the size and depth of a gallon saucepan. The wheel-tracks swerved to the left, as if with a jerk to get out of the sandy hollow, and one of the three footprints was deeper and larger than the other two.

"Truly this is the doing of the arch-enemy of mankind himself." Sergeant Jakes spoke solemnly, and yet not very slowly, for he longed to make off with promptitude.

"The doing, more likely, of those big thieves who couldn't let your colonel rest in his grave. Do you mean to turn tail upon them, Sergeant Jakes?"

"May the Lord turn His back upon me, if I do!" The veteran's colour returned to his face, and all thoughts of flight departed. "I would go to the ends of the world, Master Hopper, after any living man; but not after Satan."

"The devil was in them; no doubt about that. But he made them do it for him. Does Old Nick carry whipcord? You see how that was, don't you?"

The youth leaped across, and brought back the lash of a whip which he had concealed there. "Plain as a pike-staff, Sergeant. When the wheels plunged into this soft stuff, the driver must have lashed like fury to make him spring the cart out again. Off came the old lash, and here it is. But wait a minute. I've got something more to show you, that spots the villains pretty plain."

"Well, sir," said Jakes, regarding Hopper with no small admiration,

"you deserve your stripes for this. Such a bright young gent shouldn't be thrown away in the Church. I was just going to say, 'How can we tell they did it?' Though none but thundering rogues would come here; nothing can be clearer than that, I take it."

"Then you and I are thundering rogues! Got you there, Sergeant; by gum, I did! Now come on a few steps further."

They stepped out boldly, having far less fear of human than of super-human agency, though better had they met Apollyon perhaps than the wild men they were tracing. Within less than a furlong they reached an opening, where the smother of the black weeds fell away and an open track was left once more. Here the cart-wheels could be traced distinctly, and at one spot something far more convincing. In the middle of the track a patch of firm blue clay arose above the surface for a distance of perhaps some fifty yards; and on it were frequent impressions of the hoofs of a large horse moving slowly. And of these impressions one (repeated four or five times very clearly) was that of the near fore-foot, distinctly showing a broken shoe and the very slope and jag of the fracture.

"What do you think of that now, Sergeant?" asked Hopper, as he danced in triumph, but took good care not to dance upon the clay. "They call me a hedger and ditcher, don't they? Well, I think I am a roadster too."

"Master Hopper, to my mind you are an uncommonly remarkable young gent. The multiplication-table may not be strongly in your line, sir. But you can put two and two together, and no fear to jump on top of them."

"Oh, but the bad luck of it, Sergeant! The good luck for them, and the shocking luck for me. I never came to old Pen's shop, you see, till a day or two after it was found out. And then it took me a fortnight, or more, to get up the lay of the

country and all that. And I was out of condition for three days, with a blessed example in the Eton grammar, *Percontatorem fugito*, that frightened me no end, and threw me off the hooks. But I fancy I am on the right hook now."

"That you are, sir, and no mistake. And a braver young man never came into a regiment, even in Sir Arthur's time. Sir, you must pitch away copy-books. Education is all very fine for those who can't do no better; but it spoils a young man with higher gifts."

"Don't say a good word of me till you know all," replied the candid Hopper. "I thought that I was a pretty plucky fellow, because I was all by myself, you understand, and I knew that no fellow could catch me in a run across the open. But I'll show you where I was stodged off; and it has been on my conscience ever since. Just come to that place, where the ground breaks off."

He led the way along a gentle slope, while the light began to fail behind them, until they stood upon the brink of a steep descent with a sharp rise upon the other side. It was like the backway to the bottom of a lime-kiln, but there was no lime for many leagues around. The track of cart-wheels was very manifest, and the bottom was dark with the approach of night.

"My turn, Master Hopper, to go first now. No wife or family, and nought to leave behind." With these words spoken in a whisper, the sergeant (who had felt much self-reproach at the superior courage of a peaceful generation) began to go stiffly down the dark incline, waving his hand for the other to wait there.

"In for a penny, in for a pound. I can kick like winkin', though I can't fight much." With these words, the gallant Hopper followed, slowing his quick steps to the heavier march in front.

When they came to the bottom they found a level space with room

enough to turn a horse and cart. It was getting very dusky where they stood, with the grim sides gathering round them, and not a tree or bush to give any sign of life, but the fringe of the dominant black weed, like heavy brows, shagging the outlook. But on the left hand, where the steep fell back, was the mouth as of a cave scooped roughly. Within it, all was black with gloom, and the low narrow entrance showed little hospitality.

"I don't care a d—n," said Sergeant Jakes, forgetful of school discipline; "if there's any scoundrel there, I'll drag him out. If it's old Colonel's bones—well, I'm not afraid of them." There remained just light enough to show that the cart had been backed up to the entrance.

"Where you go, I go," replied the dauntless Hopper; and into it they plunged, with their hearts beating high, but their spirits on fire for anything.

The sound of their steps, as they passed into the darkness, echoed the emptiness of the place. There was nothing to be felt, except rugged flinty sides and the damp chill which gathered in their hair, and in the middle a slab of broken stone, over which they stumbled into one another's arms. They had no means of striking a light; but as their eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, they assured themselves that there was nothing more to learn, unless it might be from some small object on the floor. There seemed to be no shelves, no sort of fixture, no recesses; only the bare and unoccupied cave.

"I tell you what," said Sergeant Jakes, as they stood in the open air again; "this has been a smugglers' store in the war-time; a natural cave, improved no doubt. What we thought to find is gone further on, I fear. Too late, Master Hopper, to do any more to-day, and perhaps too late to do any more at all. But we must come again with a light, if possible on Monday."

"Well, one thing we have proved,

—that the villains, whoever they were, must have come from up the country, perhaps as far off as the Mendip Hills. But keep it to yourself, till we have settled what to do. Not a word to Tucker, or the news will be all over Perlycross to-night. Come back to the hoof-marks, and I'll take a copy. If we could only find the impressions of the men's feet too! You see after all, that Joe Crang spoke the truth; and it was the discovery of his Little Billy that led me on in this direction."

There was light enough still, when they came back to the clay-patch, to make a rough tracing of the broken shoe on the paper in which the youth had brought his bread and bacon; and even that great steeple-chaser was glad to go home in company, and upon a truss of furze, with a flour-sack to shield him from the stubs and prickles.

CHAPTER XXII.

FIRESHIP AND GALLEON.

MEANWHILE the fair Christie was recovering nerve so fast, and established in such bouncing health again by the red-wheat bread of White Post farm, that nothing less would satisfy her than to beard (if the metaphor applies to ladies) the lion in the den, the arch-accuser in the very court of judgment. In a word, she would not rest until she stood face to face with Lady Waldron. She had thought of it often, and became quite eager in that determination, when her brother related to her what had passed in his interview with Miss Waldron.

Truly it was an enterprise of great pith, for a fair young English girl to confront the dark majestic foreign lady, stately, arrogant, imperious, and above all, embittered with a cruel wrong, fierce, malignant, rancorous. But for all that, Christie was resolved to do it; though perfectly aware that the Spanish lady would never be at home to her if she could help it. For this reason, and this alone, as she

positively assured herself, did Miss Fox make so long a stay with Mrs. Gilham, the while she was quite well enough to go back to Old Barn, and the path of duty led her to her brother's side. But let her once return to that side, and all hope would be lost of arranging an encounter with the slanderer, inasmuch as Dr. Jemmy would most sternly interdict it. Her good hostess, all the while, was only too glad to keep her; and so was another important member of the quiet household; and even the flip-pant Rosie was delighted to have such patterns. For Miss Fox had sent for a large supply of dresses, all the way to Foxden, by the key-bugleman of *The Defiance*; because it would save such a vast amount in carriage while one was so near the Great Western road. "I can't understand it," protested Doctor Jemmy. "As if men ever could!" replied the young lady.

However, the sweetest slice of sugar-cane must have empty pores too soon, and the last drop of honey drains out of the comb, and the silver voice of the flute expires, and the petals of the fairest rose must flag. All these ideas (which have been repeated, or repeated themselves, for some thousands of years) were present for the first time in all existence (according to his conviction) in the mind of an exalted, yet depressed, young farmer one fine Monday morning. Miss Fox had received her very last despatch, to the tune of *Roast Beef*, that morning, and sad to say she had not cut the string, though her pretty fingers flirted with it.

"My dear," said Mrs. Gilham, longing much to see within, inasmuch as she still had a tender heart for dainty tint and true elegance of tone; "if you wish to save the string (fine whipcord every inch of it) Frank has a picker in the six-bladed knife his godfather Farrant gave him, that will undo any knot that was ever tied by Samson." Upon him, she meant perhaps; however the result is quite the same.

"No, thank you," answered Christie, with a melancholy glance; "it had better be put in my trunk as it is. What induced them to send it when I'm just going away?"

"Going away! Next week, my dear, you may begin to think about it."

"To-morrow I must go. I am as well as ever; better a great deal, I ought to say. What did Dr. Gronow say on Saturday? And I came down here, not to enjoy myself, but to keep up the spirits of my poor dear brother."

"Why, his spirits are fine, Miss Fox. I only wish my poor dear Frank had a quarter of them. Last night I am sure,—and a Sunday too, when you and my son were gone to church——"

"To the little church close by, you mean, with Mrs. Coombes and Mary; because the sermon in the morning had felt so—so edifying."

"Yes, to be sure. But when your brother came in and was surprised not to find you with us, you know; his conversation—oh dear, oh dear, rather worldly-minded I must confess, bearing in mind what day it was—but he and Rose they kept it up together, for the tip of her tongue is fit for anybody's ear-ring, as the ancient saying goes,—laughing, Miss Fox, and carrying on, till, although I was rather put out about it, and would have stopped any one but a visitor, I was absolutely compelled, I assure you, to pull out my pocket handkerchief. Oh, I don't think there need be much fear about Doctor Jemmy's spirits!"

"But don't you think, Mrs. Gilham, it is chiefly his pride that supports him? We do the same sort of thing sometimes. We go into the opposite extreme, and talk and laugh as if we were in the highest spirits,—when we—when we don't want to let somebody know that we care what he thinks."

"Oh, you have learned that, have you, my dear?" The old lady looked

at her with some surprise. "Well, well! Happy will be the man that you do it for."

Christie felt that she was blushing, and yet could not help giving one sharp glance at her simple hostess. And it would have gone hard with Frank Gilham's chances if the maiden had spied any special meaning in the eyes of his dear mother. But the elderly lady gazed benignant, reflecting softly upon the time when she had been put to those disguises of the early maidenhood, which are but the face with its first bloom upon it. For the plain truth was that she did not wish her son to fall in love for some ten years yet, at the age that had suited his father. And as for Miss Fox, half a glimpse at her parcels would show her entire unfitness.

"I shall never do it for any man," said Christie, in scorn of her own suggestion. "If I am anything, I am straightforward; and if ever I care for any man, I shall give him my hand, and tell him so. Not, of course, till I know that he is gone upon me. But now I want to do a crafty thing. And money can do almost anything—except in love, Mrs. Gilham. I would not do it without your knowledge; for that would be a very mean return for all your kindness to me. I have made up my mind to see Lady Waldron, and tell her just what I think of her."

"My dear, Lady Waldron is nothing to me. The Gilhams have held their own land from the time of cross-bows and battle-axes. Besides our own, we rent about fifty acres of the outside of the Waldron property; but if they can get more for it, let them do so. Everybody loved poor Sir Thomas; and it was a pleasure to have to deal with him. But there is no such feeling about her ladyship; noble enough to look at, but best to deal with at a distance."

"Well, I mean to see her at close quarters. She has behaved shamefully to my brother. And who is she to frighten me? She is at the bottom

of all these wicked, wretched falsehoods that go about. And she would not even see him, to let him speak up for truth and justice. I call that mean, and low, and nasty. Of course the subject is horrible to her; and perhaps,—well, perhaps I should have done the same. But for all that, I mean to see her; for I love fair play, and this is foul play."

"What a spirit you have, my dear! I should never have thought it was in your gentle face. But you are in the right. And if I can help you—that is, if you are equal to it——"

"I am more than equal to it, my dear friend. What is there to fear, with the truth against black falsehoods?"

Mrs. Gilham turned her wedding-ring upon her "marriage-finger," a thing she never failed to do when her heart was busy with the bygone days. Then she looked earnestly at her guest, and saw that the point to be considered was, not shall we attempt it, but how shall it be done?

"Your mind is entirely set upon it; and therefore we will do our best," she promised. "But it cannot be managed in a moment. Will you allow me to consult my son? It seems like attacking a house almost. But I suppose it is fair, in a case like this."

"Perfectly fair. Indoors it must be, as there is no other chance. A thief must be caught inside a house, when he will not come out of it. And a person is no better than a thief who locks her doors against justice."

When Frank was consulted, he was much against the scheme; but his opposition was met more briefly than his mother's had been. "Done it shall be; and if you will not help, it shall be done without you"—was the attitude taken, not quite in words, but so that there was no mistaking it. Then he changed sides suddenly, confuted his own reasoning, and entered into the plan quite warmly; especially when it was conceded that he might be near the house, if he thought

proper, in case of anything too violent, or carried beyond what English ladies could be expected to endure. For as all agreed, there was hardly any saying what an arrogant foreigner might not attempt.

"I am quite aware that it will cost a large amount of bribery," said Christie, with a smile which proved her faith in her own powers in that line. "Will ten pounds do it, Mr. Frank, should you suppose?"

Though far gone in that brilliant and gloomy, nadir and zenith, tropical and arctic, condition of the human mind called love, Frank Gilham was of English nature; which, though torn up by the roots, ceases not to stick fast to the main chance. And so much the nobler on his part was this, because the money was not his nor ever likely so to be. "I think that three pounds ought to do it, or even fifty shillings," he replied, with an estimate perhaps too low of the worth of the British domestic. "If we could choose a day when old Binstock is off duty, it would save the biggest tip of all. And it would not matter what he thought afterwards, though doubtless he would be in a fury."

"Oh, I won't do it; I don't think I can do it; it does seem so nasty, and underhanded." Coming now to the practical part, Miss Fox was suddenly struck with the objections.

"My dear, I am very glad that you have come to see it in such a proper light," cried Mrs. Gilham a little prematurely, while her son nodded very sagely, ready to say "Amen" to either side, according to the final jump of the vacillating reasoner.

"No, but I won't then. I won't see it so. When people behave most improperly to you, are you bound to stand upon propriety with them? Just answer me that, if you can, Mrs. Gilham. My mind is quite settled by that consideration. I'll go in for it wholesale, Binstock and all, if he means a five-pound note for every stripe in his waistcoat."

"Mr. Binstock is much too grand to wear a striped waistcoat," said Frank with the gravity of one who understands his subject. "But he goes to see his parents every Wednesday. And he will not be wronged in reality, for it will be worth all that to him for the rise he will get by his absence."

"Binstock's parents! Why he must be over sixty!" exclaimed Frank's mother in amazement. She had greatly undervalued her son's knowledge.

"They are both in the poorhouse at Pumpington, the father eighty-five and the mother eighty-two. They married too early in life," said Frank; "and each of their fifteen children leaves the duty of supporting them to the other fourteen. Our Binstock is the most filial of the whole, for he takes his parents two ounces of tobacco every Wednesday."

"The inhuman old miser!" cried Miss Fox. "He shall never have two pence out of me. That settles it; Mr. Frank, try for Wednesday."

"Well, Frank, you puzzle me altogether," said Mrs. Gilham with some annoyance. "To think of your knowing all those things, and never telling your own mother!"

"I never talk of my neighbours' affairs until they become my own business." Frank pulled up his collar, and Christie said to herself that his mind was very large. "But don't run away with the idea, mother, that I ever pry into such small matters. I know them by the merest accident. You know that the gamekeeper offers me a day or two when the woodcocks come in; and Batts detests old Binstock. But he is on the very best terms with Charles, and Bob, and Tamar Haddon. Through them I can manage it perhaps for Wednesday, if Miss Fox thinks fit to entrust me with the matter."

It happened that Lady Waldron held an important council with Mr. Webber on the following Wednesday. She had long begun to feel the help-

lessness and sad disadvantages of her position, as a foreigner who had never even tried to understand the country in which she lived, or to make friends of any of the people round her. And this left her so much the more at the mercy of that dawdling old solicitor. "Oh that I could only find my dear brother!" was the constant cry of her sorrow and her wrath. "I wonder that he does not rush to help me. He would have done so long ago, if he had only known of this. No reply, no reply yet?" she asked, after listening, with patience that surprised herself, to the lawyer's long details of nothing and excellent reasons for doing still less. "Are you certain that you have had my demand, my challenge, my supplication to my only brother entered in all the Spanish journals, the titles of which I supplied to you, and entered in places conspicuous?"

"In every one of them, madam, with instructions that all replies should be sent to the office of the paper, and then direct to you. Therefore you would receive them, and not our firm. Shall we try in any other country?"

"Yes, oh yes! That is very good indeed. I was thinking of that only yesterday. My brother has much love for Paris sometimes, whenever he is in good,—in affluence, as your expression is. For I have not concealed from you, Mr. Webber, that although of the very first families of Spain, the count is not always,—through caprice of fortune, his resources are disposed to rise and fall. You should therefore try Paris, and Lyons, and Marseilles. It is not in my power to present the names of the principal journals. But they can be discovered, even in this country."

Mr. Webber was often hard put to it by the lady's calm assumption that barbarism is the leading characteristic of an Englishman. For Theodore Webber was no time-server; only bound by his duty to the firm, and

his sense of loyal service to a client of lofty memory. And he knew that he could take the lead of any English lady, because of her knowledge of his character and the way in which he pronounced it. But with this Spanish lady, all his really solid manner and true English style were thrown away. "Even in this country, madam, we know the names of the less enlightened journals of the Continent. They are hard to read, because of the miserable paper they are printed on; but my younger son has the gift of languages, and nothing is too outlandish for him. That also shall be attended to. And now about this question that arises between yourself and Mr. Penniloe?"

"I will not yield. I will sign nothing. Everything shall be as my husband did intend. And who can declare what that was, a stranger, or his own wife, with the most convincing?"

"Yes, madam, that is true enough. But according to English law we are bound by the words of the will; and unless those are doubtful no evidence of intention is admissible, and even then——"

"I will not be bound by a,—by an adaptation of words that was never intended. What has a heretic minister to do with my family, and with Walderscourt?"

"But, madam, excuse me. Sir Thomas Waldron asked you, and you consented, to the appointment of the Rev. Philip Penniloe, as your co-executor and co-trustee for your daughter, Miss Inez."

"If I did, it was only to please my husband, because he was in pain so severe. It should have been my brother, or else my son. I have said to you before, that after all that has been done, I refuse to adhere to that interpretation."

The solicitor fixed his eyes on her, not in anger, but in pure astonishment. He had deep gray eyes in a rugged setting, with large wrinkles under and dark gabled brows above; and he had never met a lady yet

(except his own wife) who was not overpowered by their solemn wisdom. Lady Waldron was not overpowered by them. In her ignorance of English usage, she regarded this gentleman of influence and trust as no more than a higher form of Binstock. "I shall have to throw it up," said Mr. Webber to himself; "but oh, what gorgeous picking for that very low-principled Bubb and Cockshalt!" The eminent firm he thought of thus were always prepared to take anything he missed. "Your ladyship is well aware," he said, being moved by that last reflection, "that we cannot have anything perfect in this world, but must take things as we find them. Mr. Penniloe is a most reasonable man, and acknowledges the value of my experience. He will not act in any way against your wishes, so far as may be in conformity with sound legal practice. That is the great point for us to consider, laying aside all early impressions (which are generally loose when examined) of—of Continental codes, and so on. We need not anticipate any trouble from your co-executor, who as a clergyman is to us a layman, if proper confidence is reposed in us. Already we are taking the regular steps to obtain probate of a very simple will, prepared very carefully in our office and by exceedingly skilful hands. We act for Mr. Penniloe, as well as for your ladyship. All is proceeding very smoothly, and exactly as your dear husband would have wished."

"Then he would have wished to have his last rest dishonoured, and his daughter estranged from her own mother."

"The young lady will probably come round, madam, as soon as you encourage her. Your mind is the stronger of the two, in every way. With regard to that sad and shameful outrage, we are doing everything that can be done. We have very little doubt that if matters are left to our judgment, and discreet activity——"

"Activity, sir! And what have

you done? How long is it—a month? I cannot reckon time, because day and night are the same thing to me. Will you never detect that abominable crime? Will you never destroy those black miscreants? Will you never restore—— Oh, I cannot speak of it—and all the time you know who did it all! There is no word strong enough in your poor tongue for such an out-cast monster. Yet he goes about, he attends to his business, they shake him by the hand, they smile at him; instead of spit, they smile at him! And this is called a Christian land! My God, what made You make it?"

"I implore your ladyship not to be excited; hitherto you have shown such self-command. Day and night we are on the watch, and something must speedily come of it. We have three modes of action, each one of them sure to be successful with patience. But the point is this,—to have no mistake about it, to catch him with evidence sufficient to convict him, and then to punish and disgrace him for ever."

"But how much longer before you will begin? I am so tired, so weary, so worn out—can you not see how it is destroying me?"

Mr. Webber looked at her, and could not deny that this was a very different Lady Waldron from the one who had scarcely deigned to bow to him only a few months ago. The rich warm colour had left her cheeks, the large dark eyes were wan and sunken, weariness and dejection spread where pride and strength of will had reigned. The lawyer replied in a bolder tone than he would have employed last summer: "Lady Waldron, we can do no more. If we attempted any stronger measures, the only result would be to destroy our chance. If you think that any other firm, or any kind of agency, would conduct matters more to your satisfaction, and more effectually than we have done, we would only ask you to place it in their hands. I assure you, madam, that the business is not to our liking, or

even to our benefit. For none but an old and most valued client would we have undertaken it. If you think proper we will withdraw, and hand over all information very gladly to our successors."

"To whom can I go? Who will come to my rescue in this wicked, impious, accursed land? If my brother were here, is it possible to doubt what he would do, how he would proceed? He would tear that young man, arm from arm and leg from leg, and lay him in the market-place, and shoot any one who came to bury him. Listen, Mr. Webber; I live only for one thing,—to find my noble brother, and to see him do that."

The lady stood up, with her eyebrows knitted, her dark eyes glowing, and her white hands thrown apart and quivering, evidently tearing an imaginary Jemmy.

"Let us hope for the best, madam, hope for the best, and pray for the blessing of the Almighty upon our weak endeavours." This was anything but a kind view to take of the dispersion of poor Jemmy; but the lawyer was terrified for the moment by the lady's vehemence. That she who had hitherto always shown such self-command and dignity—he began to fear that there was too much truth in her account of the effect upon her.

Suddenly, as if all her passion had been feigned,—though none who had seen, or even heard her, could believe that possible—she returned to her tranquil, self-possessed, and even cold and distant style. The fire in her eyes, and the fury of her gestures sank and were gone, as if by magic; and the voice became soft and musical, as the sound of a bell across a summer sea. "You will pardon me," she said, as she fell back into the chair from which in her passion she had risen; "but sometimes my trouble is more great than I can bear. Ladies of this country are so delicate and gentle, they cannot have much hatred,

because they have no love. And yet they can have insolence, very strong and very wonderful. Yesterday, or two days ago, I obtained good proof of that. The sister of that man is here, the man who has overwhelmed me thus; and she has written a letter to me, very quiet, very simple, very polite, requesting me to appoint an interview for her in my own house."

—This had been done on Monday, at the suggestion of Frank Gilham that fair means should be exhausted first. —"But after writing thus, she has the insulting to put in under,—something like this, I remember very well —'if you refuse to see me, I shall be compelled to come, without permission.' Reflect upon that, Mr. Webber."

"Madam, it was not the proper thing to say. But ladies are, even when very young, a little,—perhaps a little inclined to do what they are inclined to."

"I sent her letter back, without a word, by the insolent person who brought it. Just in the same manner as her wicked brother's card. It is quite certain that she will never dare to enter into my presence."

"You have made a mistake there, Lady Waldron. Here I am, to thank you for your good manners; and to speak a few truths which you cannot answer."

Christie Fox walked up the room with her eyes fixed steadfastly upon the other's, made a very graceful courtesy, and stood without even a ribbon trembling. She was beautifully dressed in dove-coloured silk, and looked like a dove that has never been fluttered. All this Lady Waldron perceived at a glance; and knew that she had met her equal in a brave young Englishwoman.

Mr. Webber, who longed to be far away, jumped about with some agility, and manœuvred not to turn his back upon either of the ladies, while he fetched a chair for the visitor. But his trouble was lost, for the younger lady declined with a wave of her

hand; while the elder said, "Sir, I will thank you to ring the bell."

"That also is vain," said Miss Fox, calmly. "I will not leave this room, Lady Waldron, until I have told you my opinion of your conduct. The only question is,—do you wish to hear it in the presence of this gentleman, or do you wish me to wait until he is gone?"

To all appearances, the lawyer was by far the most nervous of the three; and he made off for the door, but received a sign to stop.

"It is just as well, perhaps, that you should not be alone," Christie began in a clear firm voice, with her bright eyes flashing, so that the dark Spanish orbs were but as dead coals in comparison, "and that you should not be ashamed; because it proves at least that you are honest in your lunatic conclusions. I am not speaking rudely. The greatest kindness that any one can do you, is to believe that you are mad."

So great was the force of her quiet conviction, that Lady Waldron raised one hand and laid it upon her throbbing temples. For weeks she had been sleepless, and low, and feverish, dwelling on her wrongs in solitude, and estranged from her own daughter.

"Hush, hush, my good young lady!" pleaded the old solicitor; but his client gazed heavily at her accuser, as if she could scarcely apprehend, and Christie thought that she did not care.

"You have done a most wicked thing," Miss Fox continued in a lower tone, "as bad in its way as the great wrong done to you. You have condemned an innocent man, ruined his life to the utmost of your power, and refused to let him even speak for himself. Is that what you call justice?"

"He was not innocent. He was the base miscreant. We have the proof of the man who saw him." Lady Waldron spoke slowly, in a strange dull tone, while her lips scarcely moved, and her hands fell on her lap.

"There is no such proof; the man owns his mistake. My brother can prove that he was miles away. He was called to his father's sick bed that very night, and before daylight he was far upon the road. He never returned till days afterwards. Then he finds this black falsehood, and you for its author!"

"Is there any truth in this?" Lady Waldron turned slightly towards Mr. Webber, as if she were glad to remove her eyes from her visitor's contemptuous and overpowering gaze.

"There may be some, madam. I believe it is true that the blacksmith has changed his opinion, and that Dr. Fox was called suddenly away." The old solicitor was beginning to feel uneasy about his own share in the matter. He had watched Miss Fox intently through his glasses, and long experience in law-courts told him that she thoroughly believed every word she uttered. He was glad that he had been so slow and careful; and resolved to be more so, if possible, henceforth.

"And now if you are not convinced of the great wrong you have done," said Christie coming nearer, and speaking with a soft thrill in her voice, for tears were not far distant, "what have you to say to this? My brother, long before your husband's death, even before the last illness, had given his heart to your daughter Inez. Her father more than suspected that, and was glad to think it likely. Inez also knew it well. All this also I can prove, even to your satisfaction. Is it possible, even if he were a villain—and my brother is a gentleman of as good a family as your own, Lady Waldron—ask yourself, would he offer this dastard outrage to the father of the girl he loved? If you can believe it, you are not a woman; and that would be better for all other women. Oh, it is too cruel, too atrocious, too inhuman! And you are the one who has done it all. Lay this to heart, and that you may think of it, I will leave you to yourself."

Brave as she was, she could not

quite accomplish this. It is a provision of nature that her highest production should be above the rules of inferior reason. When this fair young woman ceased to speak, and having discharged her mission should have walked away in silence,—strange to say, she could do nothing of the kind. As if words had been her spring and motive power, no sooner were they exhausted than she herself broke down entirely. She fell away upon the rejected chair, covered her face with both hands, reckless of new kid gloves just come from Paris, and burst into a storm of tears and sobs.

“You have done it now,” cried Mr. Webber; “I thought you would, but you wouldn’t be stopped.” He began to rush about helplessly, not on account of the poor girl’s plight, for he had wife and daughter of his own, and knew that tears are never fatal, but often highly beneficial. “You have done it now; I thought you would.” His prophetic powers seemed to console him.

Christie looked up through her dabbled gloves, and saw a sight that frightened her. Lady Waldron had been sitting at a large oak table covered with books and papers,—for the room was chiefly used for business, and not a lady’s bower—and there she sat still; but with this change, that she had been living, and now was dead. Dead to all perception of the life and stir around her, dead to all sense of right or wrong, of daylight or of darkness; but living still to the slow sad work that goes on in the body when the mind is gone. Her head lay back on the stout oak rail; her comely face showed no more life than granite has or marble; and her widow’s hood dropped off, and shed the coils of her long black hair around.

“I can’t make it out,” cried Mr. Webber, hurrying to the bell-rope, which he pulled to such purpose that the staple of the crank fell from the ceiling and knocked him on the head. But Christie, recovering at a glance, ran round the end of the table, and

with all her strength supported the tottering figure. What she did afterwards, she never knew, except from the accounts of others; for she was too young to have presence of mind when every one else was distracted. But from all that they said (and they were all against her) she must have shown readiness, and strength, and judgment, and taken Mr. Webber under her command.

One thing she remembered, because it was so bitter and so frightfully unjust; and if there was anything she valued,—next to love and truth and honour, most of which are parts of it, Christie valued simple justice and impartiality. To wit (as Mr. Webber might have put it) when she ran out to find Mr. Gilham, who had been left there only because he did not choose to go away, and she only went to find him that he might run for Dr. Gronow, — there was her brother standing with him, and words less friendly than usual were, as it seemed to her, passing between them. “No time for this sort of thing now,” she said, as well as her flurried condition would permit; and then she pulled her brother in, and sent Frank, who was wonderfully calm and reasonable, to fetch that other doctor too. Her brother was not in a nice frame of mind, according to her recollection; and there was no time to reason with him if he chose to be so stupid. Therefore she sent him where he was wanted; and of course no doctor could refuse to go in such frightful circumstances. But as for herself, she felt as if it mattered very little what she did; and so she went and sat somewhere in the dark, without even a dog for company, and finished with many pathetic addenda the good cry that had been broken off.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MAGIC LETTER.

“OH, here you are at last then, are you?” said somebody entering the room with a light, by the time the

young lady had wept herself dry and was beginning to feel hungry. "What made you come here? I thought you were gone. To me it is a surprising thing that you have the assurance to stay in this house."

"Oh, Jemmy, how can you be so cruel, when every bit of it was for you?"

"For me indeed! I am very much obliged. For your own temper, I should say. Old Webber says that if she dies, there may be a verdict of manslaughter."

"I don't care two pins if there is, when all the world is so unjust to me. But how is she, Jemmy? What has happened to her? What on earth is it all about?"

"Well, I think you ought to know that best. Webber says he never heard any one like you, in all his experience of criminal courts."

"Much I care what he says,—the old dodderer! You should have seen him hopping about the room, like a frog with the rheumatism. You should have seen him stare, when the bell-rope fell. When I said the poor thing's hands were cold, he ran and poked the fire with his spectacles. But can't you tell me how she is? Surely I have a right to know, if I am to be manslaughtered."

"Well," replied Dr. Fox, with that heavy professional nod which he ridiculed in others, "she is in a very peculiar state. No one can tell what may come of it."

"Not a fit, Jemmy? Not like dear father's; not a mild form of—no, it seemed quite different."

"It is a different thing altogether, though proceeding probably from the brain. An attack of what we call catalepsy. Not at all a common thing, and quite out of my own experience, though I know of it from the books a little. Gronow knew it, of course, at a glance. Fortunately I had sense enough not to try any strong measures till he came. Any other young fellow in this part of the world would have tried venesection

instantly, and it might have killed her. My treatment happened to be quite right, from my acquaintance with principles. It is nothing less than a case of entirely suspended animation. How long it may last none can foretell."

"But you don't think it will kill her, Jemmy? Why, my animation was suspended ever so long the other day——"

"That was quite a different thing. This proceeds from internal action, overpowering emotion in a very anæmic condition; yours was simply external concussion, operating on a rather highly charged——"

"You are very polite. My own fault in fact. Who gave me the horse to drive about? But surely if a disordered brain like mine contrives to get right again——"

"Christie, I wish to do you good. You have brought me into a frightful mess because you are so headlong. But you meant it for the best, I know, and I must not be too hard upon you."

"What else have you been for the last five minutes? Oh, Jemmy, Jemmy, I am so sorry! Give me a kiss, and I will forgive you."

"You are a very quick, warm-hearted girl; and such have never too much reason."

The doctor kissed his sister in a most magnanimous manner; and she believed implicitly (until the next time of argument) that she had done the injury and her brother sweetly borne it.

"Now come, while it is hot," said he; "get your courage up, and come. Never let a wound grow cold. Between you two there must be no ill-will; and she is so noble."

"Oh, indeed! Who is it, then? It is so good, and so elevating, to be brought into contact with those wonderfully lofty people."

"It is exactly what you want. If you can only obtain her friendship, it will be the making of your character."

"For goodness' sake don't lose a

moment. I feel myself already growing better, nobler, loftier."

"There is nothing in you grave and stable, none of the stronger elements," said the doctor, as he led the way along an empty passage.

"Don't you be too sure of that," his sister answered, in a tone which he remembered afterwards.

Lady Waldron lay on a broad and solid sofa, well prepared for her; and there was no sign left of life or movement in her helpless figure. She was not at all like recumbent marble (which is the ghost of death itself), neither was she stiff nor straight; but simply still, and in such a condition that however any part of her frame might be placed, so it would remain, submissive only to the laws of gravitation, and to no exercise of will, if will were yet surviving. The face was as pale as death; the eyes half open but without expression; the breathing scarcely perceptible; and the pulse like the flutter of eider down, or gossamer in a sheltered spot. There was nothing ghastly, repulsive, or even greatly distressing at first sight; for the fine, and almost perfect, face had recovered in placid abandonment the beauty impaired by grief and passion. And yet the dim uncertainty, the hovering between life and death, the touching frailty of human power over-trying and vanquished, might move the bitterest foe to tears and waken the compassion planted in all human hearts by Heaven.

Christie was no bitter foe, but a kind, impulsive, generous maiden, rushing at all hazards to defend the right, ready to bite the dust when in the wrong, if properly convinced of it. Jemmy stepped back, and spread forth his hand more dramatically than was needed, as much as to say—"See what you have done! Never forget this, while you live. I leave you to self-abasement." The sensitive and impetuous girl required no such admonishment. She fell on her knees, and took one cold hand, while her face turned as pale as the one she watched.

The pity of the sight became more vivid, deep, and overpowering; and she whispered her little bedside prayer, for that was the only one she recalled. Then she followed it up with confession. "I know what ought to be done to me. I ought to be taken by the neck—no, that's not right—I ought to be taken to the place of execution, and there hanged by the neck, till I am dead, dead, dead."

All this she may have deserved, but what she got was very different.

Around her bended neck was flung no hangman's noose, but a gentle arm, the softest and loveliest ever felt, while dark eyes glistened into her own, and seeming to be encouraged there, came closer through a clustering bower; and in less time than it takes to tell, two fair young faces touched each other, and two quick but heavy hearts were throbbing very close together.

"It is more my fault than yours," said Nicie, leading the way to another room, when a few soft words of comfort and good-will had passed. "I am the one who has done all this; and Dr. Gronow says so, or at least he would, if he said what he thinks. It was the low condition caused by long and lonely thinking, and the want of sufficient food and air, and the sense of having no one, not even me."

"But that was her fault. She discouraged you; she showed no affection for you; she was even very angry with you; because you dared to think differently, because you had noble faith and trust."

"For that I deserve no credit, because I could not help it. But I might have been kinder to her, Christie; I might have shown less pride and temper. I might have said to myself more often, 'She is sadly shattered, and she is my mother.' It will teach me how to behave another time. For if she does not get well, and forgive me, I shall never forgive myself. I must have forgotten how much easier it is to be too hard than to be too soft."

"Probably you never thought about it," said Christie, who knew a great deal about what were then called "the mental processes," now gone into much bigger names, but the same nut in a harder shell. "You acted according to your sense of right; and that meant what you felt was right; and that came round to mean—Jemmy."

Nicie, who never examined her mind (perhaps the best thing to be done with it), was not quite satisfied with this abruptly concrete view of the issue. "Perhaps I did," she said and sighed, because everything felt so cloudy.

"Whatever you did, you are a darling," said the more experienced one. "There is a lot of trouble before us both. Never mind, if we only stick together. Poor Jemmy believes that he is a wonder. Between us, we will fetch him down."

Nicie could perceive no call for that, being as yet of less practical turn. She was of that admirable, and too rare and yearly diminishing, type of women who see and feel that Heaven meant them not to contend with and outdo, but to comfort, purify, and ennoble that stronger, coarser, and harder half called men.

"I think that he wants fetching up," she said, with very graceful timidity; "but his sister must know best, of course. Is it right to talk of such things now?"

"Decidedly not," Miss Fox replied. "In fact it is downright wicked. But somehow or other, I always go astray. Whenever I am out of sorts with myself, I take a turn at other people. But how many turns must I have at others, before I get my balance now! Did you ever see anything so sad? But how very beautiful she is! I never noticed it this afternoon, because I was in such a rage, I suppose. How long is she likely to remain like this?"

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"If there is any consciousness at all," said Nicie, avoiding that other subject, "this trance (if that is the English word for it) will not last long, at least Dr. Gronow says so; and Dr. Jemmy (what a name for a gentleman of science!) thoroughly confirms it. But Dr. Fox is so diffident and modest, that he seems to wait for his friend's opinion; though he must know more, being younger."

"Certainly he ought," Miss Fox replied, with a twinkle of dubious import; "I hear a great deal of such things. No medical man is ever at his prime, unless it is at thirty-nine years and a half. Under forty he can have no experience, according to the general public; and over forty he is on the shelf, according to his own profession. For that one year they ought to treble all their fees."

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The pity of the sight became more vivid, deep, and overpowering; and she whispered her little bedside prayer, for that was the only one she recalled. Then she followed it up with confession. "I know what ought to be done to me. I ought to be taken by the neck—no, that's not right—I ought to be taken to the place of execution, and there hanged by the neck, till I am dead, dead, dead."

All this she may have deserved, but what she got was very different.

Around her bended neck was flung no hangman's noose, but a gentle arm, the softest and loveliest ever felt, while dark eyes glistened into her own, and seeming to be encouraged there, came closer through a clustering bower; and in less time than it takes to tell, two fair young faces touched each other, and two quick but heavy hearts were throbbing very close together.

"It is more my fault than yours," said Nicie, leading the way to another room, when a few soft words of comfort and good-will had passed. "I am the one who has done all this; and Dr. Gronow says so, or at least he would, if he said what he thinks. It was the low condition caused by long and lonely thinking, and the want of sufficient food and air, and the sense of having no one, not even me."

"But that was her fault. She discouraged you; she showed no affection for you; she was even very angry with you; because you dared to think differently, because you had noble faith and trust."

"For that I deserve no credit, because I could not help it. But I might have been kinder to her, Christie; I might have shown less pride and temper. I might have said to myself more often, 'She is sadly shattered, and she is my mother.' It will teach me how to behave another time. For if she does not get well, and forgive me, I shall never forgive myself. I must have forgotten how much easier it is to be too hard than to be too soft."

"Probably you never thought about it," said Christie, who knew a great deal about what were then called "the mental processes," now gone into much bigger names, but the same nut in a harder shell. "You acted according to your sense of right; and that meant what you felt was right; and that came round to mean—Jemmy."

Nicie, who never examined her mind (perhaps the best thing to be done with it), was not quite satisfied with this abruptly concrete view of the issue. "Perhaps I did," she said and sighed, because everything felt so cloudy.

"Whatever you did, you are a darling," said the more experienced one. "There is a lot of trouble before us both. Never mind, if we only stick together. Poor Jemmy believes that he is a wonder. Between us, we will fetch him down."

Nicie could perceive no call for that, being as yet of less practical turn. She was of that admirable, and too rare and yearly diminishing, type of women who see and feel that Heaven meant them not to contend with and outdo, but to comfort, purify, and ennoble that stronger, coarser, and harder half called men.

"I think that he wants fetching up," she said, with very graceful timidity; "but his sister must know best, of course. Is it right to talk of such things now?"

"Decidedly not," Miss Fox replied. "In fact it is downright wicked. But somehow or other, I always go astray. Whenever I am out of sorts with myself, I take a turn at other people. But how many turns must I have at others, before I get my balance now! Did you ever see anything so sad? But how very beautiful she is! I never noticed it this afternoon, because I was in such a rage, I suppose. How long is she likely to remain like this?"

"Dr. Gronow cannot say. He has known one case which lasted for a month. But then there was no con-

sciousness at all. He thinks that there is a little now; but we can perceive no sign of it."

"Well, I think I did. I am almost sure I did," Christie answered eagerly. "When I said, 'dead, dead, dead,' in that judicial manner, there came a little gleam of light into her eyes as if she approved of the sentence. And again when you called me your sister, there seemed to be a sparkle of astonishment, as if she thought you were in too much of a hurry; and perhaps you were, my darling. Oh what a good judge Jemmy is! No wonder he is getting so conceited."

"If there is any consciousness at all," said Nicie, avoiding that other subject, "this trance (if that is the English word for it) will not last long, at least Dr. Gronow says so; and Dr. Jemmy (what a name for a gentleman of science!) thoroughly confirms it. But Dr. Fox is so diffident and modest, that he seems to wait for his friend's opinion; though he must know more, being younger."

"Certainly he ought," Miss Fox replied, with a twinkle of dubious import; "I hear a great deal of such things. No medical man is ever at his prime, unless it is at thirty-nine years and a half. Under forty he can have no experience, according to the general public; and over forty he is on the shelf, according to his own profession. For that one year they ought to treble all their fees."

"That would only be fair; for they always charge too little."

"You are an innocent duck," said Christie. "There is a spot on your cheek that I must kiss; because it always comes when you hear the name of Jemmy. Abstract affection for unknown science! Oh, do have a try at Dr. Gronow. He knows fifty times as much as poor Jemmy."

"But he doesn't know how to please me," replied Nicie; "and I suppose that ought to count for something, after all. I must go and tell him what you thought you saw. That is his step in the passage now;

and he ordered us to watch for any symptoms of that sort. Oh, what will he think of me for leaving nurse alone? Good night, dear Christie; I shall come away no more. But Binstock, our great man, is come back. He will attend to you, and see that you don't go home starving, or by yourself."

"Positive statements suit young men," Dr. Gronow declared, as he buttoned up his coat about an hour afterwards; "and so does sitting up all night. Fox, you had better act up to that. But I shall just see your sister safe as far as the hospitable White Post, and then I shall go home to my supper. There is not the slightest danger now, but constant attention is needful, in case of sudden revival. That I do not at all expect; but you know what to do if it happens. The third day will be the most likely time; and then any pleasing excitement, or attraction—but I shall be here, and see to that."

"Oh, Dr. Gronow," exclaimed Miss Fox, as she fastened her cloak to go with him, "how I wish I had been born a little sooner, to see you more positive than you are now!"

"Miss Fox, it is a happy thing for me that I anticipated all such views; young ladies, I meant of course—and not young men. Yet alas! the young ladies are too negative."

On the third day from Lady Waldron's seizure, the postman of the name of Walker, finding not even a mushroom left to retard the mail-delivery, and having a cold north wind at his back, brought to the house soon after noon a very large letter, marked "*Ship despatch—two shillings and tenpence to pay*," and addressed to Lady Waldron.

"It must be from dear Tom," pronounced Nicie; "we have not heard from him since he sailed for India. There is no other person in the world capable of such a frightful scrawl."

"Why, this is the very thing we want," said Gronow, who was present according to promise; "large, con-

spicuous, self-assertive. Let somebody fetch me a green flower-stick."

Slitting one end of the stick, he inserted the lower edge of the letter, and fixed it upright in the scroll-work at the bottom of the couch. Then he drew the curtain back, and a slant of cheerful sunshine broke upon the thick bold writing. But the figure on the couch lay still, without a sign of interest, cold, rigid, and insensible. "I'll keep out of sight," the doctor whispered, "and let no one say a word. But presently when I hold my hand up, let Miss Nicie strike a few notes, not too rapidly, on her guitar,—some well-known Spanish melody." Gliding round the back of the couch, with a very gentle touch he raised the unconscious lady's head, and propped it with a large firm pillow, so that the dim half-open eyes were level with and set point-blank upon the shining letter. Securing it so, he withdrew a little, and held up his hand to Nicie. She, upon a low chair further off, touched the strings of her mother's own, and in younger days much loved, guitar; gently at first, like a distant ripple; then with a strong bold swell arising into a grand melodious strain,—the *March of Andalusia*. All present held their breath to watch, and saw a strange and moving sight.

The Spanish lady's eyes began to fill with soft and quivering light, like a lake when the moon is rising; the fringe of their dark lashes rose; a little smile played on her lips, and touched them with a living tint; then all the brilliance of her gaze flashed forth and fastened on that letter. She lifted both her trembling hands, and the letter was put into them. Her face was light with vivid joy, and her lips pronounced, "My son, my son!" Then wanting nothing more, she drew the precious token to her breast, concealed it there, and sank into profound, and tranquil, and sweet sleep.

"She will be all right when she awakes, and then she will want a lot

of food," said Dr. Gronow with a quiet grin, while Nicie and Chris wept tears of joy, and Dr. Fox and the nurse looked queer. "Mind, she can't live on her son's letter. Beef-tea, arrowroot, and port-wine, leg of mutton gravy, and neat's foot jelly—finer than the sweetest sweetheart's letters, let alone a boy who writes with the stump of a cigar. Ladies and gentlemen, my job is over; what a blessing Penniloe is gone to London! We should have had a prayer-meeting every day. Miss Fox, I think I shall call you Christie, because you are so unChristian."

"You may call me anything you like,—that is, so long as it is something you do like. I shall almost begin to have faith in doctors now, in spite of poor Jemmy being one."

"Jemmy, you had better throw up the trade. Your sister understands it best. The hardest work, and the hardest paid—however I go a trout-fishing, ere ever the river freezes."

The wind was very cold, and everybody there shivered at the shudders he would have to undergo, as they saw him set forth with an eager step. He waved his hand back from a turn of the walk which reminded him of the river, and his shoulders went up as if he had a trout on hook.

"He is happy; let him be," said the percipient Christie. "He won't catch anything in fact, but the miraculous draught in fancy."

"He ought to be pitched in," replied her brother, who was put out about something, possibly the fingering of the second fiddle; "the least that can be done to him is to pitch him in, for trying to catch trout in December. Pike had vowed to do it; but those fellows are gone home, Hopper and all, just when the world was most in want of them. Christie, you will just come back with me to the Old Barn."

"Why does Dr. Gronow address nearly all his very excellent remarks to me? And why does he always look at me when he speaks?"

"Because you are so pretty, dear; and because you catch his meaning

first. They like that sort of thing," said Nicie.

"For looks I am nowhere with Nicie present. But he sees advanced intelligence in me; and he comes from where they appreciate it. I shall go back to Old Barn, just when I think right."

"We are coming to something!" cried Doctor Jemmy, who looked pleasantly, but loftily, at all the female race,—save Nicie, who was saved perhaps till two months after marriage. "Stay, if you like, where you are appreciated so highly, so very highly."

Christie's face became red as a rose, for really this was too bad on his part, and after all she had done for him, as witnessed those present. "They like me," she said in an off-handed manner; "and I like them,—which is more than one can do to everybody. But it makes very little difference, I am afraid, for I shall never see them any more, unless they come to Foxden. I had made up my mind to go home the moment Lady Waldron was out of danger. I did not come here to please myself, and this is all I get for it. Good-bye to fair Perlycross to-morrow! One must not neglect one's dear father and mother, even for,—even for such a dear as Nicie."

"Well, I never knew what it was to be out of temper." There was much truth in this assertion, though it seems a large one; for Jemmy Fox had a remarkably sweet temper, and a man who takes stock of himself, when short of that article, has already almost replaced it. "But how will you go, my dear little Cayenne pepper? Will you pack up all your grandeur, and have a coach and four?"

"Yes, that I will," answered Christie quick as light, "though it won't cost me quite as much as the one I hired when I came post-haste to your rescue. The name of my coach is *The Defiance*; and the guard shall play *Roast Beef* all the way, in honour of the coming Christmas-time. Won't we have a fine time at Foxden, if father is in good health again!"

Jemmy wisely left her to her own devices, for she generally "took the change out of him," and consoled himself with soft contemplation of a lovelier, nicer, and (so far as he knew yet) ten thousand times sweeter-tempered girl whose name was Nicie Waldron.

Now that sweet creature had a worry of her own, though she did not afflict the public with it. She was dying with anxiety, all the time, to know the contents of her brother Tom's letter which had so enlivened her dearmother. It is said that the only thing the all-wise Solomon could not explain to the Queen of Sheba was the process of her own mind, or rather perhaps the leaps of it, which landed her in conclusions quite correct, yet unsupported even by the shadow of an enthymem. Miss Waldron was not so clever as the Queen of Sheba, or even as Miss Christie Fox; yet she had arrived at a firm conviction that the one who was destined to solve the sad and torturing question about her dear father, was no other than her brother, Tom Rodrigo. She had observed that his letter bore no token of the family bereavement, neither was that to be expected yet, although six weeks had now elapsed since the date of their sore distress. Envelopes were not as yet in common use, and a letter was a cumbrous and clumsy-looking thing, one of the many reasons being that a writer was bound by economy, and very often by courtesy as well, to fill three great pages before he began to double in. This naturally led to a vast sprawl of words, for the most part containing very little; and "What shall I say next?" was the constant inquiry of even the most loving correspondent. Nicie knew well that her brother was not gifted with the pen of a ready writer, and that all his heart indited of was, "What shall I put, to get done with it?" This increased the value of his letters (by means of their rarity) and also their interest, according to the canon that plenty of range should be allowed for the reader's imagination. But now

even too much range was left for that of the affectionate and poetic maiden, inasmuch as her mother lay asleep for hours with this fine communication to support her heart. There was nothing for Nicie to do, except to go to sleep patiently on her own account, and that she did in her own white bed, and saw a fair vision through tears of joy.

Behold, she was standing at the door, the sacred portal of Walderscourt, gazing at trees that were full of singing birds, with her milk-white pony cropping clover honey-sweet, and Pixie teetotuming after his own tail. All the air was blossoming with dance of butterflies, and all the earth was laughing at the flatteries of the sun. And behold a very tall form arose from beyond the weeping willow, leading a form yet taller, and looking back for fear of losing it. Then a loud voice shouted, and it was brother Tom's: "Here he is at last! No mistake about it. I have found the Governor—hurrah, hurrah!" The maiden sprang up with a bounding heart, to embrace her darling father. But alas! there was nothing, except the cold moon and a pure virgin bosom that glistened with tears.

When Tom's letter came to the reading at last, there were plenty of blots in it and brown sand, but not a blessed bit of poetry. The youth had been at Eton, and exhausted there all the tendency of his mind towards metre. Even now people, who ought to know better, ask why poetry will not go down with the tall, and imaginative, and romantic public. It must be from the absence of the spark divine among them. Nay rather because ere they could spell, their flint was fixed for life with the "fire" used up by classic hammer. Of these things the present Sir Thomas Rodrigo Waldron had neither thought nor heed. For him it was enough to be released; and the less he saw of book and pen for the rest of his natural life, the better for the book, the pen, and him. So that on the whole he

deserved much credit, and obtained even more (from his mother) as the author of the following fine piece of correspondence. Though all the best bits were adapted from a book, entitled *The young man's polite letter-writer, to his parents, sisters, sweethearts, friends, and the Minister of his native parish, etc., etc.—also when applying for increase of wages.*

Valetta, in the Island of Malta, Mediterranean Sea, etc. November the 5th, also Guy Fawkes' Day, A.D. 1835.

MY BELOVED AND RESPECTED MOTHER,—I take up my pen with mingled feelings of affection and regret. The bangs ("Oh, he ought to say 'pangs,'" thought Nicie, as her mother read it on most gravely), which I have suffered, and am suffering still, arise from various sources. Affection, because of your unceasing and unmerited parental goodness; regret, because absence in a foreign land enhances by a hundred fold the value of all those lost endearments. I hope that you will think of me, whenever you sit on the old bench by the door and behold the sun setting in the east.

"It is very beautiful," said Lady Waldron, animated by a cup of strong beef-tea; "but Rodrigo was so hard to kiss. Very often, I have knocked my head,—but he is competent to feel it in his own head now."

"Mother, there is no bench by the door. And how can the sun set in the east? Oh, I see it was 'west,' and he has scratched it out, because of his being in the east himself."

"That means the same thing," replied Lady Waldron. "Inez, if you intend to find fault with your dear brother's letter about such trifles, you deserve to hear no more of it."

"Mother, as if it made any difference where the sun sets, so long as he can see it!"

"He always had large thoughts," reflected his mother; "he is not of this cold geography. Harken how beautifully he proceeds to write—

But it is vain to indulge these contemplations. Thanks to your careful tuition, and the lofty example set before me, I

trust that I shall never be found wanting in my duty to the country that gave me birth. Unfortunately in these foreign parts the price of every article is excessive; and although I am guided, as you are well aware, by the strictest principles of economy, my remembrance of what is due to you, and the position of a highly respected family, have in some degree necessitated an anticipation of resources. Feeling assured of your sympathy, and that it will assume a practical form by return of post, I venture to state for your guidance that the house of Plumper, Wiggins, and Golightly in this city have been advised, and have consented to receive on my behalf a remittance of £120, which will, I trust, appear a very reasonable sum.

"Mother, dear mother, let me go on," cried Nicie, as the letter dropped from her mother's hand; "the pleasure and excitement have been too much for you, although the style is so excellent."

"It is not the style; but my breath has been surprised, by—by the expressions of that last sentence. The sum that I myself placed to his credit, out of my bonds of the City of Corduba, was in addition, and without his father's knowledge—but no doubt he will give explanation more further down, though the writing appears now to become of a different kind, shorter and less polished. But why is he in Malta, when the ship sailed for Bombay? Oh, I am terrified there will be some war. The English can never stay without fighting very long. And behold his letter seems to go into three pieces! See now, it is quite crooked, Inez, and of less correction. Nevertheless I approve more of it so. Listen again, child:

I was almost forgetting to say that we were mett before we had got very far on our way by a Despatch Vessle bringing urgent orders for all of the Draught to be sent to this place, which is not half so hot as the other place would be, and much more convenient, and healthy but too white. But it does make the money fly, and they are a jolley sett. I have long been wanting to write home, but waited untill there was some news to tell, and we

could tell where we are going next. But we shall have to stay here for some time, because most of our things were sent to West Indies, and the other part went on to East India. It will all be for the best because so strong a change of climate will be almost certain to destroy the moths. I have bought three dogs. There is a new sort here, very clever, and can almost speak. I hope all the dogs at home are well. I miss the shooting very much, and there are no horses in the Mediterranean big enough to carry me. Now I must conclude with best love and duty to the Governor and you, and Nicie, and old nurse Sweetland, and anybody else who inquires for remaining your affectionate and dutiful Son, TOM R. WALDRON.

P.S.—Your kind letter of Aug. 30th just come. They must be very clever to have found us here. I am dreadfully cutt up to hear dear Governor not at all well when you wrote. Shall hope for better news every day. There is a Greek gentleman here with a pill warranted to cure everything yet discovered. They are as large as yellow slugs, and just the same shape. He will let me have 10 for my amethyst studs which are no good to me. Shall try to send them by the next ship

that goes home. Do write at once, because I never heard before of anything wrong with dear Governor.—T. R. W.

“Poor darling!” said his mother with tears in her eyes, while Nicie was sobbing quietly. “By this time he may be aware of it perhaps, though not of the dreadful thing that happened since. It will not be for his happiness that he should ever know. Remember that, Inez. He is of so much vigour and high blood of the best Andalusian, that he would become insane, and perhaps do himself deep injury. He would cast away his office,—what you call the commission,—and come back to this country, and be put in prison for not accepting quietly the sacrilegious laws.”

“Mother, you have promised never to speak of that subject. If it is too much for poor Tom, what is it likely to be for us! All we can do is to leave it to God.”

“There is not the same God in this country as we have. If there was, He would never endure it.”

(To be continued.)

THREE HUMOURISTS.

HOOK, BARHAM, MAGINN.

AMONG writers of the second or lower classes there are few who hold their places in such a precarious fashion as the humourists. Their brethren of the first class occupy perhaps the surest position of all. More than two thousand years have failed to lessen in the very slightest degree the laughter-moving powers of Aristophanes, and nearly two thousand have not affected those of Lucian. But it may be that even the greatest, at shorter distances and intervals from their own time, are in danger of temporary eclipses; and all but the greatest are in danger of eclipses which are only too likely to be more than temporary.

On two, at least, of the three jesters whose names are written above the curse has certainly come; and I have been told, though I hope it is not true, that even *The Ingoldsby Legends* have fallen somewhat from the pride of place which they held so long. It may be all the more interesting to survey them in trine, a conjunction to which they lend themselves with unusual ease. They were all contemporaries in life and still more in literature; they all pursued a peculiar kind of humorous writing to which the institution, new in their day, of the lighter kind of periodical literature gave opportunities impossible before their date. All of them were distinctly convivial and not like their other contemporary, Hood, retiring and domestic in habits though rollicking with the pen. Two of them were Bohemians in the fullest sense of the word. Two of them, but not the same two, were no mean scholars. All had that natural and rarely absent temperament of the humourist which makes him sometimes a staunch and pronounced Tory, and almost always an opponent of innova-

tions in Church, in State, in manners, and in literature. All wrote a peculiar kind of easy verse with extraordinary facility, and two, at least, could sometimes drop, or rather rise, into something not merely facile.

When the tale is of three men in one tub, biographical particulars must necessarily be given as sparingly as possible. Indeed no one of the three lives was in the ordinary sense eventful; and a few dates and facts will be all that is necessary to place them conveniently. Theodore Hook was born in London, on September 22nd, 1788, of a musical and theatrical family which, in the person of his elder brother and still more in that of his nephew, raised itself to high consideration in the Church. Theodore was sent to Harrow and to Oxford, but, as his official biographer says, "threw himself into the arms of the Muse," which would not, to an earlier generation, have conveyed the sense of "left the University with no degree and for no profession." Attracting the notice of the Regent by his convivial gifts he was appointed (in 1813) to a valuable place at Mauritius, in which he had Moore's ill-luck with, it would seem, much less excuse beforehand than Moore's, and with very different consequences. Indeed conduct, as Mr. Arnold would have said, was never even a hundredth part of Hook's life. Although when he came home (in 1818) his baser and nobler gifts both brought him plenty of patronage and plenty of money, he never made any serious attempt to liquidate or compound his obligations to the Treasury, and at his comparatively early death (in 1840) his omission to marry the mother of his children caused everything that his family might

have had left to them to be swept away. He had filled the interval with journalism of immense vivacity and not a little scurrility, with popular novel-writing, and with the fabrication of a vast amount of more or less impromptu matter of the amusing kind most, if not all, of which has necessarily perished.

The next person on our list, Barham, is one of the best known witnesses to the brilliancy of Hook's apparent or real improvisations in the way of dining-room and drawing room entertainment, he himself being singer, player, and extempore librettist. But the testimony to this is unanimous; and the gift made him till his spirits flagged a welcome guest in rich men's houses. Then the end came, and there was nothing left of poor Mr. Wagg but his batch of printed jestings, the rapidly fading memory of his conversational and entertaining powers, a disapproval of his life which was not limited to Mrs. Grundy, and one masterly piece of friendly but truthful criticism, Lockhart's article written for the *Quarterly Review*, and afterwards more than once reprinted alone.

Not so very different, though with fewer chances than Hook's, is the tale of the life of "bright broken Maginn," as the same Lockhart, this time in a rhyming epitaph almost unmatched for humorous pathos, described him — of the Doctor of *Fraser's*, the Ensign of *Blackwood's*, the part-originator at least of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, the part-original of Captain Shandon, the staunchest of Tories, one of the best of fellows (for, like Lockhart, "I ne'er heard of a sin" of an odious type, except in some rather unkindly insinuations made long years after by S. C. Hall) and alas! the most improvident of men. He was born in Cork a hundred years ago, was thoroughly educated by his father, a schoolmaster, and at Trinity College, Dublin, and for some time followed his father's vocation. But *Blackwood's Magazine* came into being, and Maginn seems to have

gravitated to it much after the fashion described in the verses to Sterne's friend Stevenson,

How many wise ones for thy sake
Have flown to thee and left off plodding!

Certainly Maginn was not an idle man even after this, nor did he immediately give up keeping school; but from about the middle of 1820, when he paid a visit to Edinburgh, his heart was in the lighter journalism and the Bohemianism which then accompanied it as a matter almost of course. He soon went to London; was introduced to Hook among editors, and Murray among publishers; took a hand in the *John Bull* and the *Representative* and the *Standard* (if not also in the *Age* and other downright blackguardly prints); quarrelled with Blackwood; set up *Fraser*; enraged and fought with Grantley Berkeley; translated Homer into ballads; received five hundred pounds from Thackeray; knew debts and duns and the Fleet; was more than once befriended by Peel, who whatever faults he may have had was good to men of letters; and died of consumption at Walton-on-Thames on August 21st, 1842.

The contrast between these two lives, unfortunate at the best and at the worst not easily to be defended from unkind adjectives, and that of the third, which is placed between them, is, as our fathers would have said, "odd and pretty," and withal very English. Neither Hook nor Maginn had, it is true, Barham's advantages to start with; but it is equally true that both were put in tolerably straight roads and chose to fall out of them. Richard Harris Barham, though as thorough a humourist as either of them and of anything but an unsociable or unconvivial disposition, found his feet set on the King's highway from the first and never seems to have been tempted to stray out of it. Whether the Barhams were really descended from Reginald Fitzurse and the Irish Macmahons I do not know; the

author of *The Ingoldsby Legends* is perhaps not the man from whom one would accept an unproved pedigree with implicit and childlike faith. But they were certainly a good Kentish family, and Tapton (the elongation to Tappington was venial) was an authentic manor-house. Barham himself, however, was not born there, but at Canterbury on December 6th, 1788; his father, a stout and cheerful person but a little of a spendthrift, making amends by dying and leaving his son to a minority of fourteen or fifteen years. This he spent at St. Paul's School and Brasenose College, meeting at Oxford Theodore Hook, who for a short time was an undergraduate at St. Mary's Hall. It would appear that Barham himself was a little volatile. A severe illness, however, sobered him; he took orders, married pretty early, and was presented to a living in Romney Marsh, the headquarters of smuggling. Hence in 1821 he was transferred to a minor canonry at St. Paul's, and from this time forward lived chiefly in London. His career was one of unostentatious, but real, work in his profession, varied by the writing of some novels (whereof the chief is *My Cousin Nicholas*) and of the famous verses by which he is still known. He died in 1845, the same year which was fatal to Sydney Smith, his friend and superior in the Pauline Hierarchy.

And so we turn from the lives of these men to their works.

To one who begins the reading of Theodore Hook's novels for the first time, or with only a dim and distant remembrance of *Gilbert Gurney* and one or two more of the best, read at an easily amused period of youth, I should judge from my own experience that a certain thing is like to happen. He will remember how when Pen came to London Mr. Doolan informed him that Mr. Wagg got "three hundther pound" for every volume of these novels, and how Arthur at once began to calculate whether he himself might not, on the same terms, make an

income of about five thousand a year. To tell the truth it is almost, if not quite, impossible to rank most of these productions high from any point of view. The carelessness and slovenliness of the mere writing sometimes very nearly take away the breath even of a reviewer of novels in the present day. The matter is often not much better than the form; and when one remembers the flattering impromptu of Barham,

Says I, "Gadzooks!
That's Theodore Hook's,
Whose Sayings and Doings make such
pretty books,"

and that this represents a general opinion of our fathers, who were not fools, the thing becomes exceedingly surprising. For clumsy sentences and slovenly constructions are not the only things to quarrel with. A more good-natured, a wider, and a less technical criticism will find endless faults and, perhaps, not very many merits. Take for instance these very *Sayings and Doings*. The three series of them contain ten stories of varying lengths: *Danvers*, *The Friend of the Family*, *Merton*, *Martha the Gipsy*, *The Sutherlands*, *The Man of Many Friends*, *Doubts and Fears*, *Passion and Principle*, *Cousin William*, and *Gervase Skinner*. Of these I do not believe that at any time during the last forty years any one, except possibly *The Sutherlands* and certainly *Gervase Skinner*, would have had the slightest chance of ranking as of even third-rate merit. Some of them are so bad as to make detailed criticism useless if not disgusting. Only *Gervase Skinner* seems to me readable now-a-days with genuine amusement right through. Even here there is a good deal of that mixture of simple exaggeration and of caricature which is called in French *charge*, and which is Hook's main resource. Gervase is a country squire who is economical "on principle," a fully middle-aged bachelor whose pre-contract to a young and pretty girl does not prevent him from aspiring to

illicit joys, and a country bumpkin who tries to be knowing and see life. The devices by which he is fleeced, tormented, and almost ruined are scantily probable at times. But still the thing is amusing, and it is salted and spiced all through by Hook's ingenious use of his unquestioned familiarity with theatrical things and theatrical people. The Fuggleston couple,—the wife an adventuress and a baggage, the husband full enough of apparent *bonhomie* but one of those particularly ugly persons for whom modern English has no name—are alive, hit off once for all, and added to the permanent strength of the establishment of the army of Fiction. Here, too, that peculiar kind of interest to which I have alluded above comes in very strongly. I feel that I owe an apology to the blameless and peerless Emily Fotheringay if I say that I do not think she would have been precisely what she is if Amelrosa Fuggleston, who was not at all blameless and only appeared peerless to a bumpkin Lothario, had not preceded her. In the same way Kekewich, the manager, stammers the language of no less a person than Mr. Jingle who, both for professional and chronological reasons, may quite probably have learnt it of him. This is to me at least high praise, and a strong attraction. But of other attractions I must confess these *Sayings and Doings* seem to provide but a scanty and fragmentary banquet.

Nor are the other books much more remunerative. There is no doubt that tradition, rather than positive acquaintance, is right in holding *Gilbert Gurney* for the best of them. It is, if not a specially amiable or estimable, a sufficiently bright and cheerful example of the fiction of high jinks and high spirits,—of, as Hook's great follower has it, the "British brandy and water" school of jollity. The things by which it is best, if not solely remembered,—the hoaxes of Daly, the mistaking of Gilbert for the Prince of Orange, the portrait of Tom Hill, and so forth,—

are still amusing with a little good will. But even these are rather thin; and when they are left out of consideration the interest of the book is reduced almost to zero. There is scarcely any plot; the hero, though not a bad fellow, is a colourless nincompoop; the female characters (with the exception perhaps of Mrs. Fletcher Green) have, in a less libellous sense than Pope's, no character all; and the narrative jerks or joints itself along in unconnected fyttes which might nearly, if not quite, as well be presented separately as short stories. Faulty as it is, however, it is at any rate better than *Gurney Married* or than *Jack Brag*. *Maxwell* has attracted most attention from the portrait sketch of Godfrey Moss, which is known to be almost a photograph of George the Fourth's unlucky led-parson Cannon, and the picture is certainly at first vivid if rather disgusting. But Moss has very little to do with the story, and his mannerisms become after a time as tiresome as they are irrelevant. All the rest exhibit the same faults with perhaps fewer merits. Pictures of manners so stale and faded that it is impossible not to suspect the drawing of having been at first but superficial; characters lacking in the universal traits which alone give vitality; careless writing; construction which is often no construction at all,—meet one at every turn of leaf, at every change of volume, and even when the laughter does provoke an echo,

Its voice is thin as voices from the grave.

With the best good will the reader is foiled; and he shuts the last book, agreeing more heartily than ever with the aforesaid Mr. Pendennis, when he thought, even forty years ago, that these works were "not exactly masterpieces of the human intellect."

Are we then to conclude that our fathers were fools? That is about the last conclusion which I, for one, will ever willingly accept. Indeed the

answer which makes such a conclusion quite unnecessary was practically given,—almost when Mr. Pendennis spoke, and in reply to him—by Lockhart, whose critical dicta are never to be lightly passed over, and may often, as here, be extended and inferred from with advantage. In a note on his biographical essay on Hook when it was reprinted, the critic draws special attention to the *rise* of Thackeray as qualifying certain remarks which he had made on the merits of Hook's novels. The fact is that during the twenties and thirties, the years of Hook's fame and fortune, the country was very badly off for novelists, and especially for novelists of modern and contemporary life. Nearly all Scott's best were written, and Miss Austen had ceased to write when Hook began; Dickens had but just appeared, and Bulwer not long, when Hook died. Scott's line was different: Miss Austen had made no school; and though novels were being written in ever increasing numbers their writers were for the most part all abroad in the novel proper. They could not get out of the tradition of Fielding and Smollett, itself a survival of the picaresque romance. Although the life of their heroes and heroines was supposed to be modern and actual, it had to be spiced with adventures, and adjusted to a sort of Odyssey, comic or tragic as the case might be, watered with the tears of sensibility or roused by the guffaws of broad farce. Except Miss Austen, nobody had yet dared with conspicuous genius and success to depict purely ordinary life. Hook, for all his talent, all his facility, all his experience of the world, was certainly not the man to strike out the new line. It is perfectly obvious, not merely from his carelessness of style and story, but from consideration of the life he led, that he must almost always have written in a scrambling hurry. He was in fact a born improvisatore, and I should imagine that the *Sayings and Doings* (which

brought him even more than the sum named by Mr. Doolan, inasmuch as for one of the series he is said to have received two thousand pounds) cost him very little more labour or, in proportion, more time than the famous impromptu comediettas which he used to throw off at rich men's dinners by way of payment for the claret and retainer for a further invitation.

Nor was he by any means a man of such commanding genius that he could dispense with labour; though he had a certain amount of wit at will, a command of rather theatrical pathos, unlimited bustle and rattle, and sufficient familiarity with those whom the middle classes of his day called "high fellows" to dazzle the said middle classes with titles and scraps of "silver fork" detail. It is also probable that his manners are truer to those of his time than we, to whom that time is only a tradition, quite know. In the very greatest works the essentially and eternally human is so married to the ephemeral that it makes that eternal too, and we have no difficulty in appreciating it for all its deadness. But the smaller men cannot fix the manners of the minute in this way, and their presentations appear to us, not as interesting preservations and preparations, but as worn-out stuff which is not alive to us now, and the vitality of which at any time we feel more or less inclined to doubt. It has amused me sometimes in reading contemporary work of the kind to try and separate the pieces which will have the first, and those which have the second effect on readers a hundred years hence. To a certain extent it can, I think, be done, but probably never completely even by the wariest critic, by him who has paid most attention to the abiding and the fleeting characteristics of literature respectively. But this is a digression. In Hook, let me only repeat, much is dead that may have once been alive; a little was alive and is so still; but much also, I think, never was properly alive at all, and was only

accepted as being so in the absence of livelier studies.

Those who, as is not uncommon, maintain that the preservative just referred to is more easily applied, or at any rate is more commonly found, in verse than in prose, may derive confirmation for their opinion from the different fate of the second author on our list. Barham and Hook were friends, contemporaries, and in many ways alike. They died within a few years of each other, and at the time even of Barham's death there can be no question that his reputation was almost infinitesimal compared with Hook's. Yet the greater fame was doomed to decrease rapidly and continually, the smaller to increase at once and to hold its ground. I have been told indeed that *The Ingoldsby Legends* of very late years have shown a certain loss of grip on popular, at least on popular literary estimation. They are not so often quoted; the young man of letters of the day does not appreciate them, but rather disdains, and so forth. Even, however, if this were true (and I am rather doubtful of its truth), even if we were to suppose that the very amusing onslaught made upon the *Legends* some ten or a dozen years ago by a person of the æsthetic persuasion, in very nearly the same terms as those which good Roger Ascham applied to the *Morte d'Arthur*, had some effect, it would remain certain that for at least an entire generation after their first collected appearance in 1840, and probably for an entire generation after their author's death in 1845, they enjoyed an almost unexampled and a certainly unexceeded popularity. They were reprinted again and again, in cheap editions and dear, with this man's illustrations and that man's, and without illustrations at all. They were the common delight of readers, and the common quoting-ground of writers. Every schoolboy literally knew them, and did not neglect them when he ceased to be a schoolboy; girls who were good for anything were

nearly as fond of them as boys. For thirty years at least hardly anybody who attempted light verse failed to imitate them, and for at least the same number, if not a much larger one, nobody who read light verse with any relish failed to enjoy them.

How far did they deserve this really extraordinary vogue, which to some extent still continues? The enemy, not merely in the person of the afore-said æsthetic energumen, but long before his time, has always accused them of being an ignoble caricature of a noble period of history, of encouraging brutal and Philistine emotions, of being a hardly disguised and yet underhand and unworthy attack on the Oxford Movement, of drawing their piquancy from the subtle pleasure which the baser side of human nature feels in seeing great and holy things degraded and burlesqued. Is there anything in this? I think there is something, nay, a great deal; but the something and the great deal appear to me to be composed of almost unmitigated nonsense. It is sometimes impertinent, and not often thoroughly to the point, to give personal impressions and opinions as an argument; but occasionally it is thoroughly in place. Now I happen (which for the present matter, if for that only, is of consequence) to be a thorough sympathiser with the Oxford Movement, and an impenitent, hardened, incurable lover of the Middle Ages. So long as, and to the extent to which Newman was loyal to the Church of England, I should have followed him without the slightest hesitation, and I know no reading which for pure delight exceeds that of thirteenth century romance in twenty thousand lines of verse or prose. But I have never found *The Ingoldsby Legends* jar in the very slightest degree on these tastes of mine. Considering indeed that the Middle Ages liked nothing better than burlesquing and rallying their own raptures, their own mysticism, their own religion, I really do not know why we should be more sen-

sitive for them than they were for themselves. There is a particular delight in making jests on one's own emotions and their objects, which only humourists, who are also lovers, know. As for the argument of brutality, for that there is absolutely no excuse. It requires very little discussion and no mercy. It is merely part of the rubbish talked and sometimes believed by the average fool of an age which turns up its eyes over England's part in the Napoleonic wars, swoons at the idea of a man drinking a bottle of port or a magnum of claret, and while crowding to see any stupid and tasteless feat of acrobatism which gives a chance of a fatal accident, goes into fits at the idea of a cock-fight, a prize-fight, or a badger-drawing. In the mere character, however, of the subjects, except that their quaintness and variety have no small charm, very little of the attraction of *The Ingoldsby Legends* seems to me to reside. Although the grotesque, supernatural, and the tragi-comic suited Barham most admirably, and were perhaps his special walk, his powers were in reality of very wide application. *My Cousin Nicholas* is no contemptible attempt in the school of Hook. He is not much less good in prose than in verse, and he manages his alternations of grave and gay in verse itself with a skill almost equal to, though less delicate than, that of Praed, who probably gave him some lessons. His beautiful last lines "As I lay a-thinking" do not require the not very authentic antiquity of their spelling to give them charm. He had scholarship, which, when it does not prevent a man from writing, is seldom without effect on the quality of what he writes; he had the wide vague reading which scholarship nowadays too often excludes; he had good humour, good feeling, good breeding, an immense sense of fun and an inexhaustible fund of rhymes and rhythms just suited for his purpose. There is a fairly considerable class of books and writers between which and whom a

peculiar relation exists, the book seeming to have been made for the man and the man for the book; and it need hardly be said that where it does exist the work is never valueless. In kind it may be high or low, an epic or an epigram, a romance or a riddle; but it always has the merits of supremacy in that kind. And in the kind of burlesque poetical narrative I am quite sure that Thomas Ingoldsby never has had a superior, and I think it extremely improbable that he ever will have one.

In the case of a writer whose best things are universally known it is, fortunately, considering space, unnecessary to enter into even as much detail as is here unavoidable about one who is half forgotten like Hook, or one who has never been wholly known like Maginn. It would even be dangerous; for when one began there would be no stopping. As no familiarity can dull, so no want of acquaintance ought to be proof against the abundant and intense characteristics of this jovial microcosm in verse. The hackneyed metaphors of a fountain and a kaleidoscope are the only ones that are equal to its curious combination of variety and formal perfection. The rhymes and the metres flicker and vary just as the water does when the winds blow its upthrown masses; they glitter and group themselves unerringly just as the colours and shapes do in the turning tube. How much of the charm may be due to the steady background of good sense, of right feeling, even of tenderness, which is spread behind these fantastic combinations, may be matter of opinion; how much to the unfailing sun of wit and humour that shines over the whole may be differently, though not very differently, estimated. But the total result can never fail of its effect except upon "bad prigs," upon persons of undue natural density, and upon those who, with amiable and estimable tastes as to what is in the fashion, are not capable of relishing what happens to be a

little out of it. Few are the things that one can read at fourteen and at forty-eight with delight equal in intensity and not very much altered in character. But of these, in the case of "this Recensent" (and he thanks the Upper Powers for it), are *The Ingoldsby Legends*.

Yet I am not certain that of our three, the last is not in certain ways the greatest. The work of Maginn, though easier to appreciate than it was a few years ago, is even yet hid as a whole from the general cognisance. I do not even know that it would be possible to recover it entirely; and I am quite sure that if it were so recovered it would suffer from the fatal drawback of being almost entirely journalism, and of a consequent inequality all the greater that its author was the least gifted of all men with the senses of responsibility and hesitation. Barham, always in easy circumstances and restrained by his profession as well, wrote simply when it pleased him, and could hold back what he wrote till it pleased him. Even Hook had upon him the constraint of the book, slight as that was in his case. Maginn published little or nothing in book form. He was always a contributor or an editor, one who lived by contributions and editing; and appears to have been as indifferent as Diderot himself to what became of his work after he had sent in the copy, and pocketed (a temporary process if ever there was one) the payment. Since the pious care of Mr. R. W. Montagu collected in 1885 his *Miscellanies* in two volumes, it has been possible by adding the letterpress of the "Fraser Gallery" to them to obtain something like a conspectus of Maginn's extraordinary faculty. It is not a complete conspectus, and yet it is one which shows us the flaws in the work and makes us pretty certain that they would widen if the area of collection were extended.

It shows us, however, at the same time the great and multifarious gifts

of the man. In one respect I own I am a heretic. I cannot away with Maginn's Homeric translations in ballad form. Mr. Gladstone, I believe, thinks their tone Homeric; I should say it was as much like Homer, though in a different way, as Pope is. Mr. Matthew Arnold thought them "genuine poems in their own way," and he called the *Lays of Ancient Rome* pinchbeck! Mr. Conington complimented Maginn on having realised that Greek ballads can only be represented by English, and Mr. Conington was an Oxford man, and must have learnt sound doctrine about *petitio principii*! However, no more of this. In the case of such a man as Maginn it is important not to blame the small fragment of his work which for some reason or other has been unduly praised, but to bring forward the far greater part of it which has never been praised enough. It is astonishing how various and how vivid the lights of that part are. As for the letterpress of the "Fraser Gallery," I own that, clever as it is, I have no great affection for it. It is one of the earliest and one of the best examples of a kind of journalism for which there has since been greater and ever greater demand,—the brief biography, smart in style and somewhat swaggering in manner, of "Celebrities of the Day," "Men of the Time," and what not. Maginn knew a great deal: he was sufficiently on an intellectual equality with most of his subjects for his treatment not to be merely impertinent; and it is certain that he had at this particular time a coadjutor in Lockhart, whose knowledge and whose competency were even greater than his own, though Lockhart's actual literary faculty might not be quite so versatile. So the things are amusing enough and sometimes more than amusing; also, which is not common in this kind of thing, they contain a rather unusual amount of positive biographical and miscellaneous information, not no doubt to be accepted

quite uncontrolled, but often extremely useful in the way of setting one on tracks. It is unlucky that in addition to their other faults they contain a great deal of the tedious and obsolete newspaper mannerism of the time, a mannerism of knowing and braggart assumption, which had been begun in *Blackwood's Magazine*, which was to obtain for many years, and which is by no means yet dead. It must, I suppose, have appealed to some taste, have filled some cranny of the human mind, but it certainly seems very unengaging to me. This and other defects appear, but are less notable, in the miscellanies of all kinds which Mr. Montagu has collected. In so far as there is any direct original for the tricks which Maginn began to play directly he became one of *Blackwood's* contributors, I am rather disposed to see it in the notes to *The Anti-Jacobin* and the combinations of fanciful divagation, scholarly parallel, and scurrilous personal attack which distinguished that celebrated periodical. Mr. Montagu (committing a crime too common, though always unforgivable in arrangers of selections and collections) omits to furnish the dates of the magazines from which he extracts, and to rout them out from complete sets of the original requires time and opportunity. But the *Memoirs of Morgan O'Doherty*, from the allusions to *Peter's Letters* and other things, must have been very early. There are in them all the traits which Wilson subsequently elaborated and perfected in the *Noctes*,—the interspersions of verse, serious and comic, the studied desultoriness, the critical, social, and literary vagaries. Indeed there is no doubt that this famous series did owe its origin to Maginn, who disputes the honour of suggesting the motto. The *Memoirs* are filled with parodies and patter songs of singular liveliness, and characterised, as Maginn's pieces generally are, by odd, but by no means unhappy lapses into the serious. They also show that wide familiarity with

literature, especially with classical literature, by which the author was honourably distinguished. Since the comparative disuse of a classical education these Greek and Latin freaks of Maginn's have probably become something of a stumbling-block to the generation which is now sent into the world unfurnished with the keys to some of the world's best things. Indeed in the not very abundant comments made recently on Maginn's centenary, the British journalist not unfrequently had the honesty to confess the fact. But if the habit is thus to some a disqualification, it is, of course, to others an additional charm. And I do not know that any one has ever managed this particular style of academical wit better than Maginn. He may not have been an extremely profound or accurate scholar, but few men have had more knowledge of the classics after the fashion which delights Professor Blackie,—the knowledge which enables a man to talk and write in "the tongues" almost as freely as in his own language, and which leaves him rarely at fault for a quotation from or a quip in them. Few again could be more vernacular; and in these very *Memoirs* "the Powldoodies of Burran" exhibits a command of the style which Swift invented for the purpose of putting it into the mouth of Mrs. Harris, unequalled since Swift's own examples. O'Doherty (Maginn himself spells it in one word, "Odoherty") also does duty as eidolon-author in another of "the Doctor's" most considerable productions, indeed his most considerable production taking length and merit together. The *Maxims of (Sir) Morgan O'Doherty* used to be procurable in a little pocket-volume which I have not seen for very many years. More people probably know them from one or two references of Thackeray's than in themselves, even since Mr. Montagu's reprint; but they are very well worth knowing. With not a few of what seem now, and a few of what should surely have seemed at any time, breaches of good manners and good

taste, they contain a great deal of wisdom on the first principles of literature, feeding, and philosophy, with a picture of Fourth-Georgian manners which, used with discretion, is instructive, and, used with or without discretion, entertaining. Maginn should not have spelt Chateau Grillet, Chateau *Grillé*, which is absurd; but it is greatly to his credit that he pronounced that little known wine to be delicious. It shows that he had no vulgar taste.

His most serious and solid work in matter and manner, if not also in actual bulk, is the rather famous *Consideration of Farmer's Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*. With some quite astonishing slips (such as "Nugæ Curialæ," which perhaps is due to carelessness in correcting his proofs) it contains probably as much sound learning, shrewd wit, and acute criticism as can be found in any single contribution to the enormous, and too often worthless library of Shakesperian comment.

His miscellaneous writings in verse and prose are too numerous to be considered here in detail. In both kinds there may be thought to be too much of the aforesaid exercises in parody and burlesque criticism. *The Rime of the Ancient Waggonere*, *The Third Part of Christabel*, *Moore-ish Melodies*, and so forth, though all very well in their own way and in small doses, are apt to become a little tiresome when collected in volumes. Nevertheless Maginn did some of his best work in these forms. *The Pewter Quart* is an admirable thing, the most spirited and genuine drinking-song perhaps of this century, if not the most poetical. Nor are the burlesque commentaries on *The Leather Bottell* and *The Black Jack* which follow by any means ungracious fooling, though they may be thought to have been carried on a little too long. There is great merit, both political and sentimental, in the variations which he founded on that most beautiful old song which begins "Let's drink and be merry." Some of his Latin versions in *The Embalmer*

and elsewhere are excellent, and indeed it is difficult to dip anywhere into this class of his writing without finding pasture, though perhaps it is not wise to browse too long at one time thereon, and not all the herbs are suited to all tastes. For instance, I have never been able myself to take much delight in his exercises in jargon and thieves' Latin; but they please others.

A gift which Maginn must have had in extraordinary measure, but which, for some reason or other, he seems to have left for the most part uncultivated, was his talent for prose fiction in little. A long story I do not suppose he could ever have managed, and his longest known to me, *The Last Words of Charles Edwards*, is dreary enough. But the man who wrote three such masterpieces, by no means in the same kind, as *The Man in the Bell*, *Bob Burke's Duel with Ensign Brady*, and, best of all, *A Story without a Tail*, must have had it in him to write a great many more. There are many instances on record of men who have produced only one or two poems of value; very few I think of men who have produced one or two extraordinarily good prose-tales and no more. The sole explanation that occurs to me is that work of actual invention required a certain amount of planning and thinking, which Maginn's incurably reckless and random nature and habits refused to give. If it be so, the loss inflicted in this respect by his foibles is greater than any other.

Indeed in "the chronicle of wasted time" (to play on words in his own manner) there are few more melancholy histories than Maginn's. Many of the greatest wits have had nothing like his learning; and hardly any man of very great learning has had anything like his wit; while it cannot be said that he wanted opportunity. Yet not only did he make a mess of his life but he also, in a way which by no means necessarily follows, made a mess of his genius. It is hardly possible

to open a page of his without finding something that seems like indisputable evidence of that quality ; yet in twenty years of literary production he did no great thing, and not more than one or two small things that are perfect. Neither drink nor debts, neither want of method nor even want of industry, will fully account for this. And perhaps after all the truth is here, as in so many other cases, that Maginn did give the best that was in him to give, that his talents were more showy and versatile than solid, that the appearance in him was greater than the real capacity, and that in furnishing forth the part of a brilliant journalist and improvisatore he after all did his day's work as it was appointed for him.

Whether this theory be a consoling one or not may be doubtful, but it is of wide application and pretty strongly supported. It is not however necessary to argue for or against it in this brief survey of an interesting group of humourists,—of “amusers,” as another language has it. With Hood, who surpassed them all in originality of wit and quality of poetry, and Praed, who in his smaller scale and sphere excelled them all in fineness of touch, they are perhaps the chief of all such as amused the town during the third and fourth decades of this century. Nothing that they did except *The Ingoldsby Legends* can be called individually important, and nothing with that exception is destined, I should suppose, to a long lease of life or a probable hope of resurrection. It is difficult to believe that Hook, at any rate in the bulk of his novels, can ever find many readers again, and the strongest of Maginn's claims, (the delusive and elusive air of genius frustrated which somehow clings to his work) is to be found in his mixture of classical learning and farcical humour,

a mixture which I fear is less and less likely to be appreciated until the slow wheel of time has made a pretty long revolution. According to not the wisest part of old-fashioned wisdom we ought perhaps to lament that they did not employ their wits on something more permanent, devote their energies to worthier occupations, and so forth. *Dignissimus* if not *gratissimus error* ! With the rarest exceptions the plays and the poems, the sermons and the histories, which are not absolutely of the first class, die almost as fast as the novels and the essays, the jokes and the journalism that deserve the same classification. They preserve indeed a specious kind of apparent vitality in some respects, but it is little greater in the way of being actually read, while to the deliberate inquirer the sermon is sometimes even duller than the skit, the peroration less exciting than the parody.

Yet the division of letters to which these men belong can never be indifferent to the lover of literature both in itself and in its connection with humanity. Most of the work we have been surveying has

Sunk into the stream
That whelms alike sage, saint, and
martyr,
And soldier's sword and minstrel's theme,
And Canning's wit and Gattton's charter.

More perhaps will undergo the same immersion, till nothing but Ingoldsby remains above water, and even his head is vexed by the foam of the tides. But they were all very much alive once, which is more than can always be said of the sermons and the histories ; and where there has been life there must always be, in degrees varying from the infinite to the infinitesimal, interest for those who live.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE NEW ATHENS.

Another Athens shall arise,
 And to remoter time
 Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
 The splendour of its prime.

It would be easy to contrast the poetic vision of Shelley's prophecy with its prosaic realisation in the Athens of to-day. But in spite of its broad and regular streets, its sumptuous German-looking houses, its barrack of a palace, and its general air of the prosperous capital of a petty modern state, Athens, like Rome, must always be a peculiar city. Standing on the Acropolis at Athens, even more than in the Roman Forum, or among the palaces of the Cæsars one feels that all one's surroundings belong to another age. The ruined temples, the mountains, and the sea seem the only realities, and the distant hum of the unseen modern town seems only to enhance the isolation of Athena's chosen shrine. Yet this impression, certainly the first and probably the most lasting, is not altogether a just one. The very quiet and isolation which we now enjoy are to a great extent an artificial restoration. The solitude which had to be made before such peace could return, would have been impossible without the revolution to which the modern city owes its populous prosperity; and the very hands which have swept away so much disfigurement and squalor, have also ruthlessly destroyed more than one monument of real historical value.

The vicissitudes of Rome have long been among the commonplaces of history and of literature; but her rival Athens has a record no less varied, and no less fertile in influence upon the civilisation and art of Europe. During the brief period of her political empire, Athens was also

supreme in literature and in art; and this supremacy never passed from her with her political fall; nay, it survived even the extinction of Greek independence; the intellectual centre of the world was acknowledged to be Athens, just as Rome was the political centre; and all youths who aspired to a superior education flocked to the university of Athens, and sat at the feet of her professors. Her schools, recognised and endowed by various emperors, continued to hand on the light of philosophy and culture until they were closed, as the temples of the gods were also closed, at the final triumph of Christianity.

When at last the reaction began, and Hellenism was once more triumphant in the Renaissance, Athens had not at first her due share in the enthusiasm excited by the literature and the art to which she had given birth. She was no longer a metropolis, much less a cosmopolis; and whether her ruler were Byzantine or Frank, Venetian or Turk, she was but an insignificant provincial capital. The various visitors from the West who were attracted by the associations of her history or by the ruins of her former pride, found in the squalid modern town little to aid their studies or to help their illusions. While all Europe was thrilling with new life inspired by the spirit of Greece, Athens, almost alone among cities, felt no change from the revival of all that had once been her peculiar glory.

But her turn was to come. In the second Renaissance, if we may be allowed the expression, she has had a full though tardy share. The first great revelation of Greek literature and art, and the consequent revival of Greek influence throughout the

civilised world, were followed by a second period of "dark ages" in the classical stagnation of the eighteenth century. The contrast of the romantic and the classical is a literary commonplace; but few perhaps realise that what, in this connection, we call classical, is but very remotely connected with the influence of Greece. In the revolt against the pedantic convention that called itself classical, the second and more genuine revival of Greek influence went hand in hand with the romantic tendency.

It is not our intention here to sketch the history of this second Renaissance, from Winckelmann and Lessing down to our own day. All that is necessary at present is for us to realise the nature of some of its more essential characteristics, and, in particular, to note how it differed from the classical studies of the preceding period. To this earlier scholarship we owe an incalculable debt of gratitude; without it we could not have understood or appreciated the literature from which our knowledge of Greece must chiefly be derived; and its greatest masters had an encyclopædic knowledge of classical literature and antiquities such as few, if any, of their successors can even aspire to. Yet we may perhaps say without injustice that its general tendency has been rather to analyse and classify than to apply historical and appreciative criticism. We may compare its methods with those of a geologist who should study and classify strata and fossils, yet never realise in his imagination that earlier world when all with which he is familiar in its fixed and lifeless forms was filled with a life and vigour even more exuberant than any that he sees around him. The analogy is no merely accidental one; the change in the methods of Greek studies is but one instance of the growth of the constructive scientific spirit that marks the present century. And the form which the change has taken in this particular case is the desire to realise more fully the spirit

of Greek life, of which we have, so to speak, the fossilised remains in art and literature; to live once more in imagination among those who may be our friends, not merely names; to see in our mind's eye all that magnificent series of statues and paintings and public buildings of which but a few scanty remains have come down to our time; in short, to reconstruct, by an enthusiastic but scientifically directed effort of the historical imagination, living Greece once more, and to let all its noblest influences have full play again in our life of to-day.

While such tendencies were in the air, it was natural for men's thoughts to turn to the country where the Greeks had lived; here, at least, were the physical influences that had surrounded their culture and civilisation, and the remains of much, nobody knew exactly how much, of their art and monuments. And an event which might, on a superficial view, appear detrimental to the part of Athens in the revival of Greek influence, really acted very strongly in her favour. This was the permission obtained by Lord Elgin to make casts of all the sculptures of the Parthenon, and to carry a great part of them, mostly lying about uncared-for on the Acropolis, to England. Before this, the sculptures which, as the Elgin marbles, have become universally known, were accessible only to a very few adventurous travellers, and to a limited public through their drawings and descriptions. It is no exaggeration to say that the sculptures of the Parthenon, when they became known to artists and to students, entirely revolutionised our knowledge and appreciation of Greek art. Even to Winckelmann the sculpture of Phidias and Praxiteles was only known indirectly, through copies or imitations, most of them so patched up and worked over that even the Roman copyist's hand was barely discernible through the transformation wrought by the Italian restorer. To a generation which regarded the Apollo Belvedere and the

Venus de' Medici as the typical examples of Greek sculpture, the Elgin marbles must indeed have been a revelation; and they were so accepted at once by many, with a wonder that found poetical expression in Keats's sonnet; while Canova, by declaring that it would be a desecration to touch such sculptures with a restorer's chisel, has won for himself a place in the history of art far above that which many would be disposed to assign to his statuary. The transportation of the Phigaleian frieze to the British Museum, and of the Æginetan sculptures to Munich, served to enforce the lesson taught by the Elgin marbles. It was impossible to rest satisfied any longer with knowledge of Greece and Greek masterpieces at second-hand; and thus the eyes of all to whom the influence of Greece is a reality, have been turned once more to the country of its origin, and, above all, to the city that was the eye of Greece, as Greece was of the world.

But it is, above all, the political resurrection of Greece that has enabled Athens to resume her due position; though it must be remembered that the revival throughout Europe of a new interest in Greece, was the cause of no small help and encouragement to the Greeks themselves in their heroic struggle for independence, and contributed to its ultimate success. It was with a true instinct or foresight that Athens was chosen to be the capital of the new kingdom. Other towns might well, at the time, have seemed to have a claim as good, if not better, from their share in the revolution, their commercial prosperity, or their geographical position. But the choice of Athens showed the policy which was to be adopted by the newly-constituted Greek nation. By her own unaided efforts the Greece of to-day could never have acquired the position now generally accorded her in European politics. It is as the successors of those who fought at Marathon and Salamis, who gave us an art and a literature beyond all others in

perfection and in influence, that the modern Greeks have an acknowledged claim to the gratitude and the consideration of the civilised world. The mere name of Athens seems to enforce this claim, and to call up all the associations on which it is based. And although the modern town did not, for some time, acquire a prosperity and an appearance consistent with its lofty pretensions, its advance in this direction has, in recent years, been wonderfully rapid, and Athens has become once more an international centre for the appreciation of Greek influence, and its diffusion throughout the world.

This result is in great part due to the enlightened and far-sighted liberality with which the Greeks have themselves expended large sums to make Athens the chief centre of the study of Greek antiquities, and have also encouraged all foreign efforts in the same direction. Considering the state of Greek finances, and the limited resources of the country, the amount spent on the department of antiquities is very considerable; and it has been largely supplemented by equally liberal private expenditure on the part of the richer Greeks, whether separately or through the Archaeological Society in Athens. Excavations, preservation of monuments, building and arranging of museums, have been carried out on a scale worthy of the opportunities that were offered. There is no doubt that many of the Greeks regard this expenditure as a profitable investment,—and very wisely. Though no charge whatever is made for entrance to museums or visiting inclosed and protected sites, the steadily increasing attraction of residents and visitors to Athens is sure to requite in time so prudent a policy. And indirectly the gain is still greater; it is no exaggeration to say that the social and political importance of Greece is increased by every first-rate discovery, by every improvement to the preservation of the monuments of ancient Greece and of the museums in which her treasures

are exhibited. At the same time it would be unjust not to acknowledge that some of the Greeks take a higher view of their responsibilities in this matter, and regard themselves as trustees for the care and preservation of the monuments in which their soil is so rich. In any case, such responsibility certainly carries with it a right to protection and consideration which is universally regarded as due to Greece more than to any other power of the same size and population.

While Greece is now fully conscious of her unique position, and is therefore daily rendering the modern city of Athens better qualified to sustain it, the same claims have already been recognised by Western powers so far as to become a factor in state policy, and to be recognised in national organisation and expenditure. The French School at Athens was founded as early as 1846, with a subsidy from the French government; and, although it has since been reorganised and extended in scope, its purpose was essentially the same as that which it now fulfils. It was founded as a branch of the Académie des Inscriptions; and its purpose, as expressly declared at its foundation, was to give an opportunity to younger scholars, who were qualifying for professorships in Paris or the various local colleges or academies of France, for becoming acquainted at first-hand with Greek antiquities, and for familiarising themselves upon the spot with all which they would later be called upon to teach. But during their studies in Athens many members of the French School have contributed most valuable results in exploration and excavation; many, indeed, would regard this as the most important function of the school; especially as since its reorganisation in 1875, its regular publications have formed a most prominent feature in its work.

The history of what is now the Imperial German Archæological Institute, but which was started at Rome in 1829 as an international institution,

only concerns us here so far as it affects Athens. It was officially recognised by the German government in 1874, and in the same year a branch of it was founded in Athens. Before this Germany had not been behindhand in sending archæological missions, one of which, in 1862, laid bare the great theatre of Dionysus; but the foundation of the German School was closely associated with a great project for the excavation of Olympia, on which no less than £40,000 was spent by the German government, though nothing could be taken away from Greece but some comparatively worthless duplicates and casts or other copies of all discoveries. In a praiseworthy emulation the French Chamber in 1890 voted a sum of £20,000 for a similar excavation of Delphi, and this grant will doubtless be greatly increased before the work is finished. So remarkable a liberality on the part of the French and German governments, in what at first sight appears unproductive expenditure, may be a surprise to many. For it is to be noted that, whether in the case of these extraordinary grants, or of the regular subsidy paid to maintain the French and German Schools, practically nothing of the material results can be exported from Greece. All of these remain to enrich the collections preserved in the Greek museums in Athens or elsewhere. What is gained by the foreign schools, in return for so great a sacrifice, is merely the right of publication of what is found, and, above all, the first-hand knowledge and the enthusiasm for their subject on the part of the students who direct the work. Nothing is so sure as a pursuit of original discovery and exploration to impart to a scholar that interest and familiarity which give breath to the dry bones of classical study; and it is indeed noteworthy to find this fact so distinctly recognised by two great powers such as France and Germany, that they think it worth while for their governments to support their schools at

Athens, and so to secure for their respective countries a staff of younger professors who are fresh from the field of original discovery, and can impart the influence of Greece untainted from its source.

England at present lags behind, whether it be because our government takes a narrower view of education, or for mere lack of appreciation of the advantages which are offered by such institutions. It can hardly be because English people are less interested than their foreign neighbours in ancient Greece. All traditions are against such a possibility. England has always been in the front rank among the explorers and students of Greece, and can show a list of illustrious names such as no other nation could surpass. But perhaps among us there has been a tendency to regard the study of archæology as an amusement for the dilettante rather than a study which admits of systematic and scientific pursuit and organisation. It has been too much dissociated from the study of classical language and literature, and both have suffered from the severance. Although classical archæology has received in some measure official recognition in the curriculum of both our great universities, its position is hardly yet generally understood throughout the country. Here we have yet another point in which our educational institutions compare unfavourably with those of France and Germany, where every local university or college possesses, as a matter of course, its archæological chair. The endowment of a school at Athens is a necessary corollary of the recognition of the study at home. Yet even America is beyond us in this respect, since all its principal universities and colleges have combined to found and subsidise the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, which has, since its foundation in 1882, done excellent work in Greece, and fully repaid the universities that founded it by its influence upon their teaching-staff.

The British School at Athens, which was founded in 1886, has had to make its way from the beginning without any subsidy or official recognition from our government; but for a grant from Oxford University, and another from the Hellenic Society, itself a private body, it has been entirely dependent upon private subscriptions, and those from supporters who, however friendly and generous, are all too few for its prosperity. Nevertheless, its annual reports show that it has been able to hold its own since its foundation, even in emulation with richly endowed government institutions such as the French and German schools. But such a record, with a limited and precarious income, cannot be expected to last, though favourable circumstances may make it possible for a time; and so promising a beginning only makes the prospect of an ultimate collapse more disastrous and disappointing. Hitherto the school has amply justified its existence by proving the demand there is for it to meet; graduates from our universities who have just gone through the prescribed course of classics and archæology, many of them with high distinction, architectural students from the Royal Academy, and others, have come to Athens in numbers varying from six to twelve a year, several for more than one season. It is perhaps not too much to hope that our government, like that of Germany, may see its way to subsidising an institution which has already shown what it can do under less advantageous conditions; or if not, then at least that a more liberal support from other quarters may place our English students on a level with those from other nations, which we have not in former days been accustomed to regard with resignation as superior to ourselves in enlightenment and liberality.

Some of those who recognise the value of an archæological school, founded on classic soil, ask why Athens should be chosen, where the

field is already occupied, and unpublished antiquities of first-rate importance are hard to find. Smyrna, they say, or some other town nearer to unexplored fields, would offer more scope for British enterprise. If the position of Athens, as we have tried to realise it, be properly understood, such a suggestion falls to the ground at once. However valuable may be the results acquired by excavation and exploration, what we want, above all, to gain for our students is the training and the freshness and directness of knowledge which such work alone can give them. And although an archaeological school which neglected this practical side of its functions would inevitably stagnate and lose its educational value, we must never forget that its first duty is to stimulate the interests, and to freshen the knowledge, of the students whom it trains to spread the same influences at home. Athens, while within easy reach of many unexplored fields, has interesting excavations constantly going on even in the town or its immediate neighbourhood; as an international centre of new archaeological discovery she has no possible rival, except perhaps Rome. At Athens our students can not only join in the work of their own school, but they are always welcome at the meetings, and even at the excavations of other foreign schools, and of the Greeks themselves. There is probably no other place in existence where all those employed or interested in the advance of one study, whatever their nationality, meet together so freely to talk over the newest discoveries, and to discuss their various theories. No more stimulating atmosphere for the young scholar can be imagined; and when, in addition to this, we remember the unrivalled monuments of Athens and her neighbourhood, and the unique richness of her museums, we need have no hesitation in recognising that no other place could have been chosen for the British school without sacri-

ficing advantages elsewhere unattainable.

At the present time, the visitor or the student who comes to Athens (and the journey is now a very easy one) finds, whatever his nationality, an archaeological school ready to welcome him to the use of its library, and to assist him in every possible way in his attempt to spend his time in Greece most profitably. All those to whom the influence of Greek thought and life and literature and art is a reality, still more those who are occupied directly or indirectly in spreading that influence, would gain incalculably by a visit to the home of its origin. No one who has never stood upon the Acropolis at Athens can realise the true surroundings that gave their tone to Greek religion. No one who has not seen the wonderful discoveries presented by Dr. Schliemann to the Greek nation can appreciate the marvellous wealth and the advance in art and civilisation of the lords of Mycenæ rich in gold. No one who has not seen the series of statues preserved in the museums of Athens can rightly appreciate the gradual stages by which Greek sculpture evolved from a few conventional types the most perfect ideals of manhood and godhead. No one who has not seen the tomb-reliefs in the Ceramicus and in the National Museum can have any notion of the chastened pathos and the pensive record of the beauty of life whereby the Greek sculptor seems to rob death of its sting. No one, finally, who has gazed his fill upon the mountains and the sea of Greece, with their clear-cut outlines and luminous atmosphere, can help feeling the influence of the surroundings amidst which the Greeks of old produced the literature and the art to which we owe so much of what is best in our life. All this Athens has to offer, and she offers it freely to all nations; it is for us not to reject our part in the gift that others are so eagerly enjoying.

DESCRIPTIVE MUSIC.¹

II.

SOME years ago I went to Westminster Abbey on a dark foggy Christmas afternoon. When I arrived, the seats available in the choir were nearly all occupied, and I found one on the steps of the chancel. The choir and transepts only were lighted, just sufficiently for the purposes of the service. Sitting there near the eastern end of the building and looking westward, one saw the congregation, the carved oak stalls, the choir-screen with the organ; and beyond, through the misty air (which was faintly illumined with a ruddy glow from the burning lights), along the central nave and the aisles, appeared the dusky old stone pillars with their soaring arches, dimly outlined in the darkening twilight. Above the arcade of the nave the arches of the triforium are just discernible; while over this again "a little glimmering light much like a shade" shines through the windows of the clerestory and serves to vaguely indicate the vaulted roof. To right and left of the choir faint prismatic rays from the great windows of the transepts gleam through the foggy air. A sense of the grandeur and majesty of the building pervades the solemn stillness, which is presently broken by soft sounds from the organ as the subdued notes of the Pastoral Symphony from the *Messiah* steal among the faintly-echoing columns and arches. The dim, mysterious suggestions of lovely forms almost totally concealed, where column after column, arch beyond arch, fade away in deeper darkness, aid the imagination; and one seems to see the "shepherds abiding in the fields" on the far-off Eastern hills under the

starry midnight sky, as note softly follows note from the mellow pipes of the organ.

This, I take it, is the kind of effect that composers wish to produce when they write descriptive music. But in this case how much of the effect was due to the surroundings, how much to the fact that year after year the same music had been associated with similar thoughts? If, instead of being heard in the grand old abbey on a dark wintry afternoon, this same music had been heard for the first time in a well-lit concert-room among a fashionably dressed audience, would it have had the power to call up in the same way the vision of the Eastern hills with the shepherds tending their flocks? To some extent the effect might have been produced even in such circumstances, because the music is of the kind with which the word pastoral is associated, and therefore the idea of the piping of shepherds would be suggested by it. In regard to the effects of association I shall have something to say presently.

In my former paper, in order to give a general idea of the subject and of the attempts made by composers to represent scenes and actions by musical sounds, I examined the principal parts of Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, drew attention to the various ideas that the composer had endeavoured to represent by his music, and showed that, not only had he failed to convey any intelligible meaning by his various devices, but that he had sacrificed musical beauty in the unsuccessful attempt to carry out his descriptive ideas; and I pointed out that the finest and most beautiful parts of the composition were to be found, not where the music was intended to represent the scenery and

¹ See an article on the same subject in *Macmillan's Magazine* for last June.

action of the piece, but where, discarding such ideas, the composer had aimed only at the intrinsic beauty of orchestral and vocal sounds. Having thus illustrated by means of a concrete example the aims and methods of modern musicians, I now propose to deal with the question in a more general way, to examine how far music is capable of suggesting scenes which the composer may wish to represent, or of assisting the imagination to realise scenes which may be described by words.

It may be well first to briefly consider how composers have been led to form their ideas of descriptive music. So far as regards vocal music it has long been their practice to endeavour to write in a style which shall be appropriate to the words, and shall emphasise their meaning; that is to say, in setting words of a happy and joyful character they have written bright and cheerful music, while sad and sorrowful subjects have been set to compositions of a corresponding character. Instances of appropriateness, in which the music enforces the meaning of the words and the words that of the music, are to be found in countless numbers. I will only refer to one as showing to what an extent this may be carried by very simple means. In Schubert's remarkable song *The Erl King* we have a single voice and a single instrument accompanying it. But how wonderful is the effect produced! The musician does not attempt to describe the Erl King and the father clasping his child in his arms; but he does most vividly express the hurry of the ride, the fright, merging into absolute horror, of the child, the agitation of the father in his vain effort to soothe the boy's terror, the seductive song of the phantom Erl as he tries to entice the child to come and play with his beautiful daughter among the fields of bright flowers bathed in golden sunlight, the final desperate ride for life, and the few pathetic words telling of the boy's death.

A great deal of instrumental music

has also been written with a view to express joy, sorrow, love, hatred, revenge, and so on, and would frequently be recognised as appropriate, when the hearers had been informed what particular emotion was intended to be expressed. It would however often, if not indeed generally, be impossible to recognise, without such information, which of the emotions the composer wished to represent. I do not mean to say that a passage intended to be expressive of love would be understood as representing hate, or that joy would be mistaken for sorrow; between such widely-opposed emotions there would not be confusion; but there would be difficulty in distinguishing love from sorrow, pleasure from hope, grief from despair. The reason of this ambiguity may possibly be that so much music has been written with a view to musical expression only, quite apart from any definite emotional idea, that the styles which certain writers would adopt for the expression of love or grief, for instance, have been so frequently employed by others in what I may perhaps be allowed to call musical (as distinguished from appropriate, emotional, or descriptive) music, that it would be difficult to recognise without explanation which of the emotions is intended to be expressed. Even in the case of *The Erl King*, any one hearing the words of the song would recognise the admirable appropriateness of the music; but if the words were sung in a foreign language (that is to say in a language which the hearer did not understand), I doubt very much whether the music would be interpreted aright even by skilled musicians. Attempts have also been made with more or less success to imitate natural sounds, such as the songs of birds, the buzzing of insects, the roaring of the sea, the hum of the spinning-wheel, and so on.

I have said that in vocal music appropriateness of style has been generally attempted by musicians. This however is not always the case. The Italian school of opera writers showed

great indifference to the idea, their aim being generally to write pretty and even beautiful airs, duets and choruses, rather than to enforce the meaning of the words by the musical effects they introduced. This indifference is carried to an extreme in Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, it being hardly possible to conceive music less appropriate to the words than is to be found in some parts of that work, notably in the *Cujus Animam* and the *Quis est homo*. It was partly a re-action probably and a protest against this Italian style, partly the idea of progressing from appropriateness beyond imitativeness, that led some composers to attempt to write music which should be not only suitable to, but even descriptive of the scenes and actions described by the words, and also instrumental music which should tell its own story independent of words. The extent to which it has been adopted shows that the idea exercises a fascination over composers, and probably also over listeners; and certainly, if it could be realised, and musicians could really bring before our imaginations beautiful landscapes and noble buildings, there would be a charm added to music which, whether or not it enhanced the beauty of the music itself, would greatly delight many of the hearers.

But can such effects be produced? Can composers conjure up for us lovely scenes, or even help us to imagine them? In order to find answers to these questions let us consider what is the effect produced by the sight of a beautiful landscape. It would appear that there is first of all the impression upon the eye by which the view is simply seen; and apparently in many cases the effect ends there, for there are people who seem quite incapable of understanding or deriving any delight or satisfaction from the beauties of nature; and in the case of those who under favourable conditions do fully appreciate them, it may happen that, if the mind is preoccupied with other thoughts, they too may simply see a beautiful sight without realising its

beauty or being moved by it as they would be at other times. When, however, the mind is free from distracting thoughts, there follows from the sense of sight an impression upon the mind, giving the idea of beauty, taking in the various features of the scene, and comparing them with other views. Then there seems to be a third effect, an inner sense of pleasure and satisfaction derived from both these impressions, yet distinct from both. It would appear that the first of these is an effect upon the body, the second upon the mind, and the third upon the spirit, and we may speak of them as the bodily effect, the mental effect, and the spiritual effect.

This threefold effect may be further illustrated. That objects may be seen by the eyes only is, I think, shown by one's progress through the crowded streets of a city. The buildings, the shops, the vehicles, the passengers, are all seen sufficiently clearly to enable the walker to steer clear of obstacles, but all the time his mind may be entirely taken up with thoughts about his business, his pleasure, or any other subject. Again, in reading the advertisements, and indeed many other parts of the newspaper, the words are seen by the eyes and the meaning is comprehended by the mind, but no effect is produced on the emotions. But in reading good poetry there is added to the effects upon the body and the mind, an impression upon the spirit by which the beauty of the ideas and of the language in which they are described is appreciated.

That sights of great beauty may be seen with the eyes without producing any effect upon the emotions is shown by Coleridge in his *Ode to Dejection*. He has been watching the beauty of an autumn evening:

And those thin clouds above in flakes and
bars
That give away their motion to the stars:
Those stars that glide behind them, or
between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always
seen:

Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue ;
I see them all, so excellently fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are.

A threefold effect, similar in character to that experienced in the case of sight, is produced by music. There is first the impression upon the ear, and it is well-known that with a great many people the effect ends there. Sounds which to the musician are of exquisite beauty are to them only so much noise ; their ears are conscious of certain sounds, but they cannot distinguish one tune from another ; the sounds afford them no pleasure or satisfaction, are sometimes even a source of annoyance. But to those who have the power of appreciation there is, besides the effect upon the ear, a further effect upon the mind by which they distinguish one piece from another ; they follow the various melodies and harmonies, and admire the skill of the composer. Then again there is the effect upon the emotions which is produced by the combinations of beautiful sounds. The degree in which the mental and emotional effects are produced varies greatly with different persons. The former is largely dependent upon musical education and training ; and it is the mental following of the construction and analysis of the piece which is the source of the greatest amount of pleasure to some musicians. On the other hand many people who are almost and even quite ignorant of musical construction and science derive extreme emotional delight from the sounds they hear.

It appears therefore that there is a similarity between the effects of sight and of sound, but it would seem probable that, as the bodily organs of the two senses are distinct, so there are corresponding mental and spiritual faculties appropriated to each which cannot be affected by the other. This, I say, seems probable, but I am not prepared to say definitely that it is so. It is at any rate certain that sounds cannot produce the bodily effects of sight. They cannot actually bring a

scene before the eyes. In considering whether they can bring it before the mind it will be well to take some particular scene as an illustration of the subject. A scene remarkable rather for a few striking features than for elaborate detail will best suit our purpose ; and as it will not be possible to find one with which all readers will be familiar (as would be desirable), I have chosen one which will be known to many,—the celebrated view from the Hoheweg at Interlaken. I will try to describe it sufficiently to enable those who have seen it to recall it to mind, and to give a general idea of its main features to those who have not.

Before us, rising from the further side of a narrow plain to a height of several thousand feet, stands the huge mountain wall of the Oberland, its rough and rugged front deeply scarred by gorges and ravines, of which the principal is the Lauterbrunnen valley exactly facing our position, and which we can trace cutting into the very heart of the mountains, till it meets with the impenetrable barrier formed by the gigantic Jungfrau. That mighty mass stands right across the valley, completely blocking it, and towering up far above the adjacent heights, a dazzling, pyramid of purest snow, in striking contrast to the sombre colouring of the forests and dark precipitous rocks which rise in grand slopes and terraces to form the sides of the valley, and to the clear blue sky against which the sloping sides of the pyramid stand out in clear relief.

Now in regard to the threefold effect of the scene, I take it that the eyes observe its various features in such a way as to enable us to perceive and state them accurately. It is the province of the mind to understand and appreciate up to a certain point the beauty of the view ; to compare it with other views that may have been previously seen ; to form an idea as to the relative heights of the mountains ; to note the relations and contrasts of

light, shade, and colour; and when the eyes and the mind have done their parts, the spiritual part of our nature comes into play, and we feel in our inmost souls the perfect loveliness of the picture, and are satisfied and refreshed with its beauty.

My description certainly does not bring the scene before our bodily eyes, but if carefully considered it does give a mental impression of it, and, I think, even a vague and feeble spiritual effect. The question then naturally arises, if language is capable of conveying these ideas of beauty and grandeur to the mind and spirit, may not similar ideas be produced by musical sounds? Might not such a scene be presented to us by what in the musical jargon of the day is called a "tone-picture"? Here a preliminary question presents itself for consideration, namely whether the effects, if produced at all by musical sounds, would have to pass through the medium of language; that is to say, whether the music must first suggest a mental description in words, or whether it could produce the effects directly without this intermediate process. This latter I conceive to be the way in which actual sight conveys the impressions of form, colour, and beauty. In looking at such a scene as I have described, I take it that we do not say to ourselves "that is a mountain," "that is a valley," "that is a forest," and so on; but we grasp almost instantaneously the entire scene, without the ideas passing through the medium of a verbal description. Doubtless the longer we look the more we find to admire, and a certain length of time is required in order to fully realise its beauty; but a general idea may be obtained almost in a moment, while a considerable time would be required to at all adequately describe it in language.

As pointed out in my former paper there seems no reason to doubt that a conventional language could be invented, or might grow up by degrees,

by means of which a great variety of ideas might be described by music. But the question is whether the desired effects could be produced by musical sounds in the present state of the art; that is to say whether composers can now produce them or have succeeded in doing so; whether there is any such natural relation between sight and sound that the latter may suggest the former otherwise than by a pre-arranged system; whether, in fact, descriptive music is a real and genuine development of the art, and does convey to us, without the aid of interpretation, the scenic effects intended by composers.

In the case of verbal descriptions, the reason why language conveys ideas to the mind is that certain words are associated in the mind with certain objects. I am speaking of language as it exists and is employed in the present day, and am not for this purpose alluding to any theory as to its origin. The words mountain, valley, rock, and so on, being associated in the mind with the natural objects to which they refer, bring these objects before the mind; and further, the adjectives which are used to qualify the nouns being also associated in the mind with certain qualities, such as height, breadth, and the rest, the combination of words produces the desired impressions always by means of association. If a musical language were to come into existence, this would in the same way depend upon the association of certain sounds or classes of sounds with particular objects or ideas.

Association, as is well known, exercises a remarkable influence upon the imagination in other ways apart from language. A simple air, if once associated with certain circumstances, may have the power to recall all those circumstances whenever it is subsequently heard. For instance, if, when first looking at the scene above described, one had heard a song or other piece of music, then, especially if the

piece were heard for the first time, if it were afterwards heard again in any other place however remote, and in any other circumstances however different, the music might recall to the mind the same glorious beauty, the grand mountain masses of the Oberland, the Lauterbrunnen valley winding in and out among the forest-clad slopes and towering rocks, and the majestic form of the mighty Jungfrau in her robe of shining snow. In order that this effect might be produced it would not be at all necessary that there should be any natural connection between the music and the scene; the former need not (if that were possible) be in any degree appropriate to the latter; the effect is due entirely to the fact that the sight and the sound have been associated in the mind, and it matters not whether the music be a simple air, a song indifferently sung, or an elaborate orchestral piece. Association of ideas, not similarity or appropriateness, is the cause which produces the result. In this case I conceive that the vision called up by the sounds is quite independent of language; the mind realises the idea of the scene without any conscious reference to verbal description.

It would appear therefore that sights can be suggested to the mind independently of language, and not to the mind only, but also to the spirit; for in such a case as I have supposed, not only the mental but also the spiritual effect of the original scene may be to some extent reproduced. Now if this be so, it would appear that what the musician has to aim at in his description is to produce the feelings of pleasure and satisfaction which would result from the picture in his mind, and so convey the idea of its beauty and of the scene itself. That he would be successful in the attempt I do not anticipate, as will be gathered from what I have said. Unless he could in some way connect his music and the scene by association he would not be able to differentiate one scene

from another; he could not distinguish for instance between a mountain and a lake, even if he did produce mental and spiritual effects analogous to those produced by beautiful scenes. If, in pursuing these attempts, he at the same time gave us the best music of which he was capable (which is very doubtful), he would after all give us only the effects of beautiful sounds.

And are not these enough? In listening to a symphony of Beethoven's are not mind and spirit entirely satisfied? Do we want anything more to increase our enjoyment? Are not our faculties fully employed in following the grand and lovely successions of beautiful tones? Do we want at the same time to be thinking of beautiful sights? Would not such thoughts divert the attention from the music and hinder, rather than enhance, the enjoyment of it? For my own part I do not think that the mind is capable of enjoying to the full simultaneously the beauties of sight and those of sound; and, while I am of opinion that it would be desirable that our concert-rooms should be, in architecture and decoration, pleasant to the eye, so that the attention may not be attracted to anything uncouth or ugly, they should not be of such beauty that the attention would be diverted from listening to the music to dwell upon the surroundings. In contemplating such a scene as that of the Jungfrau the entire attention is absorbed, and one could not while fully taking in its loveliness, at the same time fully appreciate the finest music; and in the same way, when listening to perfect music, one's faculties are too much occupied to be capable of at the same time fully appreciating such a scene of beauty.

Let the aim of the musician therefore be to give us the very best music that he can conceive. Consider how grand a field is open to him: the magnificent range of musical sounds; the thrilling tones of the human voice; the splendid harmonies of orchestra and organ; the varieties of tone and

character of the instruments at his command, and the endless resources of combination; the gradations of force and expression, from the lightest touch on piano or violin to the tremendous power of full orchestra and chorus. Consider how it lies in his power to call forth our sympathies with grief and sorrow, to stir us by songs of triumph, to give expression to our deepest emotions of love and faith and hope and joy. Surely the most ambitious musician has scope wide enough to exercise the fullest

powers of his genius and his imagination. Let him be content to leave to the painter and the poet the description of sunny lands and starlit skies, of placid lake and rugged mountain, of peaceful meadow and stormy ocean. The attempt to depict such scenes by musical sounds must fail in the present state of his art, and can only be successful in the future at the cost of genuine musical expression.

W. H. T.

THE INTERMEDIARY.

I.

"AFTER all, I'm not surprised," said the Duchess with an expressive glance at Captain Ives, her companion in the billiard-room at Appleford. "His father,—well, of course I needn't tell you, young men know everything nowadays;—but it is easy to see that poor Noel's weakness is hereditary; and I must say," she added abruptly, restoring the chalk to its receptacle under the table with a little jerk, "his taste is certainly better than his father's. At least this girl is not a creature who dresses in,—who appears in burlesques. But I dare say she will when she gets a chance."

While the Duchess of Cidershire achieved a small break, playing with an absence of judgment which in itself betrayed her state of mind, her cousin (the kinship existed, although he was considerably her junior and the degree remote) permitted himself a little inward laughter at the lady's discreetly indiscreet allusion to her husband's escapades. He had so often wondered how much the Duchess knew of the Duke's youthful vagaries, which even now had hardly ceased to form topics for vagrant discussion in boudoirs and smoking-rooms. If there was anything in heredity certainly Lord Noel Ciderton's infatuation for Sylvia Faunthorpe, the charming *ingénue* of the Imperial Theatre, was quite adequately accounted for; but his friends, and especially his parents, were none the less disposed to view the case with the keenest disapproval. The fact that Miss Faunthorpe (no one ever called her Mrs. Hibbard, even before her divorce) had acquired a certain celebrity (some people might have said notoriety) did not improve

matters; the Duchess, in particular, complained that an *ingénue* had no business to be celebrated; it involved somehow a contradiction in terms. And, as regards the paternal precedent, it was true that the Duke had shown himself on more than one occasion a remarkably easy victim, but his liberality had never extended so far as a serious offer of marriage to an actress. He would cheerfully have shared his fortune with any ornament of the stage who had won his admiration, but he was more scrupulous when it came to choosing a partner in the bearing of his title. It was hard on Lord Noel, Captain Ives reflected, that his more honourable intentions should aggravate the enormity of his aberration; but after all one could sympathise with his family, especially if (and this was the Captain's enviable position) one was engaged to marry Lady Hilda, Lord Noel's twin sister, a girl with a long neck and a fine air, who could talk for hours about politics, and phagocytes, and knew thirteen variations of the barn-dance.

The Duke had called his son a fool,—a peculiarly qualified fool, expressing himself with more ardour than elegance; and Lord Noel, after receiving from his mother, in somewhat politer language, an assurance that her estimate of his conduct was practically identical with that of his other parent, had packed his portmanteau, turned his back on the pheasants which were waiting in the coverts to be shot, and retreated to town. The position was therefore desperate, and Captain Ives, deftly accomplishing a difficult cannon, could not wonder that his opponent's nerve was shaken. In spite of her curious passion for the pastime (she had taken it up originally because the

billiard-room was the nicest room in the house, and the game afforded such opportunities for the display of a pretty hand and wrist, which had never deserved the epithet better than now, although she was frankly middle-aged,—in spite of her enthusiasm, and the fact that the red ball lay blushing in a coyly inviting position over the right-hand middle pocket, the Duchess paused abstractedly when it was her turn to play.

"Then you will make one more effort?" she said half apologetically, glancing across the table at Ives. "You will go up to town to-morrow, and remonstrate with that wretched boy? There is no time to be lost,—he talked of marrying her at once! And,—and don't you think you might see the creature?"

Captain Ives raised his eyebrows. "Of course I will do anything I can. I will see Noel, though I can't say I think it will be of much use. But——"

"But?" echoed the Duchess as he paused. "Are you afraid of the actress?"

Captain Ives laughed uneasily, brushing a chalk mark off the sleeve of his coat. "Well, what on earth could I say to her? You don't want me to ask her to let him off?"

"Oh," said the Duchess hopelessly, "tell her that I'm a perfect fiend,—that I should lead her a life; that Noel hasn't any money,—he hasn't much, you know. Tell her that—that she wouldn't be received."

"Much she would mind that!" commented the Captain candidly. "I don't suppose she expects it. And, you know, she isn't really such a bad sort; she's very pretty, and I've never heard much against her."

"I like your 'much'! Hasn't she been divorced?"

"Yes,—on her own petition."

"Oh, well," cried the Duchess, "I've no doubt she's an angel,—for a mountebank! But as Lady Noel Ciderton, as my daughter-in-law! Ugh! I should like to shake them both."

She made a vicious stroke, driving the red ball against the shoulder of the cushion instead of into the pocket, and left an easy cannon for her opponent, who finished the game with a brilliant break of seventeen. Just then the dressing-gong sounded, but the Duchess did not immediately obey its resonant summons. She watched Captain Ives while he replaced the cues and rests in the rack and lowered the lights; then, under cover, as it seemed to her companion, of the comparative darkness, she returned to the attack.

"Tell me, Philip," she asked softly; "is she really very pretty?"

"Haven't you seen her?" replied the other, with a glance faintly indicative of surprise.

"Oh, I suppose so,—on the stage. But any one can look pretty,—in paint and things, on the stage."

"Well, I haven't met her in private life," said the Captain impartially. "But I'm told that she's uncommonly pretty and extremely amusing. Tells awfully good stories, I believe. In fact, I've heard some of them."

"Yes," said the Duchess drily, "no doubt!" After a pause she continued. "Then you might—perhaps you wouldn't mind——"

"Wouldn't mind?" echoed Ives.

"Well, if she's so pretty, and entertaining, and all that, perhaps you could make love to her without boring yourself very much?"

"My dear Duchess! Forgive me if I don't quite follow you. Do you really mean to suggest——? And what about Hilda?"

The lady gave a little start. "Gracious, I had forgotten Hilda! No, I didn't mean to suggest anything; I was talking nonsense. Bother! Well, anyhow you will talk to Noel? I know he looks up to you, and, as my eldest son is in Canada, who else is there? Young men will generally listen to a friend, even if they won't obey their parents,—especially if the friend has the reputa-

tion of being one of the safest and cleverest men in his regiment."

This compliment was delivered with a smile which illuminated the charming little lady's perplexity like a ripple passing over a woodland pool; and Captain Ives was immediately impelled to promise that he would do his very utmost to reclaim the wanderer.

He was not sorry to effect his escape from Appleford next morning. The atmosphere of the place was somewhat too heavily laden for comfort; and his betrothed, the Lady Hilda, wore an air which rendered her society a little depressing even for a lover who did not make too great demands, whose attitude was one of complacent rather than of rapturous satisfaction. But if he was able to glance back at the stately gates of the ducal deer-park with equanimity, and even with a feeling of relief, Captain Ives was less able to congratulate himself upon the prospect of the business which menaced the other end of his journey. His companion in the smoking-compartment of the express train, observing the young man's puckered brow and neglected cigar, concluded that he had been crossed in love, or had dropped a small fortune over the Cesarewitch—an inference which in the face of the eminently successful issue of the Captain's wooing, and the fact that the seasonable demise of an elderly aunt had recently made him master of an income running well into four figures, presented a striking example of the folly which jumps to conclusions.

At the end of half an hour Captain Ives gave utterance to a sigh, which if it had been more audible might have expressed a mild phase of despair, carefully filled and lighted a pipe, and buried himself in the perusal of his newspaper, his lean, sunburned face resuming meanwhile the good-natured expression which seemed to harmonise so well with his fair moustache and hair, his straight nose, and his kind, shrewd, gray eyes.

When he had conscientiously exhausted the pages of his journal, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, refilled that companion of his solitude, and abandoned himself to dreamy meditation, wondering what the deuce Letty (it pleased his simple mind to refer to the Duchess thus familiarly)—what the deuce she meant by suggesting that he should make love to Miss Faunthorpe.

Entering Lord Noel Ciderton's chambers soon after mid-day, he found that perversely amorous young gentleman (whose smooth, pink cheeks and somewhat ugly boyish features showed no trace of the recent conflict with parental authority) engaged in the leisurely discussion of an apparently early luncheon, which was in fact his breakfast in disguise. "Sit down, old man," said Lord Noel hospitably. "I thought you were at Appleford. Have they chucked you out too? What have *you* done?"

Captain Ives smiled uneasily, murmuring a reply which struck him as diplomatic, that he had been obliged to come up to town on business. "By the way, you're a precious young ass!" he added solemnly when the servant had left the room.

"Oh, shut up, Ivy!" rejoined the other happily. "I've heard all that before. The governor said I was a damned fool. I don't care; I know what I'm doing. Have some caviare?"

Captain Ives shrugged his shoulders, and helped himself to another piece of toast.

"You,—you don't really think I'm an ass, do you?" his host inquired presently in a slightly less rebellious tone. "You've been got at, haven't you, Ivy?"

"I do, straight! I think you're an everlasting young idiot."

"But why?"

"Oh, well, there are heaps of reasons. Er—people don't do these things."

"Oh, people!" put in the other scornfully. "That's all skittles!

People are fools ; I'm not people ; and it isn't even true,—it's done every day ! I tell you what ; you'd do exactly the same thing if you were in my shoes, and you can't deny it."

Captain Ives smiled loftily. "I think not. I can't quite imagine the case. You see, I've never made a fool of myself with an actress."

"Well, I have," admitted Lord Noel frankly. "And I like her all the better for being an actress. Not that I wouldn't marry her, even if she was only an ordinary woman ; I shouldn't care what she was."

"Does she,—er,—like you ?" asked the other abruptly.

Lord Noel glanced at him suspiciously, blushing and frowning a little. "Oh, I think so. She says she does, pretty well ; and anyway, isn't she going to marry me as soon—— ?"

"As soon as what ?"

"As soon as her decree what's-his-name has been made absolute. She certainly isn't marrying me for my money, if that's what you mean. I've told her I'm a blessed pauper. She makes a pot of money at the Imperial, a good bit more than my income. Look here," he added with a burst of magnanimity. "Come round to the club, or somewhere, for an hour or two, and then I'll take you to have tea with her. You will see for yourself how awfully nice she is, and I'll bet you a fiver that in a week's time you'll congratulate me !"

Captain Ives protested feebly, but his loyalty to the Duchess and a sense of his present failure led him to consent. To confess the truth, it was only at the expense of large drafts upon his loyalty that he was able to maintain the contest. Ives was no fool, in spite of the simplicity which somewhat obtrusively coloured his words and deeds ; nor was he a victim to blind prejudices. His heart was not in this crusade ; he already found it a difficult task to fix the allegiance of his sympathies with the lady who had despatched him upon it.

II.

ALIGHTING a few hours later at the door of a retiring brown house which nestled, clad in the ivy of antiquity, among the trees of the older part of suburban Hampstead, Lord Noel and his friend were ushered into an empty drawing-room, from the windows of which, however, they could see Miss Faunthorpe, who, closely wrapped in furs, was pacing rapidly (it struck Ives that there was something of the tiger in her walk) up and down the gravel terrace which lay between the back of the house and a rather desolate expanse of empty autumnal flower-beds and neglected lawn. She started when Lord Noel tapped the window, looking up from her tattered acting-copy, and darting a flashing glance of inquiry in the direction of the intruders, a glance which was quickly merged in a smile as she hastened to join them.

At first Miss Faunthorpe seemed to ignore the presence of Captain Ives, though her eyes wandered to him now and again while she overwhelmed Lord Noel with a rippling stream of words and laughter. She had thrown off her fur cloak on entering the room, and Captain Ives observed that her figure was slight and girlish, that she was as pretty as she had ever looked on the stage, and that her tawny copper-coloured hair, slightly disarranged, was magnificent, particularly in conjunction with her wonderful eyes, which were blue of the colour of lapis lazuli. He found himself wondering a little at her beauty, which was as candid as her manner. He had seldom considered actresses apart from their native boards, and he had always entertained a vague idea of two types ; the buxom, blonde person, with straw-coloured hair and a conspicuous complexion, who played virtuous heroines and flirtatious school-girls ; and the dark-haired, melancholy maiden, with hollow eyes and pale cheeks, who was so intimately associated with black

clinging draperies and injured innocence. He had seen Miss Faunthorpe on the stage more than once ; but yet it was something of a surprise to him to find that she did not come under either of these categories. He began to form an extremely depreciated estimate of the discernment and taste of the divorced husband ; he had to remind himself that even if he envied his cousin, it would never do to tell him so.

Lord Noel took advantage of the first break in the flow of the lady's eloquence to introduce his friend with due ceremony. Miss Faunthorpe bowed very graciously, sinking into a low chair and inviting the gentlemen to seat themselves on either side, near the tea-table. For a while their conversation, to which Miss Faunthorpe was the chief contributor, ran freely enough over rather conventional lines : they discussed the new plays, the new theatres, Ibsen and the Home Rule Bill ; the actress spoke with enthusiasm of the part which she had been studying in the garden when they arrived, even reading them fragments from her dog's-eared type-written copy.

Presently, however, it eked out, from some chance allusion which Lord Noel made, that his cousin had just come up from Appleford ; and this intelligence seemed to impose a certain restraint on Miss Faunthorpe, who became forthwith more sparing of her pleasant laughter, and neglected her little musk-scented cigarette. When her guests rose to take their leave, she hesitated for a moment, while they fumbled with their gloves, glancing askance at Captain Ives, who somewhat prided himself on his detection of her mental attitude. Then she turned to Lord Noel brightly, laying one hand upon his arm. "But you mustn't go without seeing my poor Romeo ! It was understood, when you gave him to me, that you were to be responsible for his health, and he's not at all well. I'm afraid it's nerves,—and you know he is to appear in the new show. Do go and look at the

poor doggie ; he's in the library, in front of the fire."

Lord Noel smiled tolerantly, nodding at his cousin. "I expect Romeo has over-eaten himself ! I shall be back in a minute. Or will you come too ? It's only across the passage."

But Miss Faunthorpe interposed, reminding the younger man of Romeo's aversion to strangers. "He's the sweetest thing !" she continued as the door closed, bestowing one of her brilliant glances upon Captain Ives. "He'll make a great hit, even if I don't."

Ives imagined for an instant that the lady was referring to Lord Noel, and his face (which was less adapted than his language to conceal his thoughts) betrayed his quaint misconception.

"Yes," Miss Faunthorpe added, smiling a little ; "he really is a most angelic poodle !"

Her guest uttered some vague, polite remark, and a brief silence followed. Miss Faunthorpe rose and walked towards the window ; when she reached it she turned almost immediately, and confronted Ives with a kind of challenge in her pose and expression which struck him, in spite of his embarrassment, as something extraordinarily fine. "Well," she said quickly, "and what are you going to tell his people,—the Duchess ?"

Captain Ives gazed at her, at first with surprise and then with a dumb appeal in his candid eyes. She continued, with a flash of scorn, "Ah, you don't deny it ; that is what you came for !"

The man clasped and unclasped his large, neatly gloved hands helplessly, avoiding her eyes. "My dear Miss Faunthorpe ! I came, simply because Lord Noel asked me."

"The Duchess hates the very idea of me ! Will you deny that ? *Eh bien*, since she sent you to report, what shall you say ?"

He glanced at her boldly. "I shall say,—that you are all that is most charming !"

She made him a little mocking

curtsey. "Much good that will do! Hasn't her son told her so? And you will add that I am impossible, that I smoke cigarettes, that I——", she paused, shrugging her pretty shoulders impatiently. "And this is what your great people can do! Pray, what would the Duke and Duchess say if I were to send my sister (I would if I had one) down to Appleford to inspect them? Would they behave any better than I have done? Oh, I dare say you think I'm dreadful!"

Lord Noel entered the room at this point and paused open-eyed at the sound of her voice. "I say, I say!" he exclaimed, gazing at them vacantly.

Miss Faunthorpe broke into a laugh. "I declare, I had forgotten all about you! You have interrupted one of my best scenes."

Captain Ives maintained a discreet silence while she went on to question Lord Noel about the invalid Romeo, admiring immensely the tact with which she had retrieved the situation. As they parted a few minutes later, she gave him an indefinable glance, murmuring, "What a dreadful creature you must think me! But you may tell her what you like. I assure you, I don't care."

"Well," said Lord Noel, when the two friends had regained Piccadilly, after a somewhat silent drive, "how about that fiver?"

Ives followed the course of their departing hansom with absent eyes, smiling gravely. He admitted vaguely that Miss Faunthorpe was all that his amorous cousin had painted her; inwardly, his thoughts were dwelling upon other aspects of the lady than the charm of her radiant beauty. He permitted himself to cast a speculative, retrospective glance at the visitor who had arrived, dismounting from an exceedingly smart phaeton, just when they were taking their leave, a middle-aged man with the stamp of the Stock Exchange upon him, to whom Lord Noel had referred as Mr. Nettleton, who often came on business; also he wondered

whether his cousin, too, had suspected that when Miss Faunthorpe said good-bye to them there were tears in her beautiful blue eyes.

III.

A FORTNIGHT later the Duchess of Cidershire received a brief note from Lord Noel; he was not going to marry Miss Faunthorpe, he wrote, so he supposed he might as well come down for the shooting. It may be imagined that this communication on the part of the errant son restored to the parental breakfast-table a degree of geniality, a sense of ease, which for some days past had been conspicuously wanting. The Duke murmured unemotionally, from behind his *Times*, that Noel was after all not such a fool as he looked; he added presently that he didn't mind going so far as five hundred, but Miss Faunthorpe would have to sue for breach of promise before he would give her a penny more. "That dear Philip!" cried the Duchess rapturously, turning to her daughter Hilda. "How clever he is! How well he must have managed! Noel must positively bring him down with him; I will telegraph at once."

The Duchess felt, in fact, that, in addition to a heavy debt of maternal gratitude, she owed Ives some honourable amends. For several days she had been blaming him for his omission to write more explicitly. Since his departure she had received from him only a line to say that there was no immediate danger; the decree *nisi* couldn't be made absolute for some weeks; and, as the Duchess complained, if the dreaded event was to happen, it might as well happen now as a month later. But she pardoned his silence now, remarking to her daughter that this was always Philip's way,—to do things without making a fuss; she even quoted his reticence as another instance of his phenomenal discretion,—the less one

wrote about one's own, or even other people's, love-affairs, the better.

A disappointment was in store for the ladies, for, notwithstanding the injunction laid upon him by the telegram, Lord Noel arrived at Appleford unaccompanied by Captain Ives; nor was he able to assure his inquiring mother that her successful ambassador would follow by a later train.

"You haven't quarrelled, I hope?" asked the Duchess anxiously.

"Oh, I don't know! No, not exactly. I suppose, after all, it wasn't his fault."

"His fault! My dear boy! You don't mean to imply that you are sorry you have been so nice and sensible; that you regret having given her up?"

"I never said I had given her up," declared the other, blushing. "I didn't; she gave me up."

The Duchess lifted her eyebrows, with a little ripple of laughter. "That clever Philip! Then,—then there won't be a breach of promise case after all! He really is an angel! But do you mean——?"

"This isn't very pleasant for me," put in Lord Noel impatiently. "The long and short of it is, that ever since Miss Faunthorpe saw Ives she has declined to look at me. He's cut me out; and if you are pleased, well, I don't think you ought to be."

"But,—good gracious!" cried the Duchess, growing suddenly grave. "Are you sure? Do you know what you are saying?"

Lord Noel shrugged his shoulders. "I took him to see her,—I suppose that was rather foolish—and next day she declined to receive me when I called; and I got a letter from her to say that she was very sorry, and all that, but she couldn't think of marrying into a family which evidently didn't want her!"

"Dear me," said the Duchess thoughtfully. "That wasn't at all in accordance with one's ideas of an actress. But it proves that the creature didn't love you, Noel; surely you

must feel glad that you got out of it!"

"She never said she did," murmured her son. "I didn't bother myself about that. She said she was so tired of love-making,—on the stage."

"And off!" put in the lady shrewdly. "I dare say she is tired,—of pretending. But the real thing,—the real thing!"

"Ah!" said Lord Noel bitterly. "No doubt that's where Ives comes in."

The Duchess looked out of the window for a few minutes, frowning intently. The vague hint which she had intended to convey to Ives, that he should get up a flirtation with Miss Faunthorpe with a view to showing Lord Noel how trivial a person she was, suddenly flashed across her mind. She felt sure that she had withdrawn the suggestion; indeed she remembered that Ives had spontaneously objected, reminding her of his position as a man under bonds to her daughter. But if Lord Noel's evident suspicion was based on solid ground, her cousin had apparently carried out this plan of campaign after all, doubtless in default of a better. She felt uneasy, in spite of her reliance on Ives. Her son had escaped from the frying-pan; but it was not pleasant to think that it was just possible that Lord Noel's escape had been effected at his sister's expense,—that poor Hilda had fallen into the fire. "Tell me," she said, turning suddenly to her silent son; "you have seen Philip since you received your dismissal?"

He nodded sullenly. "Of course; I told him all about it, as soon as I had made sure that she meant it. He behaved very queerly about it."

"Oh," murmured the Duchess, "and the wretch didn't write to me! What makes you think that he cut you out, as you express it?"

"Everything," answered Lord Noel. "Doesn't he go to see her every day? And after all, it's natural," he added

miserably; "he is much better looking, and cleverer, and all that."

"The wretch!" cried the Duchess breathlessly. "And he's comparatively rich, too! How do you know that he goes to see her? Did he tell you?"

"Not in so many words, but he didn't conceal it. I've simply avoided him since——. Another man told me; a friend of hers, a fellow called Nettleton."

"Miss Faunthorpe appears to be intimate with a good many gentlemen," commented his mother drily. "This is awful, if there's anything in it. But there can't be. And yet, why does he go on seeing her, after——? Oh, Philip, Philip! I must see him at once. And that poor Hilda! Didn't you think of that, Noel? Didn't it occur to you that you ought to interfere?"

Lord Noel shrugged his shoulders again. "I thought there had been quite enough of interference," he said with something of his mother's tone. "What could I do?"

The Duchess was silent for a minute. "I don't believe it!" she said doubtfully. "I can't! I must write to Philip." Then, as she left the room, she turned to add, "Mind, not a word of this to your father, or Hilda. Remember, it's all your fault, anyhow."

"Oh, I leave it to you!" said the other morosely. "I'm sick of the whole business. I shall go to the Rockies or the North Pole. Call it my fault if you like; it's all the same to me."

IV.

THE letter which the Duchess despatched to her cousin was artfully artless, the outcome of much deliberation; and Philip Ives, accustomed as he was to read between the lines of his cousin's epistles, did not dream, as he pushed it into a drawer of his writing-table, that he was an object of suspicion, or that the writer's mind was burdened with anything beyond

her extreme gratitude for his skilful rescue of her son. If she had any notion as to the true position of affairs, he argued, she would hardly have expatiated on so trivial a subject as the merits of the new cue which had just been made for her in London. At the same time he was perturbed; the letter, conveying as it did in urgent terms an entreaty that he would come down to Appleford, demanded an answer. He had already, more than once, reproached himself on the score of his silence as regards his infatuation (it amounted to that) for Miss Faunthorpe, and he felt that to write to the Duchess without alluding to it would be a piece of cowardice, a reticence touched strongly with the taint of duplicity.

The longer he pondered the situation over his solitary breakfast-table the less it pleased him; but he decided at last that he might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb, and that before writing the inevitable reply he would offer himself in due form to Miss Faunthorpe, so that, when he wrote, his cousin might understand that his apostasy was a thing irrevocable and complete. He felt little doubt as to what Miss Faunthorpe's answer would be, though he had seen enough of her to realise dimly that she was not an ordinary woman, that she was capricious, a charming enigma, fantastic, bewildering; he could not accuse himself of presumption in concluding that she had unchangingly encouraged the passion which he had taken no pains to disguise. The signs, he assured himself as his cab drew up at the door of the now familiar ivy-clad house in Hampstead, were almost uncountable, and not one of them adverse.

It was early in the afternoon (he had chosen the hour with intention), but he was not fortunate enough to find Miss Faunthorpe alone. Her other visitor,—Ives recognised him as Mr. Nettleton, the aggressively amiable and opulent nonentity whom

he had encountered there before,—did not hasten his departure, or spare his stock of facetious stories; and it was only when Ives had begun to despair of accomplishing his object that this interloper (so Ives had ended by regarding him) glanced at his corpulent gold watch, and presently took his leave. Ives resumed his chair with a sigh expressive of unqualified relief.

“At last!” he said softly, glancing at Miss Faunthorpe, whose eyes, when he encountered them, seemed troubled, lacking their wonted charm of frankness.

“At last?” she echoed lightly, bending over a vase of flowers. “I’m afraid you don’t appreciate Mr. Nettleton; I’m very sorry, for——”

“I’ve no doubt he’s an excellent man,—in his place.”

“Poor Mr. Nettleton!” exclaimed the other with a curious smile. “Did you regard him as *de trop*?”

“Ah,—precisely! When I have been longing all the time to tell you that you have never looked so charming,—that I adore you!”

She raised her eyebrows, smiling faintly, adjusting a feathery golden-brown chrysanthemum in the bosom of her dress. “Thanks,—but ought you to say it? Aren’t you afraid that the Duchess will hear you?”

“That is my affair,” he said, with the shadow of a frown. “All I care for, what I have been waiting for, is to hear you say that you love me,—that you will marry me!”

He had risen now, and stood facing her, gazing directly into her eyes. She drew back, and he noticed that her face was pale and irresponsive; its expression baffled him; it suggested an embarrassment of which he had imagined her incapable. “Don’t keep me in suspense!” he pleaded gently. “Surely——”

“Wait!” she cried quickly, a sudden flush of colour suffusing her cheeks. “I told you that I was a dreadful creature, and now you will believe me. And yet, goodness knows, I meant to

stop you before! Oh, didn’t you see that I hated you?”

Ives stared at her with a blank face. “You hated me!” he murmured slowly.

“At first, when you came,—from her! I don’t quite hate you now; I wish I did, it would be easier to tell you——”

“But if you don’t hate me! Why,—what have you to tell?”

“That,—that I have treated you shamefully!” she murmured. “And after all, didn’t you deserve it? How have you treated your cousin, his sister?”

“You,—you have been playing with me!” he put in quickly, reading her expression now in a flash of inspiration. “You have been so cruel?”

She bowed her head silently. “It seemed a fair revenge; I never thought you would take it so seriously.” Then she broke into a nervous laugh. “After all, you knew that I was an actress! Can I help my nature? Forgive me; forget our little comedy!”

“Comedy! You can call it that! And Lord Noel——? Why——? I don’t understand.”

“Why I dismissed him, broke it off? Ah, for that I have to thank you; you gave me the cue, the occasion. But I should have done it anyhow,” she added in a minute. “It was only because he wouldn’t take ‘no.’ He was a nice boy, but he bored me; it would never have done!”

He took a step towards the window and gazed out at the dreary garden, where the rain pattered forlornly on the fallen leaves; recovering his self-possession slowly, proving himself, as a man rallying from a stunning, physical shock proves his limbs in fear of broken bones. When he turned, a revulsion of feeling, a healthy reaction had already set in; he was even calm enough to appreciate dimly the fine irony of his punishment.

Miss Faunthorpe anticipated him when he was about to break the silence. “I have a further confession to make; there is no end to my enor-

mities! You may as well know the worst of me; I have to-day engaged myself to marry Mr. Nettleton."

She raised her eyes for an instant as she spoke, courageously, but Ives fancied that their radiance was dimmed by tears. "You have been making a fool of me all the time?" he asked gently. "Excuse the question; it will make it easier for me."

She nodded silently, with lowered gaze.

"Well, you have succeeded; I admit it freely. You have taught me a lesson for which I can even guess that I ought to be grateful. And it seems to me that, if I say that I forgive you, that I bear you no malice, accounts will be square between us."

Miss Faunthorpe blushed. "You are generous; you make me feel more than ever ashamed."

He held out his hand as if to say good-bye, and she took it frankly, holding it for an instant. "You *did* come to break it off?" she asked timidly as they parted. "My engagement with Lord Noel, I mean,—though you didn't know whether I cared for him?"

Yes? Ah, then that makes it easier for me! Good-bye,—forgive me, and forget!"

He still hesitated. "You were acting,—all the time?" he asked.

Miss Faunthorpe nodded. "All the time! After all," she added as he left the room, "I didn't know for certain what you intended; I didn't mean that you should go so far."

As Ives fared on his homeward way across Regent's Park, he congratulated himself more than once in that he had not written to the Duchess,—that he had not burned his ships. Strangely enough, he felt relieved and even elated; if he had not won, it seemed to him that he had at least saved his stake; and he was happier than he would have been if he had not found the courage to risk it. He was able to contemplate the prospect of his return to Appleford, and all that it implied, with a resignation which was at least a very tolerable imitation of equanimity. He found himself appreciating from a new point of view the immense propriety, the fitness and security, of his match with his cousin Lady Hilda.

A DISCOURSE ON THE HOMILIES.

CHARLES KINGSLEY once made an observation to the effect that the clergy of the Church of England had had an undisturbed monopoly of her pulpits for three hundred years. This is true, and it is a long and honourable record. The sermon has become a British institution. Many great divines of brilliant parts and great learning have figured in this service; and although much precious discourse must doubtless have been lost to us, passing, like summer thunder, over the heads of the laity to oblivion, yet of recorded observation there is marvellous great store remaining. The lapse of years, the ebb and flow of public opinion, the steady march of intellect, the continuous, surprising, meteoric changes of the body politic, all these conspire to mould the form and substance of the ministration, and to make it what it is. Why it should exist at all in its present avatar is one which perhaps occurs to some of us. It is to be supposed our ancestors felt likewise, after the delivery of one of those tremendous homilies commanded by Gloriana for the welfare of her subjects. But perhaps their attitude of mind differed from our own, as the homilies differ essentially from the discourses of to-day. The "old, godly Doctors" Cranmer, Latimer, and the rest, who compiled the portentous volume of the Homilies, had little thought of raising discussion; there is no chink or opening for cavil in their sweeping, categorical prolusions, and they may stand as types of the preachers of their day.

To peruse the Homilies is to realise a sense of poignant contrast, of sharp division, between the troubled times in which they were written and our own. The practical, admonitory discourses are particularly edifying, forceful, pungent, direct, utterly plain-

spoken, marching a great array of arguments over a vast tract of country; the treatment of the subject in hand is ever picturesque, and written in noble English. All sounding names of great men and great sinners in Biblical and profane history serve to point the moral in hand; the shades of great kings and mighty captains are continually as it were hauled into the pulpit, and, being dead, are yet made to witness to truths they must have known but dimly in their lifetime.

Hear the preacher upon gluttony and drunkenness. "Now ye shall hear how foul a thing gluttony and drunkenness is before God, the rather to move you to use fasting the more diligently Holofernes, a mighty man and great captain, being overwhelmed with wine, had his head stricken from his shoulders by that silly woman Judith. Simon the High Priest, and his two sons, Mattathias and Judas, being entertained by Ptolomy the son of Abobus, who had before married Simon's daughter, after much eating and drinking, were traitorously murdered of their own kinsman. If the Israelites had not given themselves to belly-cheer, they had never so fallen to idolatry." Here be warnings indeed, and disquieting to the penitent withal; for if these great ones fell so lightly, how shall we, ("good Christian people") hope to escape the snare?

The preacher upon excess of apparel seems, through excess of zeal perhaps, to have somewhat over-stated his case. "The Israelites," he says, "were contented with such apparel as God gave them, although it were base and simple; and God so blessed them, that their shoes and clothes lasted them forty years; yea and those clothes which their fathers had worn, their children were contented to use

afterwards." This is a hard saying. Had the congregation taken the godly divine literally, it is open to doubt whether he would have commended them. Like Sir John, he would have had nought but "tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks," to church next Sunday.

In the sermon of the place and time of prayer, the preacher quotes with a profound contempt for its frivolity, a remark he overheard a certain woman make to her neighbour. "Alas, Gossip," said this misguided matron, "what shall we do at church since all the Saints are taken away, since all the goodly sights we were wont to have are gone, since we cannot hear the like piping, singing, chaunting, and playing upon the organ that we could before?" The preacher was perhaps a trifle hard upon the lady, (after all the observation was not addressed to him), but the heresy has survived his satire.

The inditer of the sermon on alms-deeds has left on record an admirable discourse; there is no special pleading in it, and the tone is highly dignified. "Most true is that saying which Augustine hath, *Via cœli pauper est*. The poor man, saith he, is the way to Heaven. They used in times past, to set in highway-sides the picture of Mercury, pointing with his finger which was the right way to the town. And we used in cross-ways to set up a wooden or stone cross, to admonish the travelling man which way he must turn when he cometh thither, to direct his journey aright. But God's Word, (as Saint Augustine saith) hath set in the way to Heaven the poor man and his house, so that whoso will go aright thither, and not turn out of the way, must go by the poor." The preacher here becomes extremely doctrinal, and presently denunciatory. "And you, who have great plenty of meats and drinks, great store of moth-eaten apparel, yea, many of you great heaps of gold and silver, and he that hath least hath more than sufficient, now, in this time, when (thanks

be to God) no great famine doth oppress you, your children being well clothed and well fed, and no danger of dearth or famine to be feared, will rather cast doubts and perils of unlikely penury, than you will part with any piece of your superfluities to help and succour the poor hungry and naked Christ, that cometh to your doors a-begging." We have all heard sermons on the giving of alms. Nowadays they are not quite like this one, hardly so distinctly damnatory. There are no two ways about it with our author: you may go to heaven by the way of the Poor Man's House if you will, says he, and an excellent good road too; but an if you will not, there is nothing for you but *Acherontia regna*, the place where all things are forgotten.

In the sermon for Whitsunday, the Protestant divine somewhat irrelevantly, but with evident sincerity, shapes his discourse into a diatribe against Popes, past, present, and to come. "What shall we say," he demands with a sombre relish, "what shall we say of him that made the noble King Dandalus to be tied by the neck with a chain, and to lie flat down before his table, there to gnaw bones like a dog? Such a tyrant was Pope Clement the Sixth. What shall we say of him that came into his Popedom like a fox, that reigned like a lion, and died like a dog? Such a tyrant was Pope Boniface the Eighth. Many other examples might here be alleged. As of Pope Julius the Second, that wilfully cast Saint Peter's keys into the river Tiberis. Of Pope Urban the Sixth, that caused five Cardinals to be put in sacks and cruelly drowned." And so on, with many enticing details, until the imagination is glutted with criminal Popes, and the worthy divine winds up his discourse with a pious hope that they may be "utterly confounded and put to flight in all corners of the world." At any rate, the Bishop of Rome no longer plays Monte-Christo with his cardinals.

One is led to hope that the maker

of the sermon on the state of matrimony was unmarried. "How few matrimonies there be," he cries, "without chidings, brawlings, tauntings, repentings, bitter cursings, and fightings. The woman," he considers, "is a weak creature," "not indued with strength and constancy of mind," and "with a word soon stirred to wrath." These things, he advises, "should be considered of the man, that he be not too stiff, so that he ought to wink at some things, and must gently expound all things, and to forbear." But, "the common sort of men do judge that such moderation should not become a man." It is so. The common sort of man is still as obtuse as ever he was; the less common sort of man does sometimes condescend to expound things. A nice adjustment of the relations between husband and wife causes our author much searching of heart. He ranges freely through the canon, quoting example, instance, precept, and admonition; he does his utmost to be quite fair, to balance the scales with exactitude. If a woman should be so unfortunate as to be beaten by her husband, "it is the greatest shame that can be," "but she shall have no small commendation, if she can be quiet." At the same time, the husband must by no means run away with the idea that this is a venial offence. Not at all; "there shall be none so grievous fault to compel you to beat your wives." "Not even your maidservants," he adds, fearful of a possible loophole. "The Paynims," he goes on to remark, with a commendation rarely accorded to Paynims, "have made laws discharging the wife from living any longer" with a husband who treated her thus. This seems to him a somewhat extreme measure; it appears a more Christian procedure that the wife should remain to be beaten. But there are many passages in this discourse of much quaint beauty, well repaying perusal. "For though thou shouldst be grieved with never so many things, yet shalt

thou find nothing more grievous than to want the benevolence of thy wife at home." And our kindly doctor concludes as he began, with strait admonition to "give no occasion to the Devil to let and hinder your prayers by discord and dissension."

The last sermon in the tall thick folio is against wilful rebellion. It is stuffed full of records of the tragic end of traitors; no feigned excuse shall serve rebels; they can never prosper, and must always die dreadful deaths. "A frantic religion," we learn, "hath need of such furious maintenance as is rebellion;" a remark which might surely rank as a proverb. The following (and last) citation seems, as its author might have said, to be a sure remedy for a singular disease very rife at this time. "Let no good and discreet subjects therefore follow the flag or banner displayed to rebellion, and borne by rebels, though it have the image of the plough painted thereon, with God speed the plough written thereunder in great letters; knowing that none hinder the plough more than rebels, who will neither go to the plough themselves, nor suffer other that would go unto it."

And so we close the volume. The "old godly learned Doctors" who wrote and preached with such virility, are long since silent; they sleep quietly in the echoing cloisters of tall cathedrals, or under the open sky in lonely country churchyards, a mouldering stone casting a shadow athwart the daisied grass which carpets their place of sepulture. The Book of the Homilies is now but a name to most Christian congregations. Here and there, in shadowy corners of ancient churches, a brown old volume lies chained upon a desk, where few indeed look between the covers; the echo of those sonorous words and cumbrous militant sentences, which march as it were with a clang of arms, has died into the voiceless past.

Queen Elizabeth was very wise in her generation. It was never her way

to blink unpleasant truths, but rather to stare them in the face. So it was that, knowing the greater number of her clergy to be ignorant men unable to make a sermon worthily, she gave command to her masters of the craft to forge weapons for the armoury of their weaker brethren. It was a shrewd remedy, enforcing as it did a uniformity of doctrine irrespective of the personal opinions of the clergyman; but it is to be feared that the disease has outlived the doctors.

The great body of the clergy are no longer grossly ignorant; but with all their schooling, can they meet the distress of the time more successfully than their unlettered forefathers? It is easy to stereotype a doctrine in a new set of phrases, to paint it in a more alluring hue every succeeding Sunday; but the men who read the Homilies did better than that. The needs of their time were sharply exigent; they met them boldly with brave words; the vices of their age were gross and open, and the preacher spared not the lash of straightforward condemnation.

Nature the Sphinx is ever instant in demanding from man the solution of the riddles with which she darkens the air of this amazing world; and instinctively he seeks help for their unravelment in the teaching of his Church. By immemorial usage one day out of seven dawns for him clean from all noise and dust of travail, wherein he may perchance rid himself of burdens. Like David the Hebrew King in similar case, he hies him to what used to be known as the House of the Lord. The contrast between the moral atmosphere of the familiar, toiling, joyful, sorrowing world in which he dwells and moves six days in the week, and this place which he enters but on the one, strikes a series of

contrasts strange as the shifting changes of a dream.

How he fares therein we have quite recently enjoyed the peculiar privilege of hearing from a bishop, who, wittily discoursing upon the sermons of the day, classified them with a humorous particularity and an admirable candour. The lay mind has welcomed this ecclesiastical outburst with effusion; a hundred journals have copied it into their pages with many ingenious comments. "This is what we would have said ourselves," they say in effect; "but from you it is really most appropriate." It is also most significant.

There are few indeed who would be bold enough to deny that the evil consequences and injustice of the existing system have not for long cried aloud for redress. Are these epithets too strong? The matter has a humorous side, in common with the most of the concerns of humanity. The point is, that it is this aspect alone which has excited the eloquence of a bishop; as to other considerations thereanent, he smilingly puts the question by. Not thus did bishops deal in sterner times. Not thus has the Roman (the Papist of the Homilies!) faced the position. Far otherwise indeed, for, recognising that to grapple with the complex crises of a troubled, stirring age demands the straitest training, the widest knowledge, the acutest intellect,—in a word, the highest art, he does not consider half a lifetime a long enough preparation for dialectics alone, for an oratory which shall administer to the necessities of a nation which is learning to think for itself.

It follows that the Roman Catholic Church maintains a heavy conflict against a legion of wily foes with marvellous success. The inference is perhaps sufficiently obvious; but it is not always the obvious which is soonest discerned.

A FOURFOOTED ODDITY.

SEPTEMBER 24th.—Once more I am strolling in that great meadow where just four months ago I saw the last of Billy. All along the crumbling banks of the stream the water-voles are flopping into the water just as they did on that afternoon; such sound of life to me is always pleasant, but I am now alone, and there is no little white rough-coated animal to share with me the gentle excitement. For eleven long years Billy and these water-voles knew each other well; on his side there was a constant anticipation of triumph; on theirs as persistent an assurance of escape. Once only in all those years did he realise the hope so often stirred afresh in his sanguine breast. One warm summer afternoon a large fat velvety vole had stretched himself for a nap on the grassy bank in the sun; Billy, a few yards in front of me, saw that at last his chance had come, and before I could interfere the soft creature had awakened only to be put to sleep for ever. It was the work of an instant; the life seemed to pass as swiftly as the king-fisher that darts by me and is gone round a bend of the stream. I took the vole up in my hands while Billy trotted on in search of another; the eyes were bright as jewels, the fur was clean and wholesome to the touch, without a trace of injury. It was no cruel end,—death following on sweet sleep with a bare flash of consciousness between them.

I raise my eyes from the stream and the next object that meets them again reminds me of my old companion. If he were here that little herd of young bullocks would be edging towards us, with a stupidly malicious curiosity written on their faces. Billy was wholly indifferent

to them; he knew them to be degraded, witless creatures, and would even let them come up and smell him before he deigned to put them to sudden and disgraceful flight. He knew that the secret was to turn upon them *suddenly*, and he emphasised this rapid change of policy with a howl so startling and diabolical that no fourfooted creature, save one of his own kind, could ever withstand it for a moment. That he might some day be tossed or trampled on never once entered into his calculations; and as he grew older and stiffer, if we had let ourselves be penned in the corner of a field, I used to take him in my arms and make a sudden charge upon the enemy. At the moment when we came within a yard or two of the most inquisitive bullock, Billy invariably uttered his terrific war-cry, and in an instant the foe was scattered.

Turning from the brook to cross the great meadow, I am swiftly carried back to the day when we had an exciting chase just here after a fine stoat. Billy surprised this little Bohemian in the very middle of the field, a hundred yards away from any covert; and with me to head him back from hedge and ditch, it looked for a while as though his hour had come. In vain he twisted and doubled; the pursuer pressed hard upon him. But then a strange thing happened; suddenly, at the most critical moment, he vanished utterly out of our sight. It was just as if he had donned an invisible coat, or had been danced away by the fairies of the greensward. We searched the ground carefully, Billy with his nose and I with my eyes; and we found that the little thief had known a trick we never thought of—he had vanished into his mother earth by way of a mole-run.

Not every stoat escaped Billy's vigilance ; but once he was baffled by another manœuvre almost as astonishing as that of the mole-run. One hard winter day I was watching some birds, while Billy was trying to climb a tree after a squirrel, when I saw a rabbit emerge from a little wooded hollow hard by, and advance with a curious weariness into the open field. A yard or two behind the rabbit ran a twisting red snakelike creature, which I presently made out to be a stoat and his long waving tail. When about thirty yards away from me, the rabbit dropped down and seemed to resign himself quietly to his fate, and in an instant the stoat had leaped upon his neck. I whistled up Billy, who abandoned the squirrel and came with all speed to the front. At his approach the stoat left his victim and fled ; then the tables were turned, and a furious chase followed, up and down, round and round, the quarry edging nearer and nearer to cover, till he suddenly vanished up a young tree some twelve or fifteen feet in height. The dog was fairly puzzled ; the thing was done so adroitly, and with such amazing speed, that I myself can hardly say that I saw the stoat go up that tree. If I saw anything it was a sudden glint of red colour that came and went on the tree-stem. Nor could I see him in the tree ; but a stone quickly brought him down, and after another brief chase he made his escape into the hollow. I turned to look for the rabbit ; he had picked himself up, and was making for a covert at the other end of the field. Then I searched the spot where he had lain down to die, and found one tuft of fur on the grass. Billy had saved him from the very jaws of death.

I have been telling of strange disappearances, but the strangest of all was that of my old dog himself. Across the meadow, bounding it on the other side from the brook, is a deep and wide ditch, which all this spring and summer has been almost

dry ; and at one point this ditch is hedged on both sides for some distance by tall over-grown thorn trees. On Sunday afternoon, May 21st, I was standing close to this hedge, looking at a yellow-hammer's nest, when I saw Billy for the last time. He was getting old and rheumatic, and even on a fine afternoon he often preferred to stay at home and guard the premises, lying on a favourite spot in the garden whence he could see and be seen from the village street, and relieving his feelings with a short bark when any one passed by. But this afternoon when I started for a walk he jumped up at once and followed me.

I was soon hot and tired on the glaring road, and turning into the meadow I strolled along the stream, while Billy pursued his customary line of duty by keeping an eye on the water-voles. When I found the nest, he was at my heels, scenting about in the tussocky grass ; and since then I have never seen him, alive or dead. For a few minutes I did not miss him ; then all my whistling failed to bring the little white figure into view from behind some distant hedge. But he knew so well how to take care of himself that I went homewards without misgiving, and it was only after an hour or two, when still no Billy burst into the room with his familiar salutations, that I roused myself to make inquiries. He was not on the premises, nor had he gone to afternoon tea at the one cottage where he had friends and descendants. Some one suggested that he might have been caught in a snare set for hares or rabbits, and I hurried off to search the place where I had last seen him.

Not a trace was to be seen of him in the open field, and I called and whistled to the empty air. If he had fallen into the stream in pursuit of voles I must easily have found him, for it was so low as to reveal every unsightly object in its bed. Not till I penetrated into the ditch through a gap in the tall hedge, did I come upon

any possible clue to his fate. There, half buried in the drying mud, was the ghastly carcase of a fox; it was stark and stiff, and must have been there some time; the head was stretched out, and the sharp teeth were protruding. And close to this horrid object was the mouth of a large drain-pipe, at least a foot in diameter. I could see at once by the look of the ground that this drain ran a long way up into the field; what more likely than that it should be a favourite retreat of foxes? The one in the ditch might have been caught in the pipe by a sudden flood of February rain, and swept out to decay where I found him lying.

Now Billy, as became a wire-haired fox-terrier who feared no living thing, was always much given to investigate the haunts of foxes, which are abundant in our neighbourhood. In my company he had had rare opportunities of watching the blue-eyed cubs at play, restrained from attacking them by the absolute control which I gradually acquired over him out of doors. Before that control was complete he once dived into a fox-hole, remained for twenty minutes in the bowels of the earth, and then only emerged, all yellow with sand, to vanish instantly into another hole. Even in his old age he one day turned up an old grey fox in a bit of gorse where I was looking for stonechats, and trundled after him on stiff legs with his own peculiar air of indignant contempt. And the sad conclusion forced itself upon me, as I stood looking at the dead fox and the drainpipe, that for once the old dog had miscalculated, or not calculated at all, that he had been attracted by the carcase in the ditch, had scented foxes up the drain, made his way up it, and met with a speedy and sportsmanlike end. *Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras!*

Further inquiry confirmed this guess. It was confidently asserted by a man who worked hard by, that a vixen had taken up her abode in the drain. Some indeed thought that

once in the pipe the dog had failed to make his way back again, but this I refused, and still refuse, to believe. At great labour and cost we might have opened the drain for some distance, but this was not to be done on the Sunday on which he vanished, and as no sound could be heard up the pipe, and repeated search failed to reveal any fresh clue, I next morning gave up all hope of seeing him again. *Requiescat in pace*,—in his drainpipe, a sepulchre not unmeet for an aged hunter. Let me think of him as spirited away from me in that great meadow, his happy hunting-ground while he lived,—caught away while no eye was upon him, like Romulus of old in the Campus Martius. And as all his life his ways were his own, I like to think that he languished on no sick-bed like a common dog, but chose to depart suddenly from my side before old age had quite disabled him.

I have never found my fondness for animals turning into sentimentality, and I am not now going to drop a tear on that drain. By one emotional friend of his Billy's decease was said to have "cast a gloom over the whole village"; but I am much disposed to think that those who really grieved were very few, and that his many enemies rejoiced. And it must be allowed that there was nothing in this dog to excite sentiment in any human breast. He despised all uncalled-for display of affection; what was proper to be done when his master returned home he would do with the most genuine zeal, and would then suddenly resume his ordinary staid demeanour. He could not bear to be nursed; he never begged, or jumped on your knee. When in an unusually happy frame of mind, he would occasionally rub his head against my legs, but beyond this he did not trust himself to go. He never was a trouble in the house, like the fidgety little smooth-haired terriers; he had a just perception, not only of his own dignity, but of his master's need of quiet. If a gentleman may be defined as one who

never takes a liberty, Billy was a gentleman.

Nor was his outward appearance of a kind to inspire emotion. His wiry white hair was extraordinarily long on his neck and shoulders, like a lion's mane, and was a most effective armour against the attacks of his enemies; but it fell away on his flanks as he grew older, and became at last so short as to give him the appearance of having been shaved. I frequently pointed out this defect to him, and the tacit answer was always the same, that his nature required it and so it must be. So with his ears; while one drooped gracefully, the other stood stark upright, and had tempted his most deadly foe to bite a mouthful out of it; and this incongruity, together with some slight difference of colour, gave to one side of his face the aspect of a damaged warrior, and to the other that of a mild infant. Tail he had none to speak of, and he was also "underhung." No one could readily have guessed that he came of a good stock; yet within that quaint little carcase there was a mind worth making acquaintance with.

Not that he was what is called a clever dog; I should rather have said that his apprehension was slow. I taught him one "trick," and then we came mutually to the conclusion that tricks were beneath his dignity. But if not clever, he certainly had an odd kind of intelligence all his own. His native obstinacy, which was intense, and well expressed in his ears and coat, combined with a rigid training to develope in him an extraordinary tenacity of habit. When once he got an idea in his head, it was not only fixed there for ever, but carried out to its logical results in ways which frequently puzzled me. So stubborn was his nature, that our relations were a series of compromises; my sway over him was so far limited that it was an absolutism grounded on the immutable laws of his own nature. Thrown together as we were for so many years, and often alone for days

together, we came to recognise and act upon each other's strong and weak points. In non-essentials I never forced his obstinacy, but where he had to be bent to my necessities I did not spare the rod, and he felt the degradation so keenly that it was rarely needed twice. So it was that he learnt to obey certain signals in our walks, which prevented him from disturbing any birds which I happened to wish to observe.

The strange power of the association of ideas was never presented to me either in man or beast so forcibly as in Billy. When I first took him to Oxford he lived in a little yard opposite the college gate, where we made him snug with plenty of straw and fixed him up with a light chain. This chain must have made a deep impression on his mind; all his attempts to avoid it came to nothing, and at last it associated itself so firmly in his mind with rest and food, that when we ceased to use it he never noticed the change. Though perfectly free, he woke up every morning firmly believing that he was still chained. When I went to call him for a stroll after breakfast, though burning with desire to come, he would lie in his straw and look at me ruefully. "What's the use of calling, when you see I can't come?" he plainly seemed to say; and every morning I had to make believe to unfasten him before he would rush barking into the street. His delight at this imaginary release never once failed him, and he signalled it by startling some listless errand-boy with a sudden outbreak of his war-cry, or by tearing to pieces the nerves of some old lady who might be passing at the moment.

One day I succeeded in turning this delusion of his to good account. I took him into the Parks, and seeing that a cricket-match was going on, I turned in that direction; but was presently confronted with a notice that no dogs were allowed on the ground. A handy row of hurdles suggested to me that I might tie

Billy up to them, but I had no string, —only my pocket-handkerchief. But the handkerchief on my part, and the delusion on his, were quite sufficient for my purpose. I brought him to the hurdles, passed the handkerchief through his collar, and pretended to fasten it, while I really whipped it into my pocket again. Then I spent an hour looking at the cricket, and when I returned, my little white dog was still where I had left him, with his head leaning up against the hurdles.

The strictly logical character of his reasoning led him into another habit of which I could not at first understand the meaning. I had always been accustomed, if he failed to appear when I was starting for a walk, to ask him on my return where he had been, and whether he had been up to any mischief; and the tone in which these questions were put appealed very strongly to his moral sense. But I was a little discomfited to find that he had extended the idea of delinquency to *every* absence of mine, no matter how long it had lasted. When I returned home and came in sight of the house, I always saw him looking out for me (he knew of course when I was expected), but no whistling or calling could ever entice him to run and welcome me. He lay there sadly and silently, in the full consciousness that he ought to have been with me all the time, and evidently doubtful of his reception. Only when I had put it beyond doubt that I was not displeased with him would he suddenly recover his spirits, and rush in frantic delight all round the garden and through the house.

Billy came to me one October in the country when he was a month old, a very quaint-looking puppy; he passed his infancy and childhood there, but when he had grown up, and showed some signs of getting into bad habits and company, I decided that he must take a course of "the higher education," and brought him with me in the following October term to matriculate

at Oxford. From this time he kept his terms regularly for no less than nine years, and only retired from the University when he became stiff and rheumatic with advancing age. At first he lived entirely in the aforesaid yard, but he gradually acquired the status of a privileged dog, spent his afternoons in my room, and often finished his day in the society of the Fellows before the Common-room fire. He may even be said to have taken his Master's degree, for he showed such a decided partiality for an old M.A. gown of mine, that it became wholly appropriated to his use; and nothing could ever induce him to repose quietly on my armchair, or even in his own basket, unless this gown were spread for him beforehand. All these privileges he valued very highly, and if any strange dog, no matter how big, ventured to intrude himself within the sacred precincts of the college, a word from me was sufficient to send Billy flying at him with such a sudden access of fury as never failed to quench his curiosity for ever.

Before he had been long at the University I began to notice in him an increased seriousness of demeanour, and a certain discrimination in his choice of friends, such as are not always characteristic of the human undergraduate. For Heads of colleges he showed a profound respect, and would single them out for special attention during a walk round the Park. To this rule, however, the Head of his own college was, I regret to say, an exception, for he too possessed a dog who was naturally a thorn in Billy's side. Among professors and lecturers I am inclined to think that he preferred the philosophers. His selection of undergraduate friends, on the other hand, was not based on any recognition of their intellectual attainments; the "pale student" he regarded with indifference, if not with aversion, and he extended his good-will more readily to the honest fellow of a sporting turn, or to the scholar who did his duty

without overdoing it. When such pupils came into my room, he would generally get up and welcome them; of the others he would take no notice, or growled if they made advances to him. Once only he showed for a while some tendency to prefer the undergraduate to the don, and insisted on spending much of his time with a Devonshire lad living over my head, who seemed to have some strange attraction for him. For the college porter he had a lively affection, grateful for much care and kindness; but neither undergraduate nor porter ever wholly weaned him from his dignified repose on the old M.A. gown. He was thoroughly loyal to his own college, and showed his loyalty, as many of his friends will remember, by refusing to accept food from a member of any other. Indeed I half suspect that the name of that college took shape in his mind as a verb imperative or permissive, meaning simply to eat.

Of literary society he saw something, without betraying any *mauvaise honte*. One valued friend indeed, whose sympathies are too entirely human, failed to appreciate his worth, and was repaid with comparative neglect; but he has made up for it since by some choice and touching Latin elegiacs dedicated to the memory of the vanished one; *Sublatum ex oculis quærimus invidi*. Among English poets Billy could reckon two as his casual acquaintances; and he was equally at home with a commentator on Aristotle's Ethics or with an editor of Cicero's Letters. Even with the editor of this Magazine, who honoured him with special attention, he showed no visible uneasiness; and more than

once accompanied him to those classic hills, whence "the eye travels down to Oxford towers," to lie on the heather till disturbed by gamekeepers, or to battle with the snow on "the white brow of the Cumnor range."

Billy's vacations were spent in the country, and he was my companion in all my rambles after birds. But it is perhaps with Oxford that I shall most closely associate his memory; for in all the three admirable photographs of him which I possess he appears in his capacity as a college dog. Two of them are college groups, where he is conspicuous among sixty or seventy figures; in the third and best he is associated with five grave dons, of whom three are now professors in different parts of the world, and the third is the headmaster of a famous school. Even here his appearance is in perfect keeping with his surroundings. He has an air of gravity, if not of learning; he seems to share the sense of responsibility which shows itself in the composed and thoughtful features of his distinguished friends. Yet there is just that touch of pathos about his expression which reminds one that it is after all only a dog and a dependant,—a pathos that combines a little oddly with his sturdy frame and stubborn hair. But it is as an oddity that he will be remembered by all who were admitted to his friendship; an honest, blunt, warm-hearted oddity, quaint alike in his many virtues, and in those frequent shortcomings without which he would have been no true dog.

W. WARDE FOWLER.

LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

I.

From St. Iago's wealthy port, from Havan-
nah's royal fort,
The seaman goes forth without fear;
For since that stormy night not a mortal
hath had sight
Of the flag of the last Buccaneer.

HAS Mr. Stevenson brought the Brethren of the Coast into fashion again? To be sure, his wooden-legged rascal John Silver was no true buccaneer, any more than was the hero of Kingsley's sentimental ballad. But the public when it is pleased does not care to consider too curiously, and very wisely refuses to concern itself with any nice distinction between the genuine buccaneers of the seventeenth century and the tawdry ruffians who succeeded them, the followers of Blackbeard, Kidd, Avery, and the like, who swagger in right Adelphi fashion through Charles Johnson's pages. Something at all events must surely have happened, or somebody spoken with the voice of authority, to call two new editions of *The Buccaneers of America* into the market within the space of two years. The earlier of the pair, published in 1891 in the Adventure Series, was indeed but a half-hearted affair. It gave but a garbled version of Esquemeling's once famous book, while the narrative of Basil Ringrose, who, in conjunction with Dampier, supplies the last English chapter of the eventful history, was altogether wanting, its place being taken by the exploits of the aforesaid pirates. But within these last days a perfect reprint of the old English translation of Esquemeling's book has been published, together with Ringrose's narrative, a reprint in fact

of the first English edition (1684-5) of a work which in various languages and under various forms maintained its popularity undiminished for nearly a century and a half. In a note to the first canto of *Rokeby*, on the character of Bertram, Scott, after giving a brief sketch of the brotherhood, refers the curious reader to Raynal or to "the common and popular book called *The History of the Bucaniers*." Raynal was a French abbé who about the middle of last century wrote a learned and extremely voluminous history of the European settlements in the East and West Indies, which was translated into eight English volumes by one Justamond in 1783. The edition of the common and popular book used by Scott may either have been the version published at Glasgow in 1782, or the more genuine thing reprinted in Walker's British Classics in 1810, two years before *Rokeby's* birth.

The editor of this new edition is Mr. Henry Powell. In his introduction he traces the rise and growth of the wild brotherhood, from the harmless cattle-hunters of Tortuga (the original *boucaniers*) to that organised society which under its chosen leaders harried the Spanish Main from Campeachy to the Caraccas for upwards of half a century, twice sacked the golden city of Panama, and sailed the great South Sea in triumph from San Salvador to the Horn. His history is sufficient enough so far as it goes, much more so at all events than the rodomontade which does duty for history in the Adventure Series; but one would have been pleased to find him using the two volumes of State Papers (*Colonial Series, America and*

West Indies, 1661-68 and 1669-74) recently published by Government under the editorship of Mr. Noel Sainsbury of the Public Record Office. This has never yet, so far as I know, been done; when it is done, if ever, those modern precisians who affect to consider the old Dutchman as a mere gasconading swash-buckler, may be surprised to find how far his strange story is corroborated by the authentic documents of history.

In other respects the edition is all it need be. A reviewer has found fault with it because it does not contain all that Walker's edition contains. But this is surely unreasonable. It professes to be the reprint of a particular edition published one hundred and twenty-six years before Walker's, and sixty years before the most important addition to his collection (the voyage of Raveneau de Lussan) had been printed. It would be as reasonable to blame a reprint of Shakespeare's first folio for not containing Doctor Johnson's preface and Malone's notes. Many of the old illustrations are reproduced from the old English plates, many of which in their turn came from the Dutch original. On this side the Dutchmen have, I think, the best of us. Their old woodcuts of Spanish Furies and the like had familiarised them to this tumultuous form of art, and their scene of the sack of Panama is certainly a much more terrific affair than the Englishmen's storm of Puerto del Principe. But the portraits are the same. They are all here, those famous captains, Bartholomew Portugues, Rock Brasileiro, the cannibal L'Ollonais, and, greatest of them all, Sir Henry Morgan.

Much in the stranger's mien appears
To justify suspicious fears.

But Bertram might in sooth have been the good and gentle friend his craven host called him, when matched with these desperadoes; for unless the artist has wronged them foully,

they were assuredly the most thorough-paced ruffians

That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat,
as indeed there is abundant reason to believe that most, if not all of them were. How the brute L'Ollonais won his evil name may also be seen wrought with an uncompromising literalness that the most advanced disciple of the modern realistic school would find it hard to beat. It is a grisly tale, but after seeing the hero's portrait it is no hard matter to believe it true. This is how it goes in the English version; in the French it is discreetly omitted. L'Ollonais, steering from Cuba for Nicaragua, had been driven on to the coast of Honduras. Having sacked Puerto Cavallo, and burned the town, he was on his march to San Pedro, when he fell in with an ambuscade which he defeated after a sharp brush, and as usual put all the wounded to death.

There were still remaining some few prisoners who were not wounded. These were asked by L'Ollonais if any more Spaniards did lie further on in ambuscade? To whom they answered, there were. Then he commanded them to be brought before him, one by one, and asked if there was no other way to be found to the town but that? This he did out of a design to excuse, if possible, those ambuscades [the translator meant, I suppose, to *avoid* them]. But they all constantly answered him, they knew none. Having asked them all, and finding they could show him no other way, L'Ollonais grew outrageously passionate; insomuch that he drew his cutlass, and with it cut open the breast of one of these poor Spaniards, and pulling out his heart with his sacrilegious hands, began to bite and gnaw it with his teeth, like a ravenous wolf, saying to the rest: *I will serve you all alike if you show me not another way.*

This L'Ollonais, by the way (as he was called from his birthplace, Sables d'Olonne, off the coast of Vendée, for his real name is never mentioned, and possibly was not known), if half the tales told of him be true, was a worthy ancestor of the ruffian Edward Low,

who somewhere in the first quarter of the eighteenth century is said to have whipped the crew of an American whaler naked about the deck, and made the master eat his own ears with pepper and salt. More interesting perhaps to sober readers than these murderous records, and certainly more convincing, are the old charts and maps which illustrate Ringrose's narrative. They would not materially help us to navigate those seas to-day, and suggest that the Spaniards were not the only obstacles, nor perhaps the worst, that Captain Sharp and his merry men had to encounter. In fine, the volume is a very sufficient reprint of an extremely curious book which can only be bought now with difficulty and at a price.

A wild book it assuredly is, reeking of blood and brandy and gunpowder, yet with a strange, half savage sort of romance about it.

Blight and famine, plague and earthquake,
roaring deeps, and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and
sinking ships, and praying hands.

This is the general key, while, as a relief from the more violent passages, rise the mad revels at Port Royal and the chink of the pieces of eight. It is difficult, probably it is not possible, to determine exactly how far Esquemeling and his translators may be trusted, for reasons to be presently mentioned. But man for man there seems to have been little to choose between the Brethren of the Coast (as they seem to have preferred to call themselves) the original buccaneers, or privateers (to give them their official name), and their descendants, the pirates of New Providence and Madagascar, who were not finally swept from the sea till the early years of the present century, as the delectable pages of Michael Scott remain to this day to testify. Certainly neither Mansfield nor Morgan, perhaps not even L'Ollonais nor Montbars "the Exterminator," would ever have condescended to such vulgar

pranks as those with which Teach for instance (the notorious Blackbeard) sought to maintain his authority. But in the character of their exploits and in their own brutal natures, buccaneer and pirate must have been much of a piece. Both aimed only at plunder, both were equally careless how they won it, and both flung it away when won in the same mad insensate riot. Yet there were certain points about the buccaneers which distinguished them from the mere pirate, and have given to their career something of the dignity of history. In the height of their power they warred only against the enemies of England, and chiefly against the Spaniard, who still professed a shadowy claim to the empire of the New World, and who had indeed originally supplied them with some excuse for their reprisals. Finally they were found uncommonly useful allies by the English in their wars with the various nations who had found a footing in the Caribbean Seas and on the Main. For nearly forty years, from the Restoration to the Peace of Ryswick, many of their most notorious exploits were performed under commission of the Governors of Jamaica, though in England it was occasionally found convenient to repudiate these commissions, just as in the previous century Elizabeth had often found it convenient to repudiate her share in the exploits of Drake and Hawkins. The buccaneers in fact held in some sort an analogous position to our Indian allies in the Canadian wars of the following century; they were men who did much useful if rather dirty work, and whom it was expedient to let do it in their own fashion without asking inconvenient questions. When Morgan, for instance, was sent home prisoner after the sack of Panama, he took with him a testimonial from the officer then in command at Jamaica to Secretary Arlington. What may be thought of his conduct at home, the writer will not presume to guess; but here, he has

received "very high and honourable applause for his noble service." He is indeed "a very well deserving person, and one of great courage and conduct, who may, with his Majesty's pleasure, perform good public service at home, or be very advantageous to this island if war should again break forth with the Spaniard." Throughout a considerable part of the seventeenth century, then, the buccaneers do undoubtedly help to furnish a most curious and by no means unimportant chapter in the colonial history of four great nations. But this is too large a subject for a note-book; perhaps I may find some other opportunity for treating it more adequately. Meanwhile there is old Esquemeling, who, though neither his literary nor his historical value may be of first-rate significance, is not to be dismissed as a mere story-teller. He must be read with discrimination, no doubt, and this can now be done, as I have said, on many points, with the help of Mr. Sainsbury. But even as he stands, and making every allowance for his untrained intelligence, and for a certain Herodotean credulousness which belonged to the time perhaps as much as to the man, it is impossible to doubt that we have in the part of his story written from personal knowledge the substance of a genuine narrative.

II.

And Esquemeling's book, or at least that version of it which we read under its English title of *The Buccaneers of America*, has a curious history of its own. Nothing seems to be known of the author beyond what he has himself chosen to tell us. About his nationality, even about his name, there has been much confusion, which in some quarters seems still to prevail. Yet the facts, so far as his own word goes, are clear enough. He was a Dutchman who sailed from Hâvre de Grace for Tortuga in May, 1666, as a

servant in the French West India Company, which had been recently founded to manage in the interests of the crown the French possessions in the Caribbean seas. Among them was Tortuga, a little island off the north coast of Hispaniola and the original home of the *boucaniers*, or cattle-hunters, from whom the brotherhood took its name—a name, by the way, which seems to have been very little used among themselves. The Company was not at first very successful, finding some difficulty in maintaining commercial relations with their lawless customers, who were willing enough to call themselves subjects of the French king, but would submit to no interference with their trade, which was regulated by principles, or a want of principles, peculiarly their own. Shortly after Esquemeling's arrival at Tortuga, then governed by M. d'Ogeron, orders were issued to wind up the Company's affairs in the island and to sell all its property including the servants. Esquemeling was accordingly sold with the rest, first to the governor, who treated him, he says, brutally, and then to a surgeon, who proved a kindlier master, and eventually gave him his liberty. After this he turned buccaneer, or sea-rover as he calls it, "Being like unto Adam when he was first created by the hands of his Maker,—that is, naked and destitute of all human necessities, nor knowing how to get my living." He does not name the year of his admission into the society; but it could not have been before 1667, and was probably later. He left them in 1672, returned to his native country, and published his book at Amsterdam in 1678. These dates make at least one thing clear; although he assures his readers that he shall give them no stories on hearsay, but only "those enterprises to which I was myself an eye-witness," Morgan was the only captain of whom he can have had any personal knowledge. Bartholomew the Portuguese, Rock the Bra-

zilian (who was really a Dutchman), Montbars, L'Ollonais (of whom he gives a most circumstantial history), were all dead before he landed in the West Indies; Edward Mansfield (whom he calls Mansveldt) died in the summer of 1668, and Henry Morgan was then chosen in his place.

The translators set to work on *De Americaensche Zee-Rovers* at once, and played havoc with the poor author as well as with his book. The first in the field was Alonso de Bonne-Maison, a Spanish doctor practising at Amsterdam. His version was published in 1681, soon ran through three editions, and seems to have been the basis of all subsequent translations. The author is there called J. Esquemeling, a Frenchman. The confusion in the nationality is, as I have shown, intelligible, but on the Dutch title-page the name stands clear enough, A. O. Exquemelin, the initials, according to the French translation (Paris, 1686) signifying Alexander Oliver, though the surname is there perverted into Cœxmelin. The Englishmen have followed the Spaniards' lead, and always call the poor man John, when they do not call him Joseph, while his surname has undergone many transformations, Esquemeling being the most common and the one now generally adopted.

This confusion has been elaborated by a writer of our own time. In the preface to his *Monarchs of the Main* (1855) Walter Thornbury not only splits the unhappy Dutchman into two, but assigns to each part a separate volume. The passage is a curious example of bibliography.

The chief records of Buccaneer adventurers [he writes] are drawn literally from only three books [here he gets near the truth, though he characteristically proves his three to be four]. The first of these is Cœxmelin's *Histoire des Aventureurs*, Paris, 1688. Cœxmelin was a Frenchman who went out to St. Domingo as a planter's apprentice or *engagé*, and eventually became surgeon in the Buccaneer fleet, knew L'Ollonais, and accompanied Sir Henry Morgan to Panama. The second is Esquemeling's *Zee Rovers*,

Amsterdam, 1684—a book constantly mistaken by booksellers and in catalogues for Cœxmelin. Esquemeling was a Dutch *engagé* at St. Domingo, and his book is an English translation from the Dutch. The writer appears of humbler birth than Cœxmelin, but served also at Panama.

Why the Dutchman Esquemeling should have published an English translation of a Dutch book at Amsterdam in 1684, when he had already published a book in his own tongue on the same subject at the same place in 1678; why he should have given his English translation a Dutch title; why he should rank second in authority to the Frenchman Cœxmelin when he published four (or really ten) years before him; all these things and many others in Mr. Thornbury's bibliography are mysteries which he does not and I cannot explain. However, his volumes, though confused in their chronology and written in a somewhat haphazard style, are full of entertaining stuff for those whose literary stomachs are not too squeamish, and on the whole supply the most complete history of these monarchs in the language. A writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* warns us against both Esquemeling and Thornbury, and even against Dampier and Ringrose, bidding us put our trust only in Captain Burney, the fourth volume of whose *Chronological History of the Voyages and Discoveries in the South Seas* is devoted to the buccaneers. But in fact both Burney and Thornbury use the same sources and tell the same tale; the difference between them being that Thornbury writes like a born story-teller determined to be entertaining at all hazards, and Burney like one of our own scientific historians, determined to be entertaining at no hazard. If to be dull is to be accurate (as many seem to think), then assuredly Captain Burney (honest man) has reached the highest pitch of accuracy attainable by mortal man.

But to return to our translators. The first English version was published

in 1684, "by William Crooke at the Green Dragon without Temple-bar;" all our translations are anonymous, so I shall specify them by the names of their publishers. He seems to have used the Spanish version, though he may have collated it with the Dutch original; his preface as well as his title-page suggest that he did both. It was soon sold out and a second edition called for within three months. To this was added a version of the exploits of Sharp, Sawkins, and others in the South Seas, imparted to the translator, he says, by some gentlemen at Wapping. This was in fact Ringrose's original narrative, and these communicative gentlemen were no doubt Sharp and such of his crew as had not been hanged in Jamaica. They had landed in England in 1682, and after trial, at the instance of the Spanish ambassador, and acquittal, partly on the ground of insufficient evidence and partly as having acted in self-defence, were idling away their time among the taverns of Wapping till some fresh turn of fortune's wheel should steer them again into the golden sea. A third edition followed hard on the heels of the second, and in that Ringrose's narrative was printed as it may now be read, after passing through the hands of the circumspect Sharp.

Meanwhile some patriotic, but also nameless Englishman had taken fire. This version of Mr. Crooke's, he declared, was but "a copy from a sophisticated copy of a sorry original," a thing "jobbed up between a Frenchman and a Hollander, the first furnishing the matter and the latter the disposition and ornaments." How he got his idea of a joint partnership we have seen. In his *sophisticated copy* there was more meaning. A Spaniard would not be likely to spare the English. With a lively recollection of certain paraphrases and versions of Las Casas's *Brevissima Relacion de la Destruycion de las Indias* (Seville, 1552) sent forth at divers times from the English press—*A Brief Chronicle*

of the Actes and Gestes of the Spaniards in the West Indies, &c. (1583), *The Tears of the Indians* (1656), and so forth—he might well feel that the Lord had now delivered the Lutheran dogs into his hands. As a matter of fact Esquemeling was treated very cavalierly by all his translators, each one adding what he pleased to the credit of his own countrymen (as credit went in those matters) and sometimes what he could to the discredit of the other nations. Accordingly our friend set to work on a version of his own which was published at the close of the same year, 1684, "by Thomas Malthus at the Sun in the Poultry." It has been "very much corrected from the original by the relation of some English gentlemen that have resided in those parts," (no doubt also now resident at Wapping), and is of course the only true account. Moreover, now that it has been cleared of "all the filth and ordure" with which "sophisticated or ignorant" translators had overloaded it, it is a piece as "agreeable to and necessary for an English reader as any this age has produced." Yet an uneasy consciousness seems to oppress our patriot that after all he has not made out so good a case for his countrymen as he had hoped. Our men, he says, were not the barbarians others have called them; and if they were occasionally cruel, "they were only instruments of Divine vengeance for the punishing those enormous crimes and unparallel'd barbarities committed by that nation upon a naked, defenceless sort of people," and at the worst were "mere infants, mere novices in cruelty in comparison with the Spaniards." But in point of fact there is very little to choose between the two versions. The earlier one is much the most elaborate and the most entertaining, the "only true account" being in truth but a sorry little piece of hack-work scarce rising above the substance of a pamphlet.

The chief object of Malthus's version is to rehabilitate the character

of Morgan, whom he declares to have been foully aspersed by his predecessor. That valiant Welshman is the central figure in all the translations; but with Malthus it is Morgan all the way, the other captains being little more than named. The book is dedicated to him, and in no vulgar prose. Let, says our poet, somewhat obscurely, it must be confessed,

Let but the English Red-coats fire a gun,
One makes their foes to tremble, t' other
run.

This is a general proposition; the particular proof follows.

Let the great Morgan, our fam'd Buccaneer,
In his late Enterprise make this appear,
Who with a handful of brave Englishmen
Frighted the whole America of Spain.

* * *

Great Morgan's Fame shall last as long as
there
Is beat of Drum, or any sound to War.

After all these professions, however, the two Morgans seem to be very much of a piece. According to Crooke's version, Morgan himself set fire to Panama, and finding his men grumbling at him for it, tried to persuade them that it was the Spaniards' work. This, says Malthus, is a gross calumny. Morgan did not fire Panama, but on the contrary did all he could to save it. The town was fired by the governor himself to baulk the English. Certainly this is Morgan's own story, as told in the report furnished by him to the governor of Jamaica, for this, the most notable of all Morgan's exploits, was done under commission from His Excellency Sir Thomas Modyford.

In the city [so runs the report] they had 200 fresh men, two forts, all the streets barricaded, and great guns in every street, which in all amounted to 32 brass guns, but instead of fighting commanded it to be fired, and blew up the chief fort, which was done in such haste that 40 of their own soldiers were blown up. In the market-place some resistance was made, but at 3 o'clock they had quiet possession of the

city, although on fire, with no more loss in this day's work than five killed and 10 wounded, and of the enemy about 400. They endeavoured to put out the fire, but in vain, for all was consumed by 12 at night, but two churches and 300 houses in the suburbs. Thus was consumed the famous and ancient city of Panama, which is the greatest mart for silver and gold in the whole world, for it receives all the goods that come from Spain in the King's great fleet, and delivers all the gold and silver that comes from the mines of Peru and Potosi.

If Morgan's official reports of his actions may be implicitly trusted, he must have been as mild-mannered a man almost as Lambro himself. At Puerto el Principe, for instance, he behaved with extraordinary moderation, taking no prisoners, doing the town no harm, and contenting himself with a ransom of a thousand beeves. At Porto Bello, again, where he was indeed obliged to put the greater part of the garrison to the sword owing to their unreasonable objection to his men living at free quarters in the town, his conduct was something phenomenal for those days, even in what may be called civilised warfare. And this is especially curious, for Esquemeling, in his narrative of the sack of Panama, gives a long and extremely circumstantial account of his captain's "disorderly conduct" towards a certain beautiful Spanish lady. Having told how promises, presents, threats, and imprisonment, proved alike unable to shake this heroine's virtue, he concludes: "I myself was an eye-witness to these things here related, and could never have judged such constancy of mind and virtuous chastity to be found in the world, if my own eyes and ears had not informed me thereof." But now let Morgan speak for himself:

Having several ladies of great quality and other prisoners they were proffered their liberty to go to the President's camp, but they refused, saying they were now prisoners to a person of quality, who was more tender of their honours than they doubted to find in the President's camp among his rude Panama soldiers, and so

voluntarily continued with them till the surrender of the town and castles, when with many thanks and good wishes they repaired to their former houses.

These things, he says, he is particular to relate, to vindicate himself from the scandal of his enemies. Which report are we to believe? Somebody, Dutchman, Spaniard, or Englishman, must clearly have made a mistake. Our State Papers certainly tell some very queer stories of these valiant rovers, especially of their treatment of prisoners, though some are allowed to be "well-bred," and the worst, it is hinted, are not of English blood though sailing under English commissions. Perhaps Morgan was the exception to what one can hardly doubt to have been a pretty general rule. Bryan Edwards, the historian of the West Indies, declares that he had seen private letters from the buccaneer captain so full of humanity, justice, and piety, that it was impossible to believe him the monster he had been painted. Was he not, moreover, knighted by the king and a deputy-governor of Jamaica? For the letters we must take Mr. Edwards' word, for he quotes no line of them; but Morgan, after having been sent home as prisoner to answer for the affair at Panama (which caused a terrible outcry in Spain, as having been commissioned by the orgulous Modyford after peace had actually been signed) seems to have ended his life in the odour of respectability as Sir Henry and deputy-governor of Jamaica. The appointment may (one cannot help thinking) have been made on the principle of set a thief to catch a thief, for in 1670 there was to be peace beyond the Line at last, and the buccaneers (until the peace was next broken) could no longer be tolerated. And Sir Henry undoubtedly justified his appointment by stringing up every one of his old comrades he could lay hands on. But Morgan's character is a riddle, the complete key to which is unlikely now to come into our hands. At least there can be no question that he was an ex-

tremely able man, with great talents for organisation and generalship, brave, sagacious, and resolute. For the rest, we may fairly give him the benefit of the doubt, and believe, with the historian of Jamaica, that he was not so black as he has been painted (which, to be sure, might not leave him very white). Yet I cannot help suspecting that had he been so full of the milk of human kindness as Mr. Edwards seems to have found him in his letters, he would hardly have been chosen by the buccaneers for their captain, or commissioned by Modyford to take order (as the old phrase went) with the enemies of England.

At any rate Malthus does not seem to have succeeded in ousting Crooke from favour. I cannot find that his version was ever reprinted, whereas the other passed through many editions and indeed in one shape or another may be said to have been current ever since. The first French translation was published in 1688 at Paris, and was more than once reprinted in that century. A new edition was issued at Trevoux in 1744, *augmentée de l'Histoire des pirates Anglois, traduite de l'Anglois du Capitaine C. Johnson*, and, which was much more valuable, with the narrative of the voyage of Sieur Raveneau de Lussan in the South Sea. This de Lussan was a young French gentleman of quality who, having fallen into debt resolved to discharge it (like an honest gentleman, as one of his biographers quaintly remarks) by turning buccaneer, which he accordingly did, about the time that the English left those seas, and continued to follow that hazardous profession for the space of some four or five years, with what pecuniary result to his creditors we are not told, but apparently with much personal discomfort to himself. A translation of his story will be found in Walker's edition (1810) and one also of the exploits of Captain Montauban, another French hero who, according to his own ac-

count, harried the English in most triumphant fashion up and down the Caribbean Sea and on the Guinea coast about the year 1695. Two years later, and with the treaty signed at Ryswick between the four great maritime nations, England, Spain, France, and Holland, the occupation of the buccaneers, at least as recognised belligerents, was practically gone. They had never really recovered from Morgan's defection, and this was their death-blow. During the early years of the war of the Spanish Succession they flit at intervals over the familiar scene, but only in feeble guise, mere ghosts of their old truculent selves. With the Peace of Ryswick the Brethren of the Coast may be said to have hauled down their flag; and with the fortunes of their successors, the heroes of the Skull and Crossbones, the Jolly Roger, the Black Spot, and other such tawdry properties dear to the modern story-teller, our old authors are not concerned. Both Esquemeling and Ringrose were dead long before the change came; the Dutchman, for aught I know, dying in his bed like an honest burgher of Amsterdam, and the Englishmen falling in a foray on the Mexican coast in 1686. "He had no mind to this voyage," writes his friend Dampier pathetically; "but was necessitated to engage in it or starve."

III.

It has always seemed to me curious that two men on many points so dissimilar as Macaulay and Charles Kingsley should each have selected the same subject for a poem. That Kingsley should have written a ballad on the buccaneers is indeed not curious. The West Indies and all belonging to them had been, as Mr. Froude says, the passion of his life: "He had followed the logs and journals of the Elizabethan adventurers till he had made their genius part of himself"; and it was but

natural that the author of *Westward Ho!* should follow down to its latest development the lineage of his early heroes, of Drake and Hawkins and Raleigh, of Amyas Leigh and Salvation Yeo. He himself has traced for us the genesis of his ballad, and one of his friends has described the circumstances of its birth.

A day rises vividly to memory, when Kingsley remained shut up in the study during the afternoon, the door bolted, inaccessible to all interruption. The drowsy hour had come on between the lights, when it was time to dress for dinner, and talk, without the great inspirer of it, was growing disjointed and fragmentary, when he came in from the study, a paper yet undried in his hand, and read us the Lay of the Last Buccaneer, most spirited of all his ballads. One who had been lying back in an arm-chair, known for its seductive properties as "Sleepy Hollow," roused up then, and could hardly sleep all night for the inspiring music of the words read by one of the very best readers I have ever heard.

Thus far the friend; and under Kingsley's own hand we may read what had inspired the ballad, and what was in his mind when he composed it. He was writing to John Hullah (from Eversley, 30th December, 1850), who had greatly pleased him with the setting of *The Three Fishers*, "the only setting which I have heard which at all renders what I wanted to say, and enters into the real feeling of the words." Hullah had now taken *The Last Buccaneer* in hand, and about that Kingsley seems to have felt less sanguine. "You have made it rollicking, you say. My idea of the music, as I wrote it, was a doleful, sentimental bawl, as of a wooden-legged sailor. I hardly think a rollicking tune suits the worn-out old man, unless you fancy him a thorough blackguard, which I didn't want: I tried to give a human feeling all through, by a touch of poetry and sadness in the poor old ruffian. Had I been a composer I should have tried to express this, and with a half-comic manner.

How to do that in poetry I know. Of music I know nought." And then he goes on to tell Hullah, who had apparently been asking who the buccaneers were and whence they got their name, that he will find all he wants to know in Walter Thornbury's *Monarchs of the Main* and in Angus Reach's *Leonard Lindsay*, both of which he recommends as well worth reading. Of Thornbury's book I have said something. The other I have never read; and its author is known to me only by what my friend Mr. Yates has told me in his own *Recollections and Experiences*; if *Leonard Lindsay* be half as well worth reading as that most entertaining of autobiographies, I am so much the poorer.

Certainly there is nothing rollicking in Kingsley's ballad, and there is much that is doleful and sentimental, suiting well enough with such an ideal as he had fashioned, though something less so, I should fancy, with the real man,—who by the way, like John Silver, was no buccaneer at all, but a common pirate; the buccaneers did not touch the merchant-captains, unless, to be sure, they carried Spanish merchandise. But far be it from me to question the poet's privilege; and about the rhythm and the spirit of the verses there can never be any question.

There were forty craft in Avès that were
both swift and stout,
All furnished well with small arms and
cannon round about;
And a thousand men in Avès made laws
so fair and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey
them loyally.

Oh the palms grew high in Avès, and
fruits that shone like gold;
And the colibris and parrots they were
gorgeous to behold;
And the negro maids to Avès from bond-
age fast did flee,
To welcome gallant sailors a-sweeping in
from sea.

Oh sweet it was in Avès to hear the land-
ward breeze
A-swing with good tobacco in a net be-
tween the trees,

With a negro lass to fan you, while you
listened to the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that
never touched the shore.

There is no mistaking the right ballad swing there. But Kingsley's choice of the scene of operations has always been a mystery to me. Of all places beside the Spanish Main the Isle of Avès must have been the least pleasant, including even that poison-haunt in the Mosquito Gulf where Drake found his death. There were two islands of the same name, both, as it signifies, the home of innumerable sea-fowl and of nothing else, for neither was ever really the headquarters of buccaneer or pirate, though each comes into their story. One of these is up among the Windward Isles about a hundred miles west of Dominica, concerning which and a certain Captain Daniel, jovial Father Labat tells a quaint tale which may also be read in Mr. Froude's *English in the West Indies*. It is a flat sandy key, about three quarters of a mile long, so low as to be invisible six miles off, but with good anchorage on the western side. Kingsley's island is down on the Main, among the Dutch Antilles, a few leagues south-east of Curacoa and Buen Ayre. It is really a small group of islands, almost surrounded by a dangerous reef. On the largest island, about four miles long, grow a few orange and citron trees, and there are mangroves on one of the smaller ones; but for the most part they are sandy and sterile. The sea-fowl are still there, and a few Dutch fishermen; palms, colibris, and parrots, there are none and never have been for at least two hundred years. Within the reef there is good riding-ground and a harbour where the buccaneers used sometimes to careen. They were here in 1681, after the quarrel in the South Sea between Sharp's and Coxon's partisan's, and as Dampier was of the party we get an intelligent account of the place. He tells a wild tale of what befell some of the brotherhood not long before his

visit, when a French squadron, of king's ships and privateers under Count d'Estrées, was wrecked here on an expedition against Curacoa.

The Count d'Estree lost his fleet here in this manner. Coming from the eastward, he fell in on the back of the reef, and fired guns to give warning to the rest of his fleet: but they supposing their admiral was engaged with enemies, hoisted up their topsails, and crowded all the sails they could make, and ran full sail ashore after him. For his light being in the main-top was an unhappy beacon for them to follow; and there escaped but one king's ship and one privateer. The ships continued whole all day, and the men had time enough, most of them, to get ashore, yet many perished in the wreck; and many of those that got safe on the island, for want of being accustomed to such hardships, died like rotten sheep. But the privateers who had been used to such accidents lived merrily, from whom I got this relation; and they told me, that if they had gone to Jamaica with £30 a man in their pockets, they could not have enjoyed themselves more. For they kept in a gang by themselves, and watched when the ships broke, to get the goods that came from them, and though much was staved against the rocks, yet abundance of wine and brandy floated over the reef, where the privateers waited to take it up. They lived here about three weeks, waiting an opportunity to transport themselves back again to Hispaniola; in all which time they were never without two or three hogsheads of wine or brandy in their tents, and barrels of beef and pork; which they could live on well enough, though the new comers out of France could not. There were about forty Frenchmen on board in one of the ships where there was good store of liquor, till the after-part of her broke away and floated over the reef, and was carried away to sea, with all the men drinking and singing, who being in drink, did not mind the danger, but were never heard of afterwards.

No, there were surely better ports for mariners on the Spanish Main than the isle of Avès. There was Boca del Toro, for instance, in the Gulf of Veragua, where the buccaneers gathered for their great raid into the South Sea, and where was "plenty of fat

tortoises, the pleasantest meat in the world"; and Golden Island, off the mouth of the Darien river, whereof Lionel Wafer (surgeon to the brotherhood, and author of a most entertaining little book of travels) tells us; and yet more westerly the Samballas, a cluster of well timbered, well watered keys, which, "with the adjacent shore, its hills and perpetual woods, make a lovely landscape off at sea," writes Wafer, who had a keener eye for such things than most of the brethren, and was, as befitted his profession, something of a naturalist to boot. The Samballas seem to have been a favourite haunt of the buccaneers during their later years, as the settled islands gradually became closed to them, and their power waned with the growing civilisation of the times. Among them, "be the winds how they will, you never fail of a good place for any number of ships to ride at"; and the most frequented of these harbours was known among the English by the pleasant name of Tickle me Quickly.

No such history stands on record of Macaulay's ballad, yet from the courtesy of a member of his family I have learned something of this too. It was never published during his lifetime, its first appearance in print being in the collection of his Miscellaneous Writings made in 1860. This explains Kingsley's ignorance of it when he set his hand to the same subject; though had he been sedulous to avoid a charge of plagiarism he could hardly have avoided it more completely. It was composed however so long ago as 1839 (the year of his return from India) during a passage across the Channel. The weather was as dirty as that described in the opening stanza, and Macaulay, a first-rate sailor, was with his usual good nature below with his companion, who was not equally careless of weather. After a time he went up for a spell on deck, but soon returning repeated to his friend some stanzas he had composed in the interval. They were those

now known as *The Last Buccaneer*.
As they are not many, and seem to
be less known than they should be, I
will quote them; even to those who
know them it will be no great hard-
ship to read them once again.

The winds were yelling, the waves were
swelling,
The sky was black and drear,
When the crew with eyes of flame brought
the ship without a name
Alongside the last Buccaneer.

“Whence flies your sloop full sail before
so fierce a gale,
When all others drive bare on the
seas?
Say, come ye from the shore of the holy
Salvador,
Or the gulf of the rich Caribbees?”

“From a shore no search hath found, from
a gulf no line can sound,
Without rudder or needle we steer;
Above, below, our bark die the sea-fowl
and the shark,
As we fly by the last Buccaneer.

“To-night shall be heard on the rocks of
Cape de Verde
A loud crash and a louder roar;
And to-morrow shall the deep, with a
heavy moaning, sweep
The corpses and wreck to the shore.”

The stately ship of Clyde securely now
may ride
In the breath of the citron shades;
And Severn's towering mast securely now
flies fast
Through the sea of the balmy Trades.

From St. Jago's wealthy port, from Havan-
nah's royal fort,
The seaman goes forth without fear;
For since that stormy night not a mortal
hath had sight
Of the flag of the last Buccaneer.

There could be no fitter birthplace
for such spirited lines than the deck
of a ship in a storm, even though the
ship were no more romantic bark
than a Channel-packet.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1894.

PERLYCROSS.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A WAGER.

It was true enough that Mr. Peniloe was gone to London, as Gronow said; but it was not true that otherwise he would have held a prayer-meeting every day in Lady Waldron's room for the benefit of her case. He would have been a great support and strength to Inez in her anxiety, and doubtless would have joined his prayers with hers; that would have been enough for him. Dr. Gronow was a man who meant well upon the whole, but not in every crick and cranny as a really fine individual does. But the parson was even less likely than the doctor to lift a latch plugged by a lady against him.

"Thyatira, do you think that you could manage to see to the children, and the butcher's bill, during the course of next week?" he enquired, when the pupils were off for their holiday, with accordions and pan-pipes and pea-shooters. "I have particular business in London. Only Betty Cork and old Job Tapscott have come to my readings of Solomon's Song, and both of them are as deaf as milestones. Master Harry will be home again in three days' time, and when he is in the house you have no fear, though your confidence should be placed much higher.

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Master Michael is stronger of late, and if we can keep shocking stories from him, his poor little head may be right again. There really has been no proof at all of the existence of any Spring-heeled Jack, and he would never come here to earn his money. He may have been mentioned in Prophecy, as the Wesleyan Minister declared, but I have failed to come across the passage. Our Church does not deal in those exciting views, and does not recognise dark lanterns."

"No sir, we are much soberer like; but still there remains the Seven Vials."

The parson was up to snuff, if the matter may be put upon so low a footing; Mrs. Muggridge had placed her arms akimbo, in challenge theological. He knew that her views were still the lowest of the low, and could not be hoisted by any petard to the High Church level; and the worst of it is that such people are pat with awkward points of Holy Writ, as hard to parry as the stroke of Jarnac. In truth he must himself confess that partly thus had Thyatira, at an early and impressible age, been induced to join the Church, when there chanced to be a vacancy for a housemaid at the parsonage. It was in his father's parish, where her father, Stephen Muggridge, occupied a farm belonging to the Rev.

Isaac Penniloe. Philip, as a zealous Churchman, urged that the parson's chief tenant should come to church, but the Reverend Isaac took a larger view, preferring his tangible cornland to his spiritual vineyard. "You had better let Stephen alone," he said; "you would very soon get the worst of it, with all your new Oxford theology. Farmer Steve is a wonderfully stout Antipædobaptist; and he searches the Scriptures every day, which leaves no chance for a Churchman who can only find time on a Saturday."

This dissuasion only whetted the controversial appetite, and off set Philip with his Polyglot Bible under his arm. When Farmer Stephen saw him coming, he smiled a grim and gallant smile, being equally hot for the combat. Says he, after a few preliminary passes, "Now, young sir, look here! I'll show 'e a text as you can't explain away, with all Oxford College at the back of thee. Just you turn to Gospel of John, third chapter and fifth verse, and you read it after me. 'Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God.' The same in your copy, bain't it now? Then according to my larning, m. a. n. spells *man*, and b. a. b. e. spells *babe*. Now till you can put b. a. b. e. in the place of m. a. n. in that there text, what becomes of your Church baptism?"

The farmer grinned gently at the parson, in the pride of triumph, and looked round for his family to share it.

"Farmer Stephen, that sounds well," replied the undaunted Philip; "but perhaps you will oblige me by turning over a few leaves, as far as the sixteenth chapter of the same Gospel and verse twenty-one. You see how it begins with reference to the pains of a mother, and then occur these words—'She remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a *man* is born into the world.' Now was that man born full-grown, Farmer Stephen?"

The farmer knitted his brows, and stared; there was no smile left upon

his face; but in lieu of it came a merry laugh from beside his big oaken chair, and the head of her class in the village school was studying his countenance.

"Her can go to the parsonage," quoth the Antipædobaptist. "Her won't take no harm in a household where they know their Bible so."

Farmer Stephen was living still; and like a gentleman had foregone all attempts to recapture his daughter. With equal forbearance Penniloe never pressed his own opinions concerning smaller matters upon his pious house-keeper, and therefore was fain to decline, as above, her often proffered challenges.

"There are many things still very dark before us," he answered with his sweet sad smile; "let us therefore be instant in prayer, while not neglecting our worldly duties. It is a worldly duty now which takes me from my parish, much against my own desires. I shall not stay an hour more than can be helped, and shall take occasion to forward, if I can, the interests of our restoration fund."

Mrs. Muggridge, when she heard of that, was ready at once to do her best. Not that she cared much about the church repairs, but that her faithful heart was troubled by her master's heavy anxieties. As happens (without any one established exception) in such cases, the outlay had proved to be greatly vaster than the most exhaustive estimate. Mr. Penniloe felt himself liable for the repayment of every farthing; and though the contractors at Exeter were most lenient and considerate (being happily a firm of substance), his mind was much tormented (at the lower tides of faith) about it. At least twelve hundred pounds was certain to fall due at Christmas, that season of peace and good will for all Christians who can pay for it. Even at that date there were several good and useful Corporations, Societies, Associations, ready to help the Church of England, even among white men, when the case was put well before

them. The parson had applied by letter vainly ; now he hoped to see the people, and get a trifle out of them.

The long and expensive journey, and the further expense of the sojourn, were quite beyond his resources, drained so low by the House of the Lord ; but now the solicitors to the estate of Sir Thomas Waldron Bart. deceased, required his presence in London for essential formalities, and gladly provided the *viaticum*. Therefore he donned his warmest clothes, for the weather was becoming wintry, put the oilskin over his Sunday hat (a genuine beaver, which had been his father's and started in life at two guineas, and even now in its curate stage might stand out for twenty-one shillings), and committing his household solemnly to the care of the Almighty, met the first up-coach before daylight on Monday, when it changed horses at the Blue Ball Inn at the north-east corner of his parish.

All western coaches had been quickened lately by tidings of steam in the north which would take a man nearly a score of miles in one hour ; and though nobody really believed in this, the mere talk of it made the horses go. There was one coach already, known by the rather profane name of *Quicksilver*, which was said to travel at the almost impious pace of twelve miles an hour. But few had much faith in this break-neck tale, and *The Quicksilver* flew upon the southern road which never comes nigh the Perle valley. Even so, there were coaches on this upper road which averaged nine miles an hour all the way, foregoing for the sake of empty speed breakfast, and dinner, and even supper on the road. By one of these, called *The Tullyho*, Mr. Penniloe booked his place for London, and arrived there, in good health but very tired, early on the Tuesday morning.

The curate of Perlycross was not at all of the rustic parson type, such as may still be found in many an out-of-the-way parish of Devon. He was not likely to lose himself in the streets of

Mighty Babylon, as London was generally called in those days ; and he showed some perception of the right thing to do by putting up at the Old Hummums. His charges for the week were borne by the lawyers upon whose business he was come ; and therefore the whole of his time was placed at the disposal of their agents Messrs. Spindrift, Honeysweet, and Hoblin, of Theobald's Road, Gray's Inn. That highly respected firm led him about from office to office, and pillar to post, sometimes sitting upon the pillar, sometimes leaning against the post, according to the usage immemorial of their learned profession. But one of the things he was resolved to do between Doe and Roe, and Nokes and Styles, was to see his old friend Harrison Gowler concerning the outrage at Perlycross.

There happened to be a great run now upon that eminent physician, because he had told a lady of exalted rank, who had a loose tendon somewhere, that she had stepped on a piece of orange-peel five and twenty years ago. Historical research proved this to be too true, although it had entirely escaped the august patient's memory. For this Dr. Gowler was made a baronet at once, his practice was doubled, though it had been very large, and so were all his fees, though they had not been small. In a word, he was the rage, and was making golden hay in the full blaze of a royal sun.

No wonder then that the simple friend for a long time sought the great man vainly. He could not very well write to ask for an interview on the following day because he never knew at what hour he might hope to be delivered from the lawyers ; and it never occurred to him to prepay the postage of his card from door to table to either of the haughty footmen. Slow as he was to take offence, he began to fear that it must be meant, for the name of his hotel was on his cards ; until as he was turning

away once more, debating with himself whether self-respect would allow him to lift that brass knocker again, the great man himself came point-blank upon him. The stately footman had made a rush for his pint of half-and-half round the corner, and Sir Harrison had to open his own door to show a noble patient forth.

"What, you in London, Penniloe!" And a kind grasp of the hand made it clear that the physician was not himself to blame. In a few quick words it was arranged that the parson should call again at six o'clock, and share his old friend's simple meal. "We shall have two good hours for a talk," said Gowler, "for all the great people are at dinner then. At eight, I have a consultation on."

"I never have what can be called a dinner," Sir Harrison said, when they met again; "only a bit of—I forget what the Greek expression is. There is an American turn for it."

"You must indeed be overdone, if you are forgetting your Greek," replied his friend. "You were far in front of me there always; though I think I was not so far behind in Latin."

"I think you were better in both. But what matter? We have little time now for such delights. How often I wish I were back again at Oxford, ten times poorer, but a thousand times happier. What is the good of my hundred pounds a day? I often get that, and am ashamed of it."

The parson refrained from quoting any of the plentiful advice upon that matter from the very highest authorities. He tried to look cheerfully at his old friend, and did not even shake his head. But a very deep sadness was in his own heart, and yet a confirmation of his own higher faith. Then knowing that the time was very short, and feeling his duty to his own parish, he told the tale he was come to tell; and Sir Harrison listened intently to it.

"I scarcely know what to think," he said. "Even if I were on the

spot, and knew every one whom it was possible to suspect, it would be a terrible puzzle to me. One thing may be said, with confidence amounting almost to certainty, that it is not a medical matter at all. That much I can settle, beyond all doubt, by means which I need not specify. Even with you I cannot enter upon questions so professional. We know that irregular things are done, and the folly of the law compels them. But this is quite out of the course they pursue. However I can make quite certain about all that within a week. Meanwhile you should look for a more likely clue. You have lost invaluable time by concluding, as of course the stupid public would, especially after all the Burke and Hare affairs, that the doctors must be at the bottom of it. Most unlucky that you were so unwell, or you might have set the enquiry on the right track from the first. Surely it must have occurred to you that medical men, as a general rule, are the sharpest fellows of the neighbourhood, except of course,—of course excepting the parsons."

"They are sharper than we are," said the parson with a smile; "but perhaps that is the very thing that tells against our faith in them."

"Very likely; but still it keeps them from utterly mad atrocities. Sir Thomas Waldron, a famous man, a grand old soldier, and above all a wealthy man! Why they could have done no more to a poor old wretch from the workhouse!"

"The crime in that case would have been as great; perhaps greater, because more cowardly."

"You always were a highflyer, my friend. But never mind the criminality; what we want to know is the probability. And to find out that we have to study not the laws of morality, but the rules of human conduct. What was the name of the man I met about the case at your house? Oh, I remember—Gronow; a very shrewd, clear-headed fellow. Well, what does he say about it?"

"As nearly as possible what you have said. Some slight suspicion has fallen upon him; but as I told you, Jemmy Fox has come in for the lion's share of it."

"Poor young fellow! It must be very hard to bear. It will make him hate a profession in which he would have been sure to distinguish himself, because he really loves it. What a thick-headed monster the English public is! They always exult in a wild-goose chase. Are you sure that the body was ever carried off at all?"

"The very question Doctor Gronow asked! Unhappily there can be no doubt whatever upon that point. As I ought to have told you, though I was not there to see it, the search was made in the middle of the day, and with a dozen people round the grave. They went to the bottom, found the brickwork broken down, and no sign of any coffin."

"Well, that ought to lead us to something clear. That alone is almost certain proof of what I said just now. Resurrection-men, as the stupid public calls them, would have taken the body alone. Not only because they escape all charge of felony by doing so, but that it is so much easier; and for many other reasons which you may imagine. I begin to see my way more clearly. Depend upon it, this is some family matter. Some private feud, or some motive of money, or perhaps even some religious scruple lies at the bottom of this strange affair. I begin to think that you will have to go to Spain before you understand it all. How has Lady Waldron behaved about it?"

"She has been most bitter against poor Jemmy." Mr. Penniloe had not heard of what was happening this very week at Walderscourt. "She will not see him, will not hear his name, and is bitter against any one who takes his part. She cannot even bring herself to speak to me, because in common fairness I have done my best for him, against the general opinion and her own firm conclusion.

That is one reason why I am in London now. She will not even act with me in taking probate of the will. In fact it has driven her, as I fear, almost to the verge of insanity, for she behaves most unkindly even to her daughter. But she is more to be pitied than blamed, poor thing."

"I agree with you, in case of all this being genuine. But is it so? Or is it a bit of acting over-acted? I have known women who could act so as to impose upon their own brains."

"It has never once entered my head," replied the simple-minded parson, "to doubt that all she says, and does, is genuine. Even you could not doubt, if you beheld her."

"I am not so sure of that," observed Sir Harrison very drily. "The beauty of your character is the grand simplicity. You have not the least idea of any wickedness."

"My dear fellow," cried the parson deeply shocked; "it is, alas, my sad duty to find out and strive with the darkest cases of the depravity of our fallen race!"

"Of course. But you think none the worse of them for that. It is water on a duck's back to such a man as you. Well, have it so, if you like. I see the worst of their bodies, and you the worst of their souls, as you suppose. But I think you put some of your own into them,—infusion of sounder blood, as it were."

"Gowler, you may think as ill as fallen nature can make you think of all your fellow-creatures!" Mr. Penniloe spoke with a sharpness very seldom found in words of his. "But in fair truth, it is beyond the blackest of all black bitterness to doubt poor Lady Waldron's simple and perfect sincerity."

"Because of her very magnificent eyes," Sir Harrison answered, as if to himself and to meet his own too charitable interjections. "But what has she done, to carry out her wild revenge at an outrage, which she would feel more keenly perhaps than the most sensitive of English women?"

Has she moved high and low, ransacked the earth, set all the neighbourhood on fire, and appealed with tears, and threats, and money (which is the strongest of all appeals), to the Cæsar enthroned in London? If she had done any of these things, I fancy I should have heard of them."

For the moment Mr. Penniloe disliked his friend; as a man may feel annoyance at his own wife even, when her mind for some trivial cause is moving on a lower level than his own. "As yet she has not taken any strong steps," he confessed with some reluctance, "because she has been obliged to act under her lawyer's guidance. Remember that she is a foreigner, and knows nothing of our legal machinery."

"Very likely not. But Webber does, Webber her solicitor. I suppose Webber has been very energetic."

"He has not done so much as one might have expected. In fact he has seemed to me rather remiss. He has had his own private hands at work, which as he says is the surest plan; but he has brought no officers from London down. He tells me that in all such cases they have failed; and more than that, they have entirely spoiled the success of all private enquiry."

"It looks to me very much as if private enquiry had no great desire to succeed. My conclusion grows more and more irresistible. Shall I tell you what it is?"

"My dear fellow, by all means do. I shall attach very great importance to it."

"It is simply this,"—Sir Harrison spoke less rapidly than usual; "all your mystery is solved in this—*Lady Waldron knows all about it*. How you all have missed that plain truth puzzles me. She has excellent reasons for restricting the enquiry, and casting suspicion upon poor Fox. Did I not hear of a brother of hers, a Spanish nobleman I think he was?"

"Yes, her twin-brother, the Count de Varcas. She has always been

warmly attached to him; but Sir Thomas did not like him much. I think he has been extravagant. Lady Waldron has been doing her utmost to discover him."

"I dare say. To be sure she has! Advertised largely of course. Oh dear, oh dear! What poor simple creatures we men are in comparison with women!"

Mr. Penniloe was silent. He had made a good dinner, and taken a glass of old port wine; and both those proceedings were very rare with him. Like all extremely abstemious men, when getting on in years, he found his brain not strengthened but confused by the unusual supply. The air of London had upon him that effect which it often has at first upon visitors from the country, quick increase of appetite and hearty joy in feeding.

"Another thing you told me, which confirms my view," resumed the relentless doctor. "The last thing discovered before you came away,—but not discovered, mark you, by her ladyship's agents—was that the cart supposed to have been employed had been traced to a smuggler's hiding-place in a desolate and unfrequented spot, probably in the direction of the coast. Am I right in supposing that?"

"Partly so. It would be towards the sea; though certainly not the shortest way."

"But the best way probably of getting at the coast, if you wished to avoid towns and villages? That you admit? Then all is plain. Poor Sir Thomas was to be exported. Probably to Spain; that I will not pretend to determine, but I think it most likely; perhaps to be buried in Catholic soil and with Catholic ceremonial, which they could not do openly here because of his own directions. How simple the very deepest mystery becomes when once you have the key to it! But how strange that it never occurred to you! I should have thought Gro-nov at any rate would have guessed it."

"He has more penetration than I

have; I am well aware of that," replied the humble parson; "and you of course have more than either of us. But for all that, Gowler, and although I admit that your theory is very plausible and explains many points that seemed inexplicable, I cannot, and I will not accept it for a moment."

"Where is your difficulty? Is it not simple,—consistent with all that we know of such people, priest-ridden of course, and double-faced, and crafty? Does it not solve every difficulty? What can you urge against it?"

"My firm belief in the honesty, affection, and good faith of women."

"Whew!" The great physician forgot his dignity in the enjoyment of so fine a joke. He gave a long whistle, and then put his thumb to his nose and extended his fingers, as schoolboys of that period did. "Honesty of women, Penniloe! At your age, you surely know better than that. A very frail argument indeed!"

"Because of my age it is perhaps that I do know better. I would rather not discuss the subject. You have your views, and I have mine."

"I am pleased with this sort of thing, because it reminds one so much of boyhood." Sir Harrison stood by the fire, and began to consult his short grey whiskers. "Let me see, how many years is it since I cherished such illusions? Well, they are pleasant enough, while they last. I suppose you never make a bet, Penniloe?"

"Of course not, Gowler. You seem to be as ignorant of clergymen as you are of women."

"Don't be touchy, my dear fellow. Many of the cloth accept the odds, and have the privilege of clergy when they lose. Well, I'll tell you what I will do. You see that little cupboard in the panelling? It has only one key, and the lock is peculiar. Here I deposit,—behold my act and deed—these two fifty-pound notes. You

take the key. Now you shall come, or send either churchwarden, and carry them off for the good of your church-restoration fund, the moment you can prove that my theory is wrong."

"I am not sure," said the clergyman, with a little agitation as the courage of that single glass of port declined, "that this is not too much in the nature of a wager."

"No, there is no wager; that requires two parties. It is simply a question of forfeiture. No peril to a good cause, as you would call it, in case of failure; and a solid gain to it, if I prove wrong. Take the key, my friend. My time is up."

Mr. Penniloe, the most conscientious of mankind and therefore the most gentle, had still some qualms about the innocence of this; but his friend's presumptuous manner hushed them. He dropped the key into his deep watch-pocket, specially secured against the many rogues of London; and there it was when he mounted on *The Magnet* coach at two o'clock on the Friday afternoon, prepared for a long and dreary journey to his home.

The Magnet was one of those calm and considerate coaches which thought a great deal more of the comfort and safety of their passengers and horses than of the fidgety hands of any clock, be it even a cathedral clock, on the whole road from London to Exeter. What are the most important hours of the day? Manifestly those of feeding; each of them is worth any other three. Therefore you lose three times the time you save by omitting your dinner. This coach breakfasted, dined, and supped, and slept on the road, or rather out of it, and started again as fresh as paint quite early enough in the morning.

With his usual faith in human nature Mr. Penniloe had not enquired into these points, but concluded that this coach would rush along in the breathless manner of *The Tallyho*. This leisurely course began to make him very nervous, and when on the

Saturday at two o'clock another deliberate halt was made at a little wayside inn, some fifty miles still from Perlycross, and every one descended with a sprightly air, the clergyman marched up to the coachman to remonstrate. "Unless we get on a little faster," he said, with a kind but anxious smile, "I shall not be at home for Sunday."

"Can't help that, sir. The coach must dine," replied the fat driver, as he pulled his muffler down to give his capacious mouth fair play.

"But—but consider, Mr. Coachman; I must get home. I have my church to serve."

"Must serve the dinner first, sir, if you please," said the landlord coming forward with a napkin, which he waved as if it were worth a score of sermons. "All the gents are waiting, sir, for you to say the grace—hot soup, knuckle of veal, boiled round, and baked potatoes. Gents has to pay, if they dine, or if they don't. Knowing this, all gents does dine. Preach all the better, sir, to-morrow for it."

If this preparation were needful, the curate's sermon would not have been excellent, for anxiety had spoiled his appetite. When at length they lumbered on again, he strove to divert his thoughts by observing his fellow-passengers. And now for the first time he descried, over the luggage piled on the roof, a man with a broad slouched hat and fur cloak, who sat with his back towards him, for Mr. Penniloe had taken his place on the hinder part of the coach. That man had not joined the dinner party, yet no one remained on the coach or in it during the dinner hour, for the weather was cold and windy, with a few flakes of snow flying idly all day and just making little ribs of white upon the road. Mr. Penniloe was not a very observant man, least of all on a Saturday when his mind was dwelling chiefly upon Scriptural subjects; but he could not help wondering how this man came there,

for the coach had not stopped since they left the little inn. This perhaps drew his attention to the man who appeared to be "thoroughly a foreigner," as John Bull in those days expressed it. For he wore no whiskers, but a long black beard streaked with silver, as even those behind could see, for the whirl of the north wind tossed it now and then upon his left shoulder. He kept his head low behind the coachman's broad figure, and appeared to speak to nobody, but smoked cigars incessantly, lighting each from the stump of its predecessor, and scattering much ash about to the discomfort of his neighbours' eyes. Although Mr. Penniloe never smoked, he enjoyed the fragrance of a good cigar perhaps more than the puffer himself does (especially if he puff too vehemently), and he was able to pronounce this man's tobacco very fine.

At length they arrived at Pumpington, about six miles from Perlycross, and here Mr. Penniloe fully expected another halt for supper, and had made up his mind in that case to leave the coach and trudge home on foot. But to his relief they merely changed horses, and did that with some show of alacrity; for they were bound to be at Exeter that night, and the snow was beginning to thicken. At the turnpike-gate two men got up; one of them a sailor, going probably to Plymouth, who mounted the tarpaulin that covered the luggage, and throwing himself flat upon it with a jovial air, made himself quite at home, smoking a short pipe, and waving a black bottle when he could spare time from sucking it. The other man came and sat beside the parson, who did not recognise him at first, for the coach carried only two lamps, both in front, and their light was thrown over their shoulders now and then in rough streams like the beard of the foreigner. All the best coaches still carried a guard, and the Royal Mail was bound to do so; but *The Magnet* towards the end of its career had none.

Mr. Penniloe meekly allowed the new-comer to edge his feet gradually out of the straw nest, and work his own into the heart of it; for now it was truly a shivering and a shuddering night. The steam of the horses and their breath came back in turbid clouds, and the snow, or soft hail (now known as *graupe*) cut white streaks through them into travellers' eyes and danced on the roof like lozenges. Nobody opened mouth, except the sailor; and his was stopped, as well as opened, by the admirable fit of the neck of his rum bottle. But this being overstrained became too soon a hollow consolation; and the rim of the glass rattled drily against his chattering teeth, till he cast it away.

"Never say die, mates, I'll sing you a song. Don Darkimo, give us a cigar to chaw. Never could smoke them things, gentlemen and ladies. Can't 'e speak, or won't 'e then? Never mind, here goes!"

To his own encouragement this jolly fellow, with his neck and chest thrown open and his summer duds on, began to pour forth a rough nautical ballad, not only beyond the pale of the most generous orthodoxy, but entirely out of harmony with the tone of all good society. In plainer words, as stupid a bit of ribaldry and blasphemy as the most advanced period could produce.

Then up rose Mr. Penniloe, and in a firm voice, clear above the piping of the wind and the roar of wheels and rattle of loose harness, administered to that mariner a rebuke so grave and solemn, and yet so full of large kindness and of allowance for his want of teaching, that the poor fellow hung his head and felt a rising in his throat, and, being not advanced beyond the tender stage of intoxication, passed into a liquid stage of terror and repentance. With this the clergyman was content, being of longer experience than to indulge in further homily. But the moment he sat down, up rose the gentleman who had cribbed his straw, and addressed the applauding

passengers. "My friends, the Reverend Penniloe has spoken well and eloquently. But I think you will agree with me, that it would be more consistent of him, and more for the service of the Lord, if he kept his powers of reproof for the use of his own parishioners. He is the clergyman of Perlycross, a place notorious throughout the county for the most infamous of crimes, a place where even the dead are not allowed to sleep in peace."

After this settler the man sat down and turned his back on the parson, who had now recognised him with deep sorrow at his low malevolence. For this was no other than Solomon Pack, watchmaker and jeweller at Pumpington, well known among his intimates as "Pack of lies," from his affection for malignant gossip. Mr. Penniloe had offended him by employing the rival tradesman, Pack's own brother-in-law, with whom he was at bitter enmity. "Mr. Pack, you have done much harm, I fear, and this is very unjust of you," was all that the parson deigned to say. But he had observed with some surprise that, while Pack was speaking, the foreigner turned round and gazed intently, without showing much of his swarthy face, at himself, Philip Penniloe.

Before silence was broken again, *The Magnet* drew up at *The Blue Ball* Inn, where the lane turns off towards Perlycross, and the clergyman, leaving his valise with the landlord, started upon his three-mile trudge. But before he had walked more than a hundred yards he was surprised to see, across the angle of the common, that the coach had stopped again at the top of a slight rise, where a footpath led from the turnpike road towards the northern entrance to Walderscourt. The clouds were now dispersing and the full moon shining brightly, and the ground being covered with newly fallen snow, the light was as good as it is upon many a winter afternoon. Mr. Penniloe was wearing

a pair of long-sight glasses, specially adapted to his use by a skilful optician in London, and he was as proud of them as a child is of his first whistle. Without them the coach might have been a haystack, or a whale, so far as he could tell; with them he could see the horses, and the passengers, and the luggage. Having seen too much of that coach already, he was watching it merely as a test for his new glasses, and the trial proved most satisfactory. "How proud Fay will be," he was thinking to himself, "when I tell her that I can see the big pear-tree from the window, and even the thrushes on the lawn!" But suddenly his interest in the sight increased. The man, who was standing in the road with his figure shown clearly against a snowy bank, was no other than that dark foreigner who had stared at him so intently. There was the slouched hat, and there was the fur cloak, and even the peculiar bend of the neck. A parcel was thrown to him from the roof, and away he went across the common, quite as if he knew the way, through furze and heather to the back entrance of Walderscourt grounds. He could not see the parson in the darker lane below, and doubtless believed himself unseen.

The circumstance aroused some strange ideas in the candid mind of Penniloe. That man, knowing who he was from Pack's tirade, must have been desirous to avoid him, otherwise he would have quitted the coach at *The Blue Ball*, and taken this better way to Walderscourt; for the lane Mr. Penniloe was following led more directly thither by another entrance. What if there were something, after all, in Gowler's too plausible theory? That man looked like a Spaniard, probably a messenger from Lady Waldron's scapegrace brother; for that was his character, if plain truth were spoken without any family gloss upon it. And if he were a messenger, why should he come thus, unless there was something they wanted to conceal?

The curate had not traversed all this maze of meditations, which made him feel very miserable,—for of all things he hated suspiciousness, and that £100, though needed so sadly, would be obtained at too high a cost if the cost were his faith in woman-kind—when, lo! his own church-tower rose grandly before him, its buttresses and stringing courses capped with sparkling snow, and the yew-tree by the battlements feathered with the same, and away to the east the ivy mantle of the abbey, laced and bespangled with the like caprice of beauty showered from the glittering stores of heaven. He put on a spurt through the twinkling air, and the frozen snow crunched beneath his rapid feet; and presently he had shaken hands with Muggridge, and Fay in her nightgown had made a reckless leap from the height of ten stairs into his gladsome arms.

CHAPTER XXV.

A SERMON IN STONE.

Now Sergeant Jakes was not allowed to chastise any boys on Sunday. This made the day hang very heavy on his hands; and as misfortunes never come singly, the sacred day robbed him of another fine resource. For Mr. Penniloe would not permit even Muggridge, the pious, the sage, and the prim, to receive any visitors (superciliously called by the front-door people "followers") upon that blessed day of rest, when surely the sweeter side of human nature is fostered and inspirited from reading-desk and lectern, from gallery and from pulpit.

However even clergymen are inconsistent, as their own wives acknowledge confidentially; and Mr. Penniloe's lectures upon Solomon's Song (a treatise then greatly admired as a noble allegory by High Churchmen) were not enforced at home by any warmth of practice. Thus stood the law; and of all offences upon the Sergeant's Hecatalogue, mutiny was the

most heinous ; therefore he could not mutiny. But surely if Mr. Penniloe could have received, or conceived, a germ of the faintest suspicion concerning this faithful soldier's alternatives on the afternoon of the Sabbath (as Churchmen still entitled it) he would have thrown open every door of kitchen, back-kitchen, scullery, and even pantry to him, that his foot might be kept from so offending. Ay, and more than his foot, his breast, and arm, the only arm he had, and therefore leaving no other blameless.

It is most depressing to record the lapse of such a lofty character, so gallant, faithful, self-denying, true, austere, and simple, though some of these merits may be refused him when the truth comes out, as, alas ! it must. All that can be pleaded in his favour is that ancient, threadbare, paltry, and (as must even be acknowledged) dastardly palliation,—the woman tempted him and he fell ; fell from his brisk and jaunty mien, his noble indifference to the fair and severity to their little ones, his power of example to the rising age, and his pure-minded loyalty to Thyatira, watered by rivers of tea and fed by acres of bread and butter. And the worst of it was that he had sternly resolved, with haughty sense of right and hearty scorn of a previous slip towards back-sliding, that none of this weakness should ever, even in a vision, come anigh him any more. Yet see how easily this rigid man was wound round the finger of a female “teener,” as the Americans beautifully express it !

He was sitting very sadly at his big black desk, one mild and melancholy Sabbath eve, with the light of the dull day fading out and failing to make facets from the diamonds of the windows, and the heavy school-clock ticking feebly, as if it wished time was over ; while shadows, that would have frightened any other unmarried man in the parish, came in from the silent population of the old churchyard, as if it were the haze of another world. A little cloud of smoke, to serve them up

with their own sauce, would have consoled the schoolmaster ; but he never allowed any smoking in this temple of the Muses, and as the light waned he lit his tallow candle, to finish the work that he had in hand. This was a work of the highest criticism, to revise, correct, and arrange in order of literary merit all the summaries of the morning sermon prepared by the head-class in the school. Some of these compositions were of extreme obscurity, and some conveyed very strange doctrinal views. He was inclined to award the palm to the following fine epitome, practical, terse, and unimpeachably orthodox : “The sermon was, sir, that all men ort to be good, and never to do no wikked things whenever thay can help it.” But while he yet paused, with long quill in hand, the heavy oak door from the inner yard was opened very gently, and a slender form attired in black appeared at the end of the long and gloomy room.

Firm of nerve as he was, the master quailed a little at this unexpected sight ; and therefore it became a very sweet relief when the vision brightened into a living and a friendly damsel, and more than that a very charming one. All firm resolutions like shadows vanished ; instead of a stern and distant air and a very rigid attitude, a smile of delight and a bow of admiration betrayed the condition of his bosom.

The fair and artless Tamar knew exactly how to place herself to the very best advantage. She stood on the further side of the candle, so that its low uncertain light hovered on the soft curve of her cheeks, and came back in a flow of steady lustre from her large brown eyes. She brushed an unbidden tear away, and timidly allowed those eyes to rest upon the man of learning. No longer was she the gay coquette, coying with frolic challenge, but the gentle, pensive, submissive maiden appealing to a loftier mind. The sergeant's tender heart was touched, up sprang his inborn

chivalry, and he swept away with his strong right hand the efforts of juvenile piety and the lessons of Holy Writ.

"Sergeant Schoolmaster, no chair for me," Tamar began in a humble voice, as he offered his own official seat. "I have but a moment to spare, and I fear you will be so angry with me for intruding upon you like this. But I am so—oh, so unhappy!"

"What is it, my dear? Who has dared to vex you? Tell me his name, and although it is Sunday—ah, just let me come across him!"

"Nobody, nobody, Sergeant Schoolmaster!" here she pulled out a handkerchief, which a woman would have pronounced, at a glance, the property of her mistress. "Oh, how shall I dare to tell you who it is?"

"I insist upon knowing," said the sergeant boldly, taking the upper hand because the maiden looked so humble; "I insist upon knowing who it is, this very moment."

"Then if I must tell, if you won't let me off," she answered with a sweet glance, and a sweeter smile, "it is nobody else but Sergeant Jakes himself."

"Me!" exclaimed the veteran; "whatever have I done? You know that I would be the last in all the world to vex you."

"Oh, it is because you are so fierce. And that, of course, is because you are so brave."

"But, my dear, my pretty dear, how could I ever be fierce to you?"

"Yes, you are going to cane my brother Billy in the morning."

This was true beyond all cavil, deeply and beautifully true. The sergeant stared, and frowned a little; justice must allow no dalliance.

"And oh, he has got such chilblains, sir! Two of them broke only yesterday, and will be at their worst in the morning. And he didn't mean it, sir, oh, he never meant it, when he called you an 'old beast'!"

"The discipline of the school must be maintained." Mr. Jakes stroked

his beard, which was one of the only pair then grown in the parish (the other being Dr. Gronow's), for the growth of a beard in those days argued a radical and cantankerous spirit, unless it were that of a military man. Without his beard Mr. Jakes would not have inspired half the needful awe; and he stroked it now with dignity, though the heart beneath it was inditing of an unworthy idea. "Unhappily he did it, miss, in the presence of the other boys. It cannot be looked over."

"Oh, what can I do, Sergeant, what can I do? I'll do anything you tell me, if you'll only let him off."

The schoolmaster gave a glance at all the windows. They were well above the level of the ground outside; no one could peep in without standing on a barrel, or getting another boy to give him a leg up. "Tamar, do you mean what you say?" he inquired, with a glance of mingled tenderness and ferocity,—the tenderness for her, the ferocity for her brother.

"If you have any doubt you have only got to try me. There can't be any harm in that much, can there?" She looked at him, with a sly twinkle in her eyes, as much as to say, "Well, now, come, don't be so bashful."

Upon that temptation this long-tried veteran fell from his loyalty and high position. He approached the too fascinating damsel, took her pretty hand, and whispered something through her lovely curls. Alas, the final word of his conditions of abject surrender was one which rhymed with "this," or "miss," or that which it should have been requited with, a hiss. Oh, Muggridge, Muggridge, where were you? Just stirring a cup of unfriended tea, and meditating on this man's integrity!

"Oh, you are too bad, too bad, Sergeant!" exclaimed the young girl starting back, with both hands lifted and a most becoming blush. "I never did,—I never could have thought that you had any mind for such trifles. Why, what

would all the people say if I were only to mention it?"

"Nobody would believe you," replied Mr. Jakes, to quench that idea, while he trembled at it, adding thereby to his iniquities.

"Well, perhaps they wouldn't. No, I don't believe they would. But everybody likes a bit of fun sometimes; but we won't say another word about it."

"Won't we though? I have got a new cane, Tamar; the finest I ever yet handled for spring; the rarest thing to go round chilblains. Bargain, or no bargain, now?"

"Bargain!" she cried; "but I couldn't do it now. It must be in a more quieter place. Besides, you might cheat me, and cane him after all. Oh, it is too bad, too bad to think of! Perhaps I might try next Sunday."

"But where shall I see you next Sunday, my dear? 'Never put off; it gives time for to scoff.' Give me one now, and I'll stick to it."

"No, Sergeant Jakes. I don't like to tell you, and my father would be so angry. But I don't see what right he has to put me in there. And oh, it is so lonely! And I am looking out for ghosts, and never have a happy mouthful. That old woman will have something to answer for. But it's no good to ask me, Sergeant; because—because ever so many would be after me, if they only got a hint of it."

This of course was meant to stop him; but somehow it had quite the opposite effect, and at last he got out of the innocent girl the whole tale of her Sunday seclusion. The very best handmaid (as everybody knows) will go through the longest and bitterest bout of soaking, shivering, freezing, starving, dragging under wheels, and being blown up to the sky, rather than forego her "Sunday out." Miss Tamar Haddon was entitled always to this Sabbath travail; and such was her courage that have it she would, though it blew great guns, and rained cats and dogs.

Now, her father, as may have been said before, was Walter Haddon of *The Ivy-bush*, as respectable a man as ever lived and very fond of his children. This made him anxious for their welfare, and welfare meaning even then (though not so much as now it does), fair wealth and farewell poverty, Mr. Haddon did his best to please his wealthy aunt, a childless widow who lived at Perlycombe. For this old lady had promised to leave her money among his children if they should fail to offend her. In that matter it was a hundredfold easier to succeed than it was to fail, for her temper was diabolical. Poor Tamar, being of flippant tongue, had already succeeded fatally; and the first question Mrs. Pods always asked, before she got out of her pony-carriage, was worded thus, "Is that minx Tamar in the house?"

Whatever the weather might be, this lady always drove up with her lame pony to the door of *The Ivy-bush* at half-past one of a Sunday, expecting to find a good hot dinner and hot rum and water afterwards. For all this refreshment she never paid a penny, but presented the children with promises of the fine things they might look forward to; and thus, like too many other rich people, she kept all her capital to herself, and contrived to get posthumous interest upon it, on the faith of contingent remainders.

Now Tamar's mother was dead; and her father knowing well that all the young sparks of the village were but as the spoils of her bows and bonnets, had contrived a very clever plan for keeping her clear of that bitter Mrs. Pods, without casting her into the way of yokel youths and spry young bachelors of low degree. At the back of his hostelry stood the old abbey, covered with great festoons of ivy from which the inn probably took its name; the only entrance to the ruins was by the arched gateway at the end of his yard, other approaches having been walled up, and the key of the tall iron gate was kept at this inn for the

benefit of visitors. The walls of the ancient building could scarcely be seen anywhere for the ivy, and the cloisters and roofless rooms inside were over-grown with grass and briars. But one large chamber, at the end of a passage, still retained its vaulted ceiling and stone pavement scarred with age. Perhaps it had been the refectory, for at one side was a deep fireplace where many a hearty log had roared; at present its chief business was to refresh Miss Tamar Haddon. A few sticks kindled in the old fireplace, and a bench from the kitchen of the inn made it a tolerable keeping-room, at least in the hours of daylight; though at night the bold sergeant himself might have lacked the courage for sound slumber there. To this place was the fair Tamar banished, for the sake of the moneybags of Mrs. Pods, from half-past one till three o'clock, on her Sunday visits to *The Ivy-bush*. Hither the fair maid brought her dinner, steaming in a basin hot, and her father's account-book of rough jottings which it was her business to verify and interpret; for, as is the duty of each newer generation, she had attained to higher standard of ennobling scholarship.

In a few words now she gave the loving sergeant a sketch of this time-serving policy and her exile from the paternal dinner-table, which aroused his gallant wrath; and then she told him how she had discovered an entrance unknown to her father, at a spot where a thicket of sycamores, at the back of the ruins, concealed a loophole not very difficult to scale. She could make her escape by that way, if she chose, after her father had locked her in, if it were not for spoiling her Sunday frock. And if her father went on so, for the sake of pleasing that ugly old frump, she was blest if she would not try that plan, and sit on the river bank far below, as soon as the spring dried up the rubbish. But if the sergeant thought it worth his while to come and afford her a

little good advice, perhaps he might discover her Sunday hat waving among the ivy. This enamoured veteran accepted tryst with a stout heart but frail conscience. The latter would haply have prevailed, if only the wind had the gift of carrying words which the human being does not utter, but thinks and forms internally. For the sly maid to herself said this, while she hastened to call her big brother Watty to see her safe back to Walderscourt. "What a poor old noodle! As if I cared twopence how much he whacks Billy! Does he think I would ever let him come anigh me, if it wasn't to turn him inside out? Now if it were Low Jarks, his young brother, that would be quite another pair of shoes."

On the following Sunday it was remarked by even the less observant boys that their venerated master was not wearing his usual pair of black Sunday breeches, with purple worsted stockings showing a wiry and muscular pair of legs. Strange to say, instead of those, he had his second-best small-clothes on, with dark brown gaiters to the knee, and a pair of thick laced shoes instead of Sunday pumps with silk rosettes. So wholly unversed in craft, as yet, was this good hero of a hundred fights. Thyatira also marked this change with some alarm and wonder; but little dreamed she in her simple faith of any rival Delilah.

Mr. Penniloe's sermon, that Sunday morning, was of a deeply moving kind. He felt that much was expected of him after his visit to London, where he must have seen the King and Queen, and they might even have set eyes on him. He put his long-sight glasses on, so that he could see anybody that required preaching at; and although he was never a cushion-thumper, he smote home to many a too comfortable bosom. Then he gave them the soft end of the rod to suck, as a conscientious preacher always does, after smiting hip and thigh with a weapon too indigenous. In a word,

it was an admirable sermon, and one even more to be loved than admired, inasmuch as it tended to spread goodwill among men, as a river that has its source in heaven.

Sergeant Jakes, with his stiff stock on, might be preached at for ever without fetching a blink. He sat bolt upright, and every now and then flapped the stump of his left arm against his sound heart, not with any eagerness to drive the lesson home, but in proof of cordial approbation of hits that must tell upon his dear friends round about. One cut especially was meant for Farmer John; and he was angry with that thick-skinned man for staring at another man as if it were for him. And then there was a passage that was certain to come home to his own brother Robert, who began to slaughter largely, and was taking quite money enough to be of interest to the pulpit. But everybody present seemed to Jakes to be applying everything to everybody else,—a disinterested process of the noblest turn of thought.

However those who have much faith (and who can fail to have some?) in the exhortations of good men who practise their own preaching, would have been confirmed in their belief by this man's later conduct. Although the body of the church had been reopened for some weeks now, with the tower-arch finished and the south wall rebuilt, yet there were many parts still incomplete, especially the chancel where the fine stone screen was being erected as a reredos; and this still remained in the builder's hands, with a canvas partition hiding it.

When the congregation had dispersed Mr. Jakes slipped in behind that partition, and stood by a piece of sculpture which he always had admired. In a recess of the northern wall was a kneeling figure in pure white marble of a beautiful maiden claimed by death on the very eve of her wedding-day. She slept in the

Waldron vaults below; while here the calm sweet face, portrayed in substance more durable than ours, spoke through everlasting silence of tenderness, purity, and the more exalted love. The sergeant stood with his hard eyes fixed upon that tranquil countenance. It had struck him more than once that Tamar's face was something like it; and he had come to see whether that were so. He found that he had been partly right, but in more important matters wrong. In profile, general outline, and the rounding of the cheeks, there was a manifest resemblance. But in the expression and quality of the faces, what a difference! Here all was pure, refined and noble, gentle, placid, spiritual. There all was tempting, flashing, tricksome, shallow, earthly, sensuous. He did not think those evil things, for he was not a physiognomist; but still he felt the good ones, and his mind being in the better tone (through commune with the preacher's face, which does more than the words sometimes, when all the heart is in it) the wonted look of firmness, and of defiance of the Devil, returned to his weather-beaten face. The gables of his eyebrows, which had expanded and grown shaky, came back to their proper span and set; he nodded sternly, as if in pursuit of himself with a weapon of chastisement; and his mouth closed as hard as a wrench-hammer does with the last turn of the screw upon it. Then he sneered at himself, and sighed as he passed the empty grave of his colonel; what would that grand old warrior have thought of this desertion to the enemy? But ashamed as he was of his weak surrender and treachery to his colours, his pride and plighted word compelled him to complete his enterprise. The abbey stood near the churchyard wall, but on that side there was no entrance; to get at the opposite face of the buildings, a roundabout way must be taken, and Jakes resolved now that he would not skulk by the lower path

from the corner, but walk boldly across the meadow from the lane that led to Perlycombe. This was a back way with no house upon it, and according to every one's belief here must have lurked that horse and cart on the night of the awful outrage.

Even to a one-handed man there was no great difficulty in entering one of the desolate courts by the loophole from the thicket; and there he met the fair recluse in a manner rather disappointing to her. Not that she cared at all to pursue her light flirtation with him, but that her vanity was shocked when he failed to demand his sweet reward. And he called her "Miss Haddon," and treated her with a respect she did not appreciate. But she led him to her lonely bower, and roused up the fire for him, for the weather was becoming more severe, and she rallied him on his clemency, which had almost amounted to weakness, ever since he allowed her brother Billy to escape.

"Fair is fair, miss," the master answered pensively. "As soon as you begin to let one off, you are bound to miss the rest of them."

"Who have they got to thank for that? I am afraid they will never know," she said with one of her most bewitching smiles, as she came and sat beside him. "Poor little chaps! How can I thank you for giving them such a nice time, Sergeant?"

The veteran wavered for a moment as that comely face came nigh, and the glossy hair she had contrived to loosen fell almost on his shoulders. She had dressed herself in a killing manner, while a lover's knot of mauve-coloured ribbon relieved the dulness of her frock, and enhanced the whiteness of her slender neck. But for all that, the sergeant was not to be killed, and his mind was prepared for the crisis. He glanced around first, not for fear of anybody, but as if he desired witnesses; and then he arose from the bench, and looked at this seductive maiden with eyes that had

a steady sparkle, hard to be discomfited by any storm of flashes. "Tamar," he said, "let us come to the point. I have been a fool, and you know it; you are very young, but somehow you know it. Now have you meant, from first to last, that you would ever think of marrying me?"

It never should have been put like that. Why you must never say a word, nor use your eyes except for reading, nor even look in your looking-glass, if things are taken in that way.

"Oh, Sergeant, how you frighten me! I suppose I am never to smile again. Who ever dreamed of marrying?"

"Well, I did," he answered with a twinkle of his eyes and squaring of his shoulders. "I am not too old for everybody, but I am much too old for you. Do you think I would have come here else? But it is high time to stop this fun."

"I don't call it fun at all," said Tamar, fetching a little sob of fright. "What makes you look so cross at me?"

"I did not mean to look cross, my dear." The sergeant's tender heart was touched. "I should be a brute if I looked cross. It is the way the Lord has made my eyes. Perhaps they would never do for married life."

"That's the way all of them look," said Tamar, "unless they get everything they want. But you didn't look like that last Sunday."

"No; but I ought. Now settle this. Would you ever think of marrying me?"

"No; not on no account. You may be sure of that; not even if you was dipped in diamonds." The spirit of the girl was up, and her true vulgarity came out.

"According to my opinion of you, that would make all the difference," said the sergeant, also firing up. "And now, Miss Haddon, let us say 'good-bye.'"

"Let me come to myself, dear Sergeant Jakes. I never meant to be rude to you; but they do court me so different. Sit down for a minute. It is so lonely, and I have heard such frightful things. Father won't be coming for half an hour yet. And after the way you went on, I am so nervous. How my heart goes pit-a-pat! You brave men cannot understand such things." At this moving appeal, Mr. Jakes returned and endeavoured to allay her terrors. "It is all about those dreadful men," she went on; "I cannot sleep at night for thinking of them. You know all about them. If you could only tell me what you are doing to catch them. They say that you have found out where they went, and are going to put them in jail next week. Is it true? People do tell such stories. But you found it all out by yourself, and you know all the rights of it."

With a little more coaxing and trembling and gasping, she contrived to get out of him all that he knew concerning the matter to the present time. Crang had identified the impressions as the footmarks of the disabled horse; and a search of the cave by torchlight showed that it must have been occupied lately. A large button with a raised rim, such as are used on sailors' overalls, had been found near the entrance, and inside were prints of an enormous boot too big for any man in Perlycross. Also the search had been carried further, and the tracks of a horse and a narrow-wheeled cart could be made out here and there, until a rough flinty lane was come to, leading over the moors to the Honiton road. All these things were known to Dr. Fox, and most of them to Mr. Penniloe who had just returned from London, and the matter was now in skilful hands. But everything must be kept very quiet, or the chance of pursuing the clue might be lost.

Tamar vowed solemnly that she would never tell a word; and away

went the sergeant, well pleased with himself, as the bells began to ring for the afternoon service.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE OLD MILL.

COMBING up on the south like a great tidal wave, Hagdon Hill for miles looks down on the beautiful valley of the Perle, and then at the western end breaks down into steep declivities and wooded slopes. Here the Susscot brook has its sources on the southern side of the long gaunt range outside the parish of Perlycross; and gathering strength at every stretch from flinty trough and mossy runnel, is big enough to trundle an old mill-wheel a long while before it gets to Joe Crang's forge.

This mill is situated very sweetly for those who love to be outside the world. It stands at the head of a winding hollow fringed along the crest with golden gorse, wild roses by the thousand, and the silvery gleam of birch. Up this pretty *goyal* (as they call it) there is a fine view of the ancient mill, lonely, decrepit, and melancholy, with the flints dropping out of its scarred wall-face, the tattered thatch rasping against the wind, and the big wheel dribbling idly; for the wooden carrier, that used to keep it splashing and spinning merrily, sprawls away on its trestles, itself a wreck, broken-backed and bulging. And yet in its time this mill has done well, and pounded the corn of a hundred farms; for, strange as it may be, the Perle itself is exceedingly shy of mill-work, being broken upon no wheel save those of the staring and white-washed factory which disfigures the village of Perlycross. Therefore from many miles around came cart, and butt, and van, and wain, to this out-of-the-way and hard to find, but flourishing and useful Tremlett mill. That its glory has departed and its threshold is deserted came to pass through no fault of wheel or water,

or even wanton trade seduced by younger rivals. Man alone was to blame, and he could not (seldom incapable as he is of that) even put the fault on woman.

The Tremletts were of very ancient race, said to be of Norman origin, and this mill had been theirs for generations. Thrifty, respectable, and hard-working, they had worn out many millstones, one of which had been set up in the churchyard, an honour to itself and owner, and patched up a lot of ages of mill-wheels (the only useful revolution) until there came into the small human sluice a thread of vile weed that clogged everything up; a vein of bad blood that tainted all, varicose, sluggish, intractable. What man can explain such things, even to his own satisfaction? Yet everybody knows that it is so, and too often with the people who have been in front of him. Down went the Tremletts for a hundred years (quite a trifle to such an old family) and the wheel ceased to turn, and the hearth had nought to burn, and the brook took to running in a low perverted course.

But even sad things may be beautiful, like the grandest of all human tragedies; and here before Mr. Penniloe's new long-sighted glasses, which already had a fine effect upon his mind, was a new sight, worth all the three sovereigns he had paid, in addition to the three he had lived under. No monarch of the world (let alone this little isle) could have gilded and silvered and pearled and jewelled his most sumptuous palace and his chambers of delight with a tithe of the beauty here set forth by nature, whose adornments come and go at every breath. For there had just been another heavy fall of snow, and the frost having firm hold of the air, the sun had no more power than a great white star, glistening rather than shining, and doubtful of his own dominion in the multitude of sparkles. Everything that stood across the light was clad with dazzling raiment; branch,

and twig, and reed, and ozier, pillowed with lace of snow above and fringed with chenille of rime below. Under and through this arcade of radiance stood the old mill-wheel (for now it could stand) black, and massive, and leaning on pellucid pillars of glistening ice.

Mr. Penniloe lifted up his heart to God, as he always did at any of His glorious works; and then he proceeded to his own less brilliant, but equally chilling duty. Several times he knocked vainly at the rickety door of the remaining room, until at last a harsh voice cried, "Come in, can't 'e? Nort for 'e to steal here." Then he pulled the leather thong, an old boot-lace, and the grimy wooden latch clicked up, and the big door staggered inwards. Everything looked cold and weist and haggard in the long low room he entered, and hunger-stricken, though of solid fabric once and even now tolerably free from dirt. At the further end, and in a gloomy recess, was a large low bedstead of ancient oak, carved very boldly and with finely flowing lines. Upon it lay a very aged woman, of large frame and determined face, wearing a high yellow cap, and propped by three coarse pillows, upon which fell the folds of a French shawl of rich material. She had thick eyebrows, still as black as a coal, and fierce gray eyes with some fire in them still, and a hooked nose that almost overhung a pointed chin, and her long bony arms lay quivering upon a quilt of well-worn patchwork. She looked at Mr. Penniloe, discerning him clearly without the aid of spectacles, and saluted him with a slight disdainful nod. "Oh, Passon, is it? Well, what have 'e got to say to me?" Her voice was hard and pitched rather high, and her gaunt jaws worked with a roll of wrinkles, intended for a playful grin.

"Mrs. Tremlett, I was told that you wished to see me, and that it is a solemn moment with you, that soon you will stand in the presence of a merciful but righteous Judge."

Mr. Penniloe approached her with a kind and gentle look, and offered to

take one of her clenched and withered hands, but she turned the knuckles to him with a sudden twist, and so sharp were they that they almost cut his palm. He drew back a little, and a flash of spiteful triumph told him that she had meant this rasper for him.

"Bain't a gwain' to die yet," she said; "I be only ninety-one, and my own moother wor ninety-five afore her lost a tooth. I reckon I shall see 'e out yet, Master Passon; for 'e don't look very brave, no, that 'e don't. Wants a little drap out o' my bottle, I konzider."

The clergyman feared that there was little to be done; but he never let the Devil get the best of him, and he betook himself to one of his most trustworthy resources. "Mrs. Tremlett, I will; with your permission, offer a few simple words of prayer, not only for you but for myself, my friend. You can repeat the words after me if you feel disposed."

"Stop!" she cried. "Stop!" and threw out both hands with great vigour, as he prepared to kneel. "Why, you han't gi'en me the zhillin' yet. You always gives Betty Cork a zhillin' afore 'e begins to pray to her. Bain't my soul worth every penny of what Betty Cork's be?"

The parson was distressed at this inverted view of the value of his ministrations. Nevertheless he pulled out the shilling, which she clapped with great promptitude under her pillow, and then turned her back upon him. "Goo on now, Passon, as long as ever 'e wull; but not too much noise like, case I might drop off to sleep."

Her attitude was not too favourable; but the curate had met with many cases quite as bad, and he never allowed himself to be discouraged. And something perhaps in his simple words, or the powers of his patient humility, gave a better and a softer turn to the old woman's moody mind.

"Passon, be you a honest man?" she inquired, when he had risen, pronouncing the "h" in "honest" very strongly, as is often done in Devon-

shire. "B'lieve 'e be a good man. But be 'e honest?"

"My goodness, as you call it, would be very small indeed unless I were honest, Mrs. Tremlett. Without honesty all is hypocrisy."

"And you bain't no hypocrite, though 'e may be a vule. Most fine scholars is big vules, and half-scholars always maketh start for rogues. But I'll trust 'e, Passon; and the Lord will strike 'e dead, being in his white sleeves, if 'e goo again the truth. What do 'e say to that, Passon Penniloe? What do 'e think now of that there? And thee praying for me, as if I hadn't got ne'er a coffin's worth!" The old lady pulled out a canvas bag, and jingled it against Mr. Penniloe's gray locks. Strong vitality was in her face. How could she die, with all that to live for? "Vifty-two guineas of Jarge the Zecond. T'other come to the throne afore I did it; but his head wasn't out much, and they might goo back of his 'en. So I took 'un of the man as come afore, and there they has been ever since, three score years and ten and two. The Lord knoweth, if He reckon'th up the sparrows, what a fine young woman I were then; there bain't such a one in all the county now; six foot high, twenty inch across the shoulders, and as straight as a hazel wand sucker'd from the root. Have mercy on you, Passon! Your wife, as used to come to see me, was a very purty woman. But in the time of my delight, I could a' taken her with one hand and done—well, chucked her over Horse-shoe."

"What do you mean?" Mr. Penniloe asked, and his quiet eyes bore down the boastful gaze and altered the tone of the old virago.

"Nort, sir, nort; it bain't no use to worrit me. Her tumbled off the clift, and her bruk her purty nack. Her was spying too much after coney's holes, I reckon; but her always waz that tender-hearted. You bain't fit to hold a can'le to her, with all your precious prayers and litanies. But

I'll trust 'e, Passon, for her zake. Vetch thiccy old book out o' cubbert." In the cupboard near the fireplace he found an ancient Bible bound in black leather and fortified with silver clasps and corners. "Hold that there book in your right hand, and this here bag in t'other;" the old lady still clave to the bag, as if far more precious than the Bible; "and then you say slowly after me, same as I was to do the prayers, 'I, Passon Penniloe, of Perlycross, Christian Minister, do hereby make oath and swear that I will do with this bag of money as Zipporah Tremlett telleth me, so help me God Almighty.'"

"Stop, if you please. I will make no such promise until I know all about it," objected Mr. Penniloe, while she glared at him with rising anger, and then nodded as something occurred to her.

"Well, then, I'll tell 'e fust, and no call for prabbles. This money bain't none o' they Tremletts; every farden of theirs is gone long ago, although they had ten times so much as this, even while I can mind of 'un. All this, except for a bit of a sto'un in the lower cornder, and that hath been hundreds of years with the Tremletts, but all the rest cometh from my own father, and none on 'em knoweth a word of it. Wouldn't believe if they did, I reckon. Zippy, that's my granddarter as minds me, her hath orders to hurn for her life and vetch you—night or day, mind,—fust moment the breath be gone out of my body. And every varden of it is for she. You be to take it from this here little nestie, wi'out a word to no one, and keep it zealed up under lock and key till Zippy be eighteen year of age, and then, accordin' to your oath, you putt it into her two hands. If 'e do that, Passon, I'll die a Christian, and you be welcome of me to your churchyard. But if 'e on't do it, then I'll die a hathen, and never go to no churchyard, same as scores and scores of the Tremletts is. Now, do 'e care for the soul of an old

'ooman? Or would 'e soonder her went to the Devil?"

By this alternative the curate felt much pressure put upon his conscience. If there were no other way to save her, he must even dispense with legal form and accept a trust which might, for all he knew, defraud the revenue of legacy duty, and even some honest solicitor of a contribution to his livelihood. But first he must be certain that the scheme was just and rational.

"No fear of robbing nobody. They Tremletts be a shocking lot," she said, with amiable candour. "Just slip the wedge on top of latch, for fear one on 'em should come to see if I be dead; though I reckon this weather it would be too much for either son or darter. Wouldn't 'em hurn if 'em knowed of this? But here I may lie and be worm-eaten. And chillers of my own, my own buys and girls; dree quarters of a score I've had, and not one on 'em come anigh me! Never was a harrier-bird could fly so fast as every one on 'em would to this old bed, if 'em knowed what be in it. No, I be a liar; every one on 'em can't, because the biggest half be gone. Twelve buys there was, and dree wenches of no count. Dree buys was hanged, back in time of Jarge the Third, to Exeter jail for ship-staling, and one to Gibbet-moor for what a' did upon the road. Vour on 'em was sent over seas, for running a few bits of goods from France. Two on 'em be working to Whetstone pits, 'cording to their own account, though I reckon they does another sort of job now and again. And as for t'other two, the Lord, or the Devil, knoweth what be come to they. Not one on 'em comes nigh poor old mooter, who might a' died years ago 'cep for little Zippy. Though little Zip's father have a' been here now and then; the biggest and the wildest of the dozen I call him, though a' kapeth wonderful out of jail. 'Tis his cheel he comes to see, not his poor old mooter. Look 'e 'ere, Passon, all the ins and outs of 'un be set down

rarely in that there book ; same as the game with lines and crosses we used to play with a oyster-shell fourscore years ago and more."

On three or four leaves of the ancient Bible, bound in for that purpose, was a pedigree of these Tremletts of the Mill descending from the fourteenth century. Mr. Penniloe looked at it with no small interest. What a pity to find them come to this ! The mill itself had been a fall no doubt ; but the Whetstone pits were a great descent from that.

"Tremletts has always had one or two fine scholars ;" the old woman had a strange theory about this. "'Twor all along o' that they come down so. Whenever any man taketh much to books, a' stoppeth up his ears to good advice, and a' heedeth of his headpiece, and robbeth of 's own belly. But there, no matter ; I can do a bit myself. Have 'e made up your mind about my poor soul ?"

From the toss of her nose, Mr. Penniloe was afraid that she was not much in earnest about that little matter ; and in common sense he was loth to get entangled with the nettles and briars of such a queer lot. "I think, Mrs. Tremlett," he said, with a smile containing some light of wavering, "that your wisest plan by far would be to have a short will drawn up, and leave the money——"

"Gi'e me my bag, and go thy ways," she screamed in a fury, though the bag was in her claws. "No churchyard for me, and my soul at thy door, thou white-livered, black-smocked Passon !" Her passion struck into her lungs or throat, and she tore at her scraggy chest to ease the pain and gripe of a violent coughing-fit. Mr. Penniloe supported her massive head, for if it fell back it might never rise again. "A drap out o' bottle !" she gasped at last, pointing to the cupboard where the Bible had been. He propped up her head with a pillow on end, and took from the cupboard a long-necked bottle of the best French brandy and a metal

pannikin. "No watter ! No watter !" the old woman shrieked, as he went towards a pitcher that stood by the chimney. "Watter spileth all. No vear ! Vill up !"

He gave her the pannikin full, and she tipped it off, like a mouthful of milk, and then sat up and looked at him steadily. "I be no drunkard," she said, "though a man as knoweth nort might vancy it. Never touches that stuff, excep' for physic. I've a' seed too much what comes of that. Have a drap, wull 'e ? Clane glass over yanner." She seemed annoyed again at his refusal, but presently subsided into a milder vein, as if she were soothed by the mighty draught, instead of becoming excited. "Naden't have troubled 'e, Passon," she said, "but for zending of little Zip away. I'll tell 'e why, now just. Better cheel never lived than little Zip. Her tendeth old grannie night and day, though her getteth a tap on the head now and then. But her mustn't know of this here money, or her father 'd have it out of her in two zeconds. Now 'e see why I won't make no will. Now, will 'e do what I axed of 'e ?"

After some hesitation the parson gave his promise. He had heard from his wife about poor little Zip, and how faithful she was to her old grandmother ; and he felt that it would be unfair to the child to deprive her of the chance in life this money might procure, while he knew that if he declined the trust, not a penny would she ever see of it. He insisted however upon one precaution, that the owner should sign a memorandum of the gift, and place it with the guineas in the bag, and then hand the whole to him as trustee, completing by delivery the *donatio mortis causâ*. In spite of her sufferings from the ruinous effects of the higher education, Zipporah could sign her name very fairly, and a leaf of her grandchild's copybook served very well for the memorial prepared by Mr. Penniloe.

"Now rouse up the fire there, 'e

must be frore a'most," Mrs. Tremlett said when that was finished, and she had shown him where she concealed the treasure. "One good toorn desarves another, as I've heerd say, though never had much chance of proving it; and I could tell 'e a thing or two 'e might be glad to know, Passon Penniloe, wi'out doing harm to nobody. Fust place then, you mind hearing of the man as gi'ed that doiled zany of a blacksmith such a turn—how long agoe was it? I can't say justly; but the night after Squire Waldron's vuneral."

"To be sure. The big man with the lame horse, at Susscot Ford."

"Well, that man was my son Harvey, little Zip's father. You see the name in big Bible. French name it waz then, spelled different, and with a stroke to the tail, as maight be. Tremletts had a hankering after foreign languages. See 'un all down the page, you can."

"What, Mrs. Tremlett!" exclaimed the parson. "Are you aware what you are doing, informing against your own son, and one of the very few remaining?"

"Zober now, zober! Don't 'e be a vule, Passon. I knows well enough what I be adoin' of. Just I wants 'un out of way, till arter I be buried like. I zent his little darter to the pits to-day, to tell 'un as how you knowed of it. That'll mak' 'un cut sticks till I be underground, I reckon?"

As the old woman grinned and nodded at her own sagacity, a horrible idea crossed the mind of Mr. Penniloe. Could she be afraid that her own son would dig up her body and dispose of it? Before he had condemned himself for such a vile suspicion, Mrs. Tremlett seemed to have read his thoughts; for she smiled with bitter glory as if she had caught a pious man yielding to impiety. "No, Harvey bain't no body-snatcher, leastways not as I ever heer'd on; though most volk would say a' was bad enough for anything. All that I wants 'un out of way for is

that he mayn't have the chance to rob his darter. He loveth of the little maid so much as Old Nick 'loweth him; but he could never kape his hands out of this here bag, if 'a zeed 'un. And as for your folk doin' any hurt to 'un, 'twould be more use for 'e to drive nails into a shadow than to lay hold of Harvey when he knoweth you be arter 'un. And even if 'e wor to vind 'un, man alive, it would be a bad job for you, or for zix such men as you be, to come nigh the hands of Harvey Tremlett. Volk about these parts don't know nort of 'un', else they'd have had 'un for the 'rastling long ago. He hath been about a good deal among the gipsies and sailor-folk, and so on; and the Lord knows He mustn't look for too very much of good in 'un."

"We must make allowances, Mrs. Tremlett. We never do justice to our fellow-men in that way." Mr. Penniloe was saying to himself, while he spoke, "and a great deal must be allowed for such bringing-up as yours, ma'am. But have you anything more to tell me about that shocking thing, that is such a sad disgrace to Perlycross?" The parson buttoned up his spencer, as if he still felt that dirty Pack's hits below the belt.

"I could tell 'e a zight of things, if I waz so minded, about what they vules to Perlycross, and you among t'others, be mazed about. I can't make 'un out myself; but I be free to swear you'm a passel of idiots. Tremletts was bad enough; no vamley could be worse a'most; and much older they was than any Waldrons. But none on 'em never was dug up for generations. Won'erful things has come to them, things as would fill books bigger than this Bible, because 'em always wor above the lids of the Ten Commandments. But 'em always had peace, so soon as they was dead, till such time as the Devil could come for 'un, and he don't care for no corpses. They Waldrons is tame, no French blood in 'em; vitted for big pews in church, and big vunerals; vellers not

laikely to be dug up, when that waz never done to Tremletts. Passon, I could tell 'e such a saight of things, as would make the hair creep round the head of thee. Can't talk no more or my cough will come on. Will tell 'e all about your little boy, Mike, if 'e come again when this vrost is over. And then I'll show 'e Zip. But I can't talk vair, while the houze be so cold. I've a dooed too much to-day, for a 'ooman in her ninety-zecnd year. You come again about this day wake. I trust 'e now, Passon; you be a good man, because you'm got no good blood in you. A old 'ooman's blessing won't do 'e no harm."

Vast is the power of a good kind face, and of silence at the proper moment. The curate of Perlycross possessed that large and tender nature at which the weak are apt to scoff, because they are not afraid of it. Over them no influence can last, for there is nothing to lay hold of; but a strong-willed person, like that old woman, has substance that can be dealt with, if handled kindly and without pretence. Thus Mr. Penniloe indulged some hope of soothing and softening that fierce and flinty nature, and guiding it towards that peace on earth which is the surest token of the amnesty above.

But while he was at breakfast on the following day he was told that a little maid was at the front door, crying very bitterly and refusing to come in. He went out alone, but not a syllable would she utter until he had closed the door behind him. There she stood, shivering in the snow and sobbing, very poorly dressed, and with nothing on her head, but mopping her eyes and nose, as she turned away, with a handkerchief of the finest lace. "Zip," was all the answer Mr. Penniloe could get to his gentle inquiry as to who she was; and

then she looked at him with large and lustrous eyes, beautifully fringed below as well as above, and announcing very clearly that she was discussing him within. Although he guessed what her errand was, the clergyman could not help smiling at her earnest and undisguised probation of his character; and that smile settled the issue in his favour. "You be to coom to wance," her vowel-sounds were of the purest Devonshire air winged by many a quill, but never summed in pen by any. "Wi'out no stapping to think, you be to coom!"

"What an imperious little Zenobia!" said Mr. Penniloe, in self-commune.

"Dunno whatt thickey be. Grand-mootheer zayeth, 'e must coom to wance. But her be dead, zince the can'le goood out." Her eyes burst into another flood, and she gave up the job of sopping it.

"My dear, I will come with you in half a minute. Come and stand in the warmth, till I am ready."

"Noo, noo; I bain't to stop. Putt on hat, and coom raight awai. Vire goood out and can'le goood out, and grannie goood out along wi' 'un."

Mr. Penniloe huddled his spencer on, while the staring child danced with impatience in the snow; and quiet little Fay came and glanced at her, and wondered how such things could be. But Fay would not stare, because she was a little lady.

The clergyman was very quick of foot; but the child with her long Tremlett legs kept easily in front of him all the way, with the cloud of her black hair blowing out on the frosty air to hurry him.

"I bain't aveared of her. Be you?" said the little maid, as she rose on tip-toe to pull the thong of the heavy latch. "If her coom back, her would zay—'Good cheel, Zippy!'"

(To be continued.)

THE EXPEDITION TO THE WEST INDIES.

1655.

THE attack on the islands of St. Domingo and Jamaica in 1655 may be described as the first of our "little wars." It was directed, it is true, against a European power; but none the less, from the scene of action, the strength of the forces engaged, and the general circumstances, it belongs more properly to this category than to any other. By this time we have learned more or less how such enterprises for the conquest of tropical territory should be conducted; but in the days of the Protectorate the experience of such expeditions was not great, and the secret of carrying them to a successful issue, if not unknown, had been forgotten. The West Indian expedition of 1654-5 therefore claims some attention as our first State-directed tropical war; and it deserves possibly even more for that, both from a political and military point of view, it was Cromwell's greatest failure.

It is immaterial here to discuss the motive for Cromwell's attack on the Spanish colonies. The temptation to refill an empty treasury with the wealth of the Indies was certainly strong; and reprisals for Spanish aggression against our West Indian possessions of Tortuga and St. Kitts made a very respectable pretext for yielding to it. He must have determined on the design almost simultaneously with his elevation to the Protectorate; but he carefully kept it secret, dangling the bait of an English alliance before the eyes of France till he drove Mazarin nearly to desperation, and then in turn coquetting with Spain, but revealing his real purpose to no one.

The design indeed was a very great one, nothing less than the expulsion of the Spaniards from the Antilles

and the Main, and the plantation of Englishmen in their stead. "We think," he wrote in October, 1655 (nine months after the departure of the expedition), "and it is much designed among us to strive with the Spaniard for the mastery of all those seas . . . to restrain and suppress the tyrannies and usurpations of the King of Spain in those countries by a pretended donation of the Pope." The source from which he drew the first inspiration for this great scheme may be traced to two men,—to Thomas Gage, a converted Jesuit priest, who knew the Spanish Islands and the Spanish Main well, and had written a book on the subject, and to Colonel Thomas Modyford of Barbados. The former probably hated the Spaniards with all the hatred of a renegade; but the latter had peculiar reasons for trying to ingratiate himself with Cromwell. Barbados, almost the oldest of our colonial possessions, was at this time an extremely thriving little place, and had already sufficiently good opinion of itself to claim to be a "limb of the Commonwealth." The Civil War in England, however, had landed the island in internal troubles. Early in 1650 a conspiracy had been hatched to drive all Independents from Barbados, and at the head of this conspiracy was Colonel Thomas Modyford. The plot was defeated by the indiscretion of one of the conspirators, who discovered it in his cups; but Modyford was certainly implicated, and this was not likely to make him acceptable to the Protector. Shortly after this, Lord Willoughby of Parham, a renegade Parliamentary officer, proclaimed King Charles the Second in Barbados and raised the disorders afresh. This of course was not to be endured by a victorious Parliament;

and a naval expedition under the famous admiral, Sir George Ascue (or Ayscough) was despatched to reduce the island to submission. Again Modyford came to the fore, this time to support the Parliament; and his defection was so serviceable that Ascue was able to effect his task very speedily. It was, beyond all doubt, with the object of ingratiating himself still further with the Protector that Modyford took such interest in Cromwell's projects against Spanish America.

He was able to establish himself as a personage of importance in connection with the expedition. Barbados, from its position to windward (that is, to trade-windward) of all the Antilles, possessed exceptional advantages as a base of operations, being in the first place the nearest point to England, and in the next the best for a depôt from which troops and stores could be distributed to any region of the Spanish West Indies. Indeed, though ships have so long been independent of sails, the prestige of Barbados' strategic advantages was such that only within the past ten years has she ceased to be the headquarters of our forces in the West Indies. Cromwell was alive to these advantages, and Modyford made it his business to supplement them by others. Following the frequent practice of colonists on a visit to the old country (where there is no risk of contradiction from their fellows), he greatly exaggerated the loyalty and devotion of Barbados, and promised every kind of assistance in recruits, arms, and supplies. This type of man being less common in those days than in these, his assurances were accepted without any reserve; and the zeal of Barbados was reckoned as an important contribution towards the success of the scheme.

It was settled then that Barbados should be the base of operations. But another British possession could also be of service, the new England which lay on the other side of the Atlantic. Supplies would be the

great difficulty, and these could be furnished from this English America; and not only supplies, but settlers to occupy the territory wrested from Spain, who should be more or less trained as a military force and capable of self-defence. Thus both sides of the Atlantic were to combine in the attack; and the governors in New England received their instructions accordingly. But even this was not all. While one fleet was to busy itself in the Caribbean Archipelago and on the Main, a second was to cruise off the coast of Spain to intercept both the plate-fleets from the West and reinforcements from the East. Such was the plan, and assuredly the combinations did not lack breadth and boldness. One point only remained for settlement; whether the first attack should be made on the Main or on an island. Gage was for the first, and named the Orinoco as the objective; Modyford was for the second, naming Cuba or Hispaniola (St. Domingo) for choice; these captured, the mainland could be attacked subsequently; and Modyford's counsel prevailed.

Turning back then to the opening of the year 1654, we find Cromwell, just established as Lord Protector, busy with his preparations, pressing sailors, and even soldiers, for the service. Looking behind the scenes into the papers of the Secretary's Office at Whitehall, we find even more activity¹. The British agent at Hamburg was busy sending over shiploads of timber for masts, and great stores of gunpowder, which latter, being provided by the army-contractors of the period, of course proved to be of inferior quality. Then again there was immense preparation of clothes, these being always an important part of any great enterprise from the Nibelungenlied onwards—clothes for four thousand men, and most of them of cotton, the virtues of flannel in the Tropics being

¹ Thurlce's State Papers, from which most of my information is taken.

still unknown. Next, there was eight months' store of provisions to be gathered and embarked,—biscuit, pork, pease, beef, and stockfish ; six months' supply of cheese, "the other two months to be supplied in oil," also flour and raisins to make duff withal. For liquor, there was three months' provision of beer, the other five months to be made up in brandy and arrack. Tucked in at the end of the list, apparently as an afterthought, appears "ten or twelve thousand of soap." Finally, the climate of the West Indies being not of the best repute for healthiness, due thought was taken for medical stores, "emplasters," unguents, pills, powders, electuaries, and so forth, to the amount of £21. 11s. for each hundred men.

The scene of bustle and confusion at Portsmouth, where all these preparations were going forward, must have beggared description. In the first place, the officer in charge was not a naval man, being no other than Colonel Desborough, sometime quartermaster of Cromwell's Ironsides, and now major-general, member of the Council of State, and commissioner of the Admiralty. The task before him, that of equipping and despatching two fleets, one of twenty-five vessels and one of forty, on a distant cruise, would have been formidable even for an expert, particularly as one of the fleets was to carry a small army with it. But, apart from his inexperience, Desborough was embarrassed by want of organisation and discipline among the men chosen for the service, both soldiers and sailors. The impressed sailors were many of them "masterless rogues, vagabonds and unprofitable instruments," gathered from all parts of Great Britain, and naturally prone to disorder, to say the least of it. The soldiers, too, seem to have been what we now call "drafts"; twelve hundred men, for instance, were drawn from the regiments in London, and possibly were not the men that the commanding officers were most sorry to part with. The

rest, some two thousand men or more, seem to have been made up of volunteers, adventurers, tag, rag, and bob-tail, good, bad, and indifferent, including Royalists and many other of the discontented then so numerous in England.

The despatch of Blake's fleet of twenty-five vessels to the Mediterranean on October 25th brought some little relief to the unfortunate Desborough; but the confusion was soon made worse by the concentration of the whole of the heterogeneous West Indian force in Portsmouth. The impressed seamen broke out into mutiny, and their wives pursued the Protector in the streets crying out to know whither their husbands were bound. This was a secret of which Desborough himself was ignorant, and Cromwell only answered that the French and Spanish ambassadors would gladly give him a million apiece to know. And this was probably true, for all Europe stood at gaze while these armaments were equipping, France, Spain, Holland and Denmark, each dreading lest they should be turned against herself. But this secrecy, however vital to the success of the expedition, seems to have made every one concerned rather sulky, including Desborough himself.

The mutiny was put down mainly by blandishment on the part of Desborough and of Vice-Admiral Penn, commander designate of the fleet, who now (November, 1654) appeared on the scene at Portsmouth, trying to reduce the "confused business of victualling" to some method, and, as a first step, condemning some bad beer supplied by the contractors. This William Penn (father of the famous William, at this time a boy of eleven) was a man of no more than thirty-four years old, who had seen much service on the coast of Ireland, hunting Prince Rupert in the Mediterranean, and most notably in the great Dutch war just concluded. He had commanded a squadron in the furious engagements of June and

August, 1653, and had personally engaged the great Tromp ship to ship. After Blake he was probably the most distinguished naval officer of the time, with ideas of his own, too, about naval tactics; and he had proved himself a good public servant, though at heart a Royalist. His colleague in command of the land forces was one Robert Venables, a colonel who had gained some distinction in the Irish war and had been very successful in hunting down Tories. He also is said to have had a leaning to the Royalist side.

One would have thought that these two were commanders enough for the expedition, but such was not Cromwell's opinion. Joined with these were certain commissioners: one Mr. Edward Winslow, apparently a merchant, or at any rate a man of business, who had been employed in some recent negotiations with Denmark, and as a kind of commissioner of the Treasury, or Civil Lord of the Admiralty; one Colonel Gregory Butler who had served under Essex, Waller, and Massey in the Civil War till 1646; and the Governor of Barbados, Daniel Searle. The functions of these commissioners will appear in the course of the narrative; but it is to be noted that they were no novelty. There were civil commissioners on the staff of the New Model Army, and also in Scotland (after Dunbar), who seem to have taken in hand the business that remained to be done when the military departments had finished their work, and to have kept a careful eye on the Treasury.

Thus the expedition not only included both branches of the service, but also a civilian and a colonial element in the supreme authority. The first results were seen before it sailed from England. A strenuous effort was made to get the preparations completed and the fleet to sea by Christmas Day. When it came to the point there was still a deficiency of arms and stores, which Venables wished to wait for. He was,

however, over-ruled by Desborough, who promised that the missing articles should be sent to Barbados after him. Either for this reason or for some other, Venables and Penn quarrelled, and though the sore was patched up for the moment, it needed little irritation to break out again. However, on Christmas Day the two commanders embarked on board the *Swiftsure* flagship, and the fleet weighed anchor. Lady Penn returned to London; but Mrs. Venables accompanied her husband, a small point which is not chronicled without intention. Mr. Winslow also took a passage in the flagship, and watched the general and the admiral during the voyage, noting with satisfaction that "their demeanour mutually to each other at sea was very sweet and hopeful, though the latter gentleman [Penn] is too apt to be taken with such conceits," as had brought about the previous quarrel.

Penn's fleet arrived in Carlisle Bay, Barbados, on the 29th of January, but one day later than Dakin's squadron which had sailed from England five days before it. The voyage is admitted on all hands to have been an unusually fair one, and it is therefore not a little surprising to learn that as many as twenty men died on the passage; but as the loss is described as "not *more* than twenty men" we may assume that the mortality was not heavy as things went. Arrived at the island the force was soon disembarked, and the time was now come to see how Modyford's promise would be fulfilled. There is no lack of letters from officers of the expedition, the best of which is from Mr. Isaac Birkenhead, scout-master (chief of the Intelligence Department) to Secretary Thurloe. He took, as will be seen from the following extracts, an optimistic view.

BARBADOS, 17th February, 1655.

No sooner did we land, but our General with the rest of the Commanders fell hot to work sparing no pains or service, but forthwith took pains for the quartering of

our soldiers, and raising our men [the promised recruits] wherein they are very well entertained: though some of the planters being of malignant spirits (as indeed most of them are) signify their follies by venting calumnious words against not only the design, but the powers by which we are come [the Protector's authority]. For which the like words one Evans an Islander was adjudged [after a long squabble about jurisdiction] to stand in the pillory next market day, and six months' imprisonment after. . . . On Tuesday, Feb. 6, our General and Commissioner went aboard General (Admiral) Penn; and there made instructions for one of our Commissioners, Captain Gregory Butler . . . to go to St. Christopher's and to raise men there. And that night being fitted with instructions they set sail. . . . On Friday, Feb. 9, we kept a solemn day of humiliation and next day fell to business, every one in his own sphere. We found the Islanders [recruits] to come in something cheerfully, such as were free men but not of mean estates; but the rich planters endeavour all they can to dishearten men from going. Yet for lack of our ships [the belated store-ships] with arms, ammunition, and other necessities we are somewhat disheartened, the Islanders either concealing what they have, or not being able to afford a quarter of the arms for our men: and we came so badly armed from England that we often (and I am sure I speak within compass) are not armed with such as Englishmen used to fight with. . . . Nevertheless our officers and soldiers are highly bent upon action, and wish to be gone with such arms as they have; our General's care being so much that he hath provided great numbers of half-pikes, though at a greater length than ordinary, for they are ten foot long. Many of them (which may cause your wonder) are made of cabbage stalks, I mean of the trees in Barbados which bear cabbages [cabbage-palms], and this for lack of better wood. They are not all handsome, nor will they long be serviceable, but such as our necessities will admit to furnish us with. There is not any faction at all among us; every one hitherto shewing himself a faithful soldier and a true Englishman. But we have lately found the devil's endeavours to have his chapel among us, which we shall tear up by the roots; for I have made discovery of certain papists in our army, to the number of 150, which came out of England. We have likewise in our army (as I am credibly informed) Anabaptists. . . . and especially one Cap-

tain Newbury of the *Portland* frigate who denies the Trinity; who are so violent in prosecuting their way of worship that they come on shore and make proselytes, and get so many of their own sort in the army as they can. . . . As for our regiments, they are exercised regimentally two days in the week; except Colonel Morris his regiment. . . . Colonel Morris himself is not very cheerful in this design, and the reason I know not, unless he be over-entreated by his wife, who hath (as their *way* ^{is}¹) been very importunate with him to leave the voyage. . . . the gentleman [Morris] is very well approved of, and questionless very fit for this design, and very faithful to our interest, but how far his wife may prevail with him. . . . I shall not say, though she be observed to be very powerful and young. In Colonel (Gregory) Butler's regiment there have been divers quarrels among the officers, though taken up by the Colonel. . . . Indeed, the gentleman [Butler] is stout and loves applause and flattery; and if there be any person who would seem to disrelish our proceedings, something he hath to say on their behalf. And all the reason I could ever find—he judgeth himself the elder Colonel. . . . May it please your Honour, your honour's in all humility and faithfulness devoted.

I. B.

Reading between the lines of this letter it is easy, notwithstanding the writer's hopefulness, to see that the expedition was already in a bad plight. And this is rendered still more plain from other sources. Barbados disliked the whole project, and naturally enough, for the planters did not want to have their labourers taken away and their profits reduced. Of the men on whom Cromwell had counted, Daniel Searle, governor and commissioner, did not by any means display the loyalty and zeal expected from him, which Colonel Modyford became extremely unpopular in the island for his share in the expedition. Colonel Morris, another Barbadian by whose good offices great store had been set, behaved as we have seen in the scout-master's letter, and when pressed by Winslow and the other commissioners shuffled out of his obligations in rather

¹ *Hiatus* in Thurloe; words in Italics a conjectural emendation.

a remarkable fashion. "He told us in plain terms that if we would give 100,000 weight of sugar, so that he might pay his debts and leave his estate clear to his wife, then Lewis Morris would spend his blood for us. The truth is he prizeth himself at so high a rate as if the expedition could not go on without him, which made some of us in a loving way tell him that we should be glad of so experienced an instrument as he was; but withal let him know our trust and reliance was not on him but in God: and so stands the case between him and us." Behind the whole of which little scene we can descry the figure of Mrs. Morris, "very powerful and young." We may be sure that after this Morris took little trouble to reconcile the planters to the expedition. So refractory and stubborn were they that Venables lost patience and called them "a company of geese," which did little to mend matters.

But not content with quarrelling with the colonists, the commissioners were at variance among themselves. Penn and Venables were always a little distant, and Winslow was inclined to take the side of Venables. Butler seems to have inclined to Penn, but carried little weight with either side. Winslow himself acted as a kind of spy over the rest and was probably disliked by all. Daniel Searle too, as a Barbadian, with his own private profit to look to, of course opposed his colleagues tooth and nail. Never was a stranger directorate at the head of a great enterprise.

Never too, we may add, was there a stranger army sent on any expedition. What with Papists who could not be expected to fight very zealously to upset the decree of the Pope, Anabaptists who had troubled the Parliamentary army with mutiny and insubordination from the first, Socinians, Levellers, and nondescripts, all trying to make proselytes and bitterly divided against each other, the state of this army in the camp at Barbados must have been indescribable. There were

troubles too with the fleet. Some of the ships had no chaplains, and their crews under pretext of going ashore to hear the gospel preached, were found wasting their time in less godly occupations—a strictly human proceeding which enlists our sympathy, but no doubt was highly improper. Nor were the officers much better than the men. Besides that scandalous Captain Newbury who denied the Trinity, there was another, Captain Saunders of the *Dover*, who, having been placed in charge of some Dutch prizes captured in Carlisle Bay, proceeded to loot the cargo for his own profit. Whereupon his men (we learn from one of Penn's general orders), not slow to follow his example, "committed many unhandsome and unwarrantable acts in these ships by breaking open the men's chests, plundering and carrying away divers sorts of goods, and tearing the shirts off the men's backs, to the great scandal and dishonour of the fleet."

One thing only kept these motley and disorderly forces together, the lust of gold; they were all filled with the legendary tales of the wealth of the Indies, and hungered after a share of it. After long waiting for the missing store-ships the commissioners decided at last to get to work, if with no better arms than their pikes made of palm branches. Venables' commission gave him liberty to attack the Spanish possessions in any part of America; but Hispaniola was the original destination of the expedition, and against Hispaniola they decided to sail. So on Saturday, March 31st, they took on board their newly raised forces (including a negro regiment and a regiment of seamen), which brought the total to some six or seven thousand men, and weighed anchor. Following the chain of the Windward Islands, they steered northward till they came to St. Kitts, where they picked up Colonel Gregory Butler and a newly raised regiment of colonists, a thousand strong, and the ships with him; thence westward past Santa Cruz (an English

island, where the colonists "some six years past were all slain most barbarously by the Spaniards"), and at last, on Wednesday, April 11th, they were abreast of Hispaniola.

Little more than a century and a half had passed since Columbus discovered this beautiful island; but the Spaniard had long since done his work. There were said to be three million aboriginal Indians in the island in 1492;¹ in fifty years there were three hundred; by 1617 there were none. In 1655 there were some twenty thousand negroes and two thousand Spaniards, and St. Domingo, founded in 1498, was counted the capital of the West Indies. The English had been to St. Domingo before. Less than a century back (on New Year's Day, 1586) Drake had taken the town, held it for a month, and exacted £50,000 for its ransom, besides stripping it of all its treasure. This was how Francis Drake had handled St. Domingo with twelve hundred men; we have now to see what Penn and Venables did with their eight or nine thousand. The best account (selected from a large number) of their operations is to be found in a letter written by Mr. J. Daniell, auditor-general of the army, to Secretary Thurloe, from which I shall make frequent extracts.

"Wednesday and Thursday (11th and 12th April) we hovered off Hispaniola in counsel; and concluded the certain possession thereof without blows, sharing the living lion's skin with such assurance as I verily believe much displeased our gracious God that hitherto brought us safe. And² [we were disheartened] by Commissioner Winslow's always unresistable affirmative ordering death for any soldier to plunder or diminish the least value

¹ So says Purchas, following Las Casas. The number should perhaps be divided by ten.

² The letter is hastily written and chaotic in construction, so that emendations are essential. The postscript runs, "You pardon errors and pick out the sense, having not time to examine it."

. . . Our regiment of seamen joined with us our best counsels to run into the town and harbour of St. Domingo suddenly, before knowledge of our approach. This had certainly carried our business; but Mr. Winslow fearing any to have spoil save himself, pretending to claim all for public treasure, would not suffer it." Poor Winslow probably only did his duty about the matter of plunder; but the result of all this counsel was that the fleet did not even get in sight of the town till Friday 13th, when they found it to be "at the bottom of a bay seemingly eight or ten leagues over from point to point; the shore all along to it appearing low and very even, without hills but rocky, and a great surf of the sea against it."

At 2 p.m. on that Friday Venables with three thousand five hundred men and three days' provision sailed off to a landing-place ten leagues to the west of the town, being unable to discover a nearer point for disembarkation.³ The rest of the fleet meanwhile hovered about "to amuse the enemy." On the next day Venables disembarked his whole force, and then, and not till then, promulgated the order prohibiting plunder. Whereupon "the sea-regiment no sooner heard proclaimed 'no plunder' but they laid down their arms; and so likewise most of the army by the example. And though much sweetness was used by the General and officers, no cordials could mitigate that poison." Yet, "seemingly cheerful," they marched off on their way into the bush, where for the present we must leave them.

Meanwhile there was another regiment and a half not yet disembarked. These, probably from the reminiscence of Drake's successful attack, it was designed to land to windward of the

³ According to another account he overshoot his true landing-place, "Drake's Landing," and could not beat back to it; but this was kept quiet at the time. Ogilby's *Hist. of America*, *sub voce* Hispaniola.

town, so as to approach it from the east while Venables advanced from the west. This plan, however, had to be abandoned for want of a pilot; and accordingly these fifteen hundred men, under a Colonel Buller, were sent to a point called "Drake's Landing," on the river Hayna, which there runs into the sea, to leeward of the town but only ten miles from it. Buller accordingly sailed thither on Saturday, the day of Venables' disembarkation, but on Sunday returned again, "not holding it fit to land at that time in regard to a strong party of the enemy, horse and foot, that appeared and were casting up a breast-work against them." He was peremptorily ordered to go back, force a landing and effect a juncture with Venables, who by that time (there is a delightful vagueness about these combinations) "might be expected to have reached the river." Buller therefore landed on the next day (Monday) and captured the breast-work without difficulty, the Spaniards retiring almost immediately and leaving two guns behind them. Elated with this small success, Buller seems to have been fired with the idea of taking the town by himself before the General came. Neglecting his orders to join with Venables, who was on the other side of the river, he pushed on without waiting through the jungle paths towards the town; but being misled by a treacherous Irish guide, he finally blundered, fortunately without mishap, on to an open place within three miles of the town, and close to a strong fort known as Fort Jeronymo. Here perforce he halted for the night, though out of reach of water.

No sooner was Buller gone "past call or view" from Drake's Landing, when up came Venables and his force to that point, but on the wrong side of the river. He had had a terrible march of thirty long miles or more in the past forty-eight hours. The water-bottles (how like the English of all centuries!) had been left behind

in the belated store-ships; and the men, oppressed with the tropical heat, had to haul their two guns as well as themselves through the jungle paths. "Both officers and soldiers," wrote Venables, "what through want of water, what through the excessive heat of the climate (which was the more intolerable by reason that our march lay all the way through close tall woods that kept all manner of breeze from us) and what through eating of oranges or other fruits by the way, were most of them so far spent and tired that they could hardly stand upon their legs, being for the most part troubled with violent fluxes; hundreds of our men having dropped down by the way, some sick and some dead, so that we lost no inconsiderable number on that march." Needless to say there were no waggons or baggage animals, so that there was no chance for men who fell out but the horses of a small troop of cavalry, sixty strong, that Venables had with him, which of course were insufficient for the work. Having no guide to show him a ford and therefore no hope of joining Buller, Venables marched up the river and bivouacked for the night in an open savannah, at a point seven miles from Buller's position.

Next morning (Tuesday) he was able to cross the river and effect his junction with Buller; and the force to use his own words, "made a shift, though heartless and spiritless, to creep (for so it must be justly styled) within a mile of the Fort Jeronymo." Here, to his joy, he met his missing guide, one Captain Cox. The army crept on, Venables himself advancing almost alone in front of the "forlorn [advanced guard] with a musket on his shoulder," to reconnoitre. Suddenly the enemy dashed out from an ambuscade on the flank and front of the main body, cutting the General and his party completely off from them. The musket on his shoulder saved Venables from serious notice, so that he was able to rejoin his troops through the jungle. The army, after

the first surprise was over, behaved better than might have been expected in the circumstances. "Being enraged it beat back the enemy and took his ground," says Daniell, "and had not extremity of thirst, hunger, weariness, and night resisted, it would that night have entered the town. But necessity has no law; all impatiently cried 'Water,' and many fainted; which regretfully caused a retreat at 10 at night." Retreat the army accordingly did to Drake's Landing, the nearest place where it could be sure of finding water; for as fate willed it, Cox, the guide, who alone knew where water could elsewhere be found, had been killed by the first volley. Seven officers and twenty-three men killed in action were the casualties in the fight; the losses by sickness on the march were probably ten times as great.

On the next day, Wednesday, April 18th, the troops reached Drake's Landing, and "there refreshed its weary spirits and fainting limbs with consultation." Counsel and consultation, as we have seen, consumed a good deal of time in this expedition. Venables, who was himself suffering from dysentery, went on board the flagship, and spent his time wrangling with Penn and Winslow; cruising backwards between the ship and the shore, but apparently always accompanied by Mrs. Venables and always sleeping on board. I have been unable to discover anything about this poor lady (except that she was of more than ordinary bulk) who seems to have done no more than any loyal wife would for a sick and much abused husband; but there can be no doubt that her presence was much resented. The army of course was dissatisfied with the absence of the General. It was badly off in every respect, "feeding on the saltiest beef, unwatered, withal the mouldy brown biscuit, no brandy or comfortable liquor allowed us. All these things caused immoderate desire of water, which that river [Hayna], coming from a copper mine, served

rather to increase, than to quench thirst. And the rains nightly pouring so soaked our bodies with flux, none escaping that violence, that our refreshment proved a weakening instead of a support." And all this hardship, which a little helpfulness might have greatly alleviated, was shirked by the General, sleeping dry and comfortable in his berth on board the flagship. Small wonder that the army cursed Mrs. Venables and gave full rein to the tongue of scandal. "God sanctify these sad dispensations of providence to His Highness and your honour," wrote Butler to Thurloe, two months later, "to grant you that wisdom which may cheer your heart under his will, and *direct you never to let a General's wife accompany him on foreign service.*"

This curious refreshment of the army lasted about a week. On Tuesday, April 24th, it marched once more, by the route of its former retreat, for Fort Jeronymo, bivouacked that night in the jungle, and continued the advance next morning. The advanced guard, five hundred strong, was made up of men drawn in proportion from all the regiments, the old mistake repeated in our day at Majuba and in the Soudan. It was placed under command of Adjutant-General Jackson, who had strict orders to keep "wings" (flanking-parties) in the jungle on each side to prevent a repetition of the ambushade tactics which had cost the army so dear in the previous week. These orders he disobeyed,

I doubt treacherously [says Mr. Daniell], and cowardly neglecting the duty of his place put Captain Butler¹ (a stout, but inexperienced soldier for such a design) to lead the Forlorn, who innocently fell into the enemy's ambushade; but most bravely behaving himself fought it to the death, bringing up his men very orderly till slain. So did Captain Powlet of the Firelocks fight to the death; whom Jackson seeing fall, instead of relief, faced about and most basely ran away. Thereupon immediately the whole Forlorn, like a torrent in a narrow passage

¹ Gregory's brother.

straitened, or a sudden and furious wave in a rough sea, nay indeed lightning—the whole Forlorn tumbled into the Reformade [the support]; they all as suddenly into the horse¹—and all mixed like a mass in so narrow a pass not able to contain six abreast (the close thick woods encompassing the side where the enemy was lodged to flank us). And the great fort guns loaded with small shot, bits of iron, broken pistol barrels and all such mischief, had full power and sure aim all along that narrow pass; which so routed all them [forlorn, reformade and horse] that they in the same moment, routed the General's regiment. Never was anything so wedged as we, which made the enemy weary of killing; and had not the rear part of Major General Haynes' regiment drawn into the wood, and so counter-flanked, beating back the enemy to the fort, regaining all the ground, bodies and ambuscades even under and beside the very fort (which ground was maintained all night) our whole army had been in that sudden motion disordered and confused. Jackson sneaked into the bushes like an old fox and saved himself. Our most gallant, noble and valiant General Haynes, with whom and near his person (by his own great desire) I was all this time, was slain—lanced through the body.

Never did British troops behave more disgracefully. The whole Spanish force, at the highest estimate did not exceed two hundred men, and it routed twenty times that number of English. The casualties were one major-general, one colonel, one major, four captains, many lieutenants and ensigns, and between two and three hundred men killed. Nine colours (ensigns or company-colours) were lost; and the whole force was hopelessly demoralized.

As a set off against the behaviour of Jackson it is worth while to record the death of Major-General Haynes, as taken from another source.

A big fellow issued against him [Haynes] from the fort on horseback, and having heard him call for some of his cheery boys to stand by him and beat them back, he said, "What make you here for you English dogs? I'll teach you to lead men."

¹ The construction breaks down hopelessly, but the sense is clear. The original has not one full stop.

"Welcome, brave fellow," quoth the General; and with nothing but a small walking-sword in his hand (being come up to the head of the army to give orders and having left his man and his armour at the head of his regiment) encountered him. And the adversary, seeing he could no good [*sic*] rode a little into the wood and brought out eight with him, lancers. And Thomas Boys with an ensign [colour] and one more who was only left alive, but much wounded, stood by the Major-General and fell with him. Boys, when he was so wounded that he perceived he was slain, stripped off his colours [from the staff] and wrapping himself in them fell and died.²

That night the army lay on its ground amid the dying and the dead, and early next morning, having buried its guns, retreated once more to Drake's Landing. The next four days the commissioners consumed in wrangling; Venables, as before, plying to and fro from ship to shore, and "every return creating new counsel." "Meanwhile," continues Mr. Daniell, "the rains increasing, our men weakening, all even to death fluxing, and these miseries increasing, our Council resolved by seeking God to purge the army." As the result of this search, "First Jackson, found guilty of cowardice, had his sword broken over his head for a coward, his commission revoked, was expelled the Army, and [degraded] to be swabber to hospital-ships of sick people; which was accordingly done. Some women found in men's apparel were punished; and all suspected [females, let us say, for here Mr. Daniell becomes scandalous], Barbados and those plantations yielding little else, narrowly sought after. One soldier proved to have run away was hanged," and so forth. Evidently the army could do with a little purging.

Very soon it became apparent, however, that no more work could be expected from the land forces, purged or unpurged, at any rate in Hispaniola. In vain Penn offered to batter down Fort Jeronymo in four hours; to clear the way to the gates of the town with

² Penn's *Life of Sir W. Penn.*

his guns ; to land men on the quay,—in a word, to do anything rather than abandon the enterprise with disgrace. Venables, weakened by dysentery and failure, and Winslow, hopelessly frightened and discouraged, would hear of nothing but departure for Jamaica. Penn was naturally much annoyed ; for had he had his own way he could almost certainly have captured the town without difficulty ; and, the fleet as naturally taking his part, there ensued that violent jealousy between the two services which has wrecked so many British expeditions in all parts of the world. Rear-Admiral Dakins, for instance, “did most furiously and unchristianlike say before good witness, ‘Where are the cowardly Spaniards now ? Will they not come and cut off these Army rogues that we may be no more troubled with them ?’ And his own lieutenant, my former acquaintance, being by accident aboard the ship where I [Daniell] came into, weak and so ill that I was not able to stand, after salutes and discourse told me to my face (like to his profession) that [he would] we were all overboard that they might be rid of us again ; speaking the very same words to Captain Fincher in his extremity of weakness, and also to others.”

It was with such feelings towards the sister service that the fleet took what was left of the army on board once more, on Sunday, May 6th, and sailed away with it westward. Monday the 7th was kept as a fast-day. That morning Commissioner Winslow sickened, and by sunset he was dead, chiefly of a broken heart. On the next day “he was put into a coffin and heaved into the sea, and had the solemnity of forty pieces of Ordnance,” if that were any consolation to his indignant shade. On Thursday, May 10th, the fleet entered the harbour of St. Jago de la Vega in Jamaica, Penn leading the way in his own ship, for he had been heard privately to say “that he would not trust the Army with any attempt if he could get near with his ships.” To make quite sure,

he shifted into the *Martin* galley, and ran in till she was aground abreast of a Spanish fort at the head of the harbour—aground, but underneath the fort guns and safe from their fire. Other boats followed with troops, which had no sooner landed than the Spaniards fled, abandoning the fort and thirteen guns with it. So far, so good ; but now came a curious scene. “The Army did not follow the enemy, but did draw up in battle [array] and there resolved to stay until their General came ashore to them ; for some were much troubled that he did not land with them. For all the time that the army was landing, he was walking about the *Martin* with his hat over his eyes, looking as if he had been studying of physic more than like the General of an Army. And when the Army did come by us [us of the *Martin*] in the boats, they did shout forth into a halloo, which is a custom at sea, throwing up their caps and hats. But General Venables did not give them so much as one look to encourage them, but pulled his hat over his eyes, and did look the other way.”¹

Eventually, however, Venables did go ashore, and next morning occupied the town. Then the three surviving commissioners had another wrangle as to the terms of the capitulation ; which resulted in granting permission to the Spaniards to march away with their wives and families. Gregory Butler, who had quarrelled with Venables from the first, now seized the opportunity to have high words with Penn for not making the terms harder. Well was it for poor Winslow that he was comfortably sunk in a thousand fathoms of water ! Then came the question, what should be done next ? Provisions were running short, and none could be obtained from the Spaniards who had fled to the mountains. The two belated store-ships, months overdue, did indeed

¹ Quoted in Penn’s *Memorials of Sir W. Penn* ; the writer probably being Penn’s secretary.

arrive on the 19th of May; but this only made matters worse, for they were claimed, characteristically enough, by the admiral as naval stores. Penn did indeed allow Venables as a favour to have some biscuit for the army; but the incident of course increased the friction between the two commanders, and still more between the rival services. The usual results followed. "Yesterday," wrote Penn to Venables on the 22nd of May, "some of the seamen were very unhandsomely treated by the soldiers of the guard at the landing-place, some of whom (as I am informed by persons of credit) were so rudely handled and abused that it is a doubt whether they will recover; and only because they could not carry some persons on board the ship at the same time when they were employed in carrying officers and soldiers with their goods on shore; the commander of the said guard gently permitting the said abuse to be committed."

In reading this early account of the perennial strife between the red coats¹ and the blue jackets, one is inclined to ask, as Thackeray does in recording one of Stella's bitter epigrams on Vanessa, "Would you have it otherwise?" Often as the rivalry has proved disastrous, from this expedition of 1655 to the abortive attack on Carthage in 1740 and to the story of Nelson at Corsica, there it still remains, dormant perhaps, but asking little to rouse it to life. At St. Jago in 1655 we may be sure that reprisals followed every act of violence, and that the taunts exchanged were as bitter as any of those which now suffice to set some of our regiments at each other's throats. Such a state of things could not last long; and eventually it was decided that a part of the fleet, all in fact but nineteen ships, should go home and Penn with it. Home accordingly Penn went, though not till the 25th of June.

¹ It is not quite certain, however, whether this army wore scarlet, though the colour had been common since 1645.

Meanwhile, the army, thinking that the Protector might just as well hear both sides of the question, held a council of war, whereat was passed the following curious resolution:

Resolved, that we are willing, if the General pleases to take the trouble upon him of going to England to represent the condition of this army and this Island, and to procure such relief and supplies as are needful for the carrying on of this design, that he dispose himself for the journey as soon as he shall think convenient. Signed. Rich. Fortescue (Colonel); Ric. Holdipp (Colonel); Samuel Barry (Lieut.-Col.); Isaac Birkenhead (A. G.); Jo. Rudyerd (Q. M. G.).

It is a little difficult to discover whether this polite offer of leave of absence was obtained by Venables to excuse his departure, or put forward as a gentle hint from the officers to hasten it. He was, it is true, desperately ill; so ill that Penn before his departure gave Fortescue a dormant commission to succeed him "in case it should please God to take him away." But his commission vested in him the supreme command of the land-forces, so it is not quite clear why he should have asked leave of absence from his subordinates. Certain it is that he did go home, on the 14th of July; whereupon Colonel Gregory Butler took the opportunity to go home also "alleging that there was no more service for him in regard the rest of the Commissioners were gone." Nor do these commissioners appear to have been missed. The principal officers remaining promptly met and drew up an instrument appointing themselves a Council of Government for Jamaica, the preamble pointing out rather naïvely that the step was necessary owing [to the departure of the original council "for reasons and motives best known to themselves." The new chiefs of the army and navy were Colonel Fortescue and Vice-Admiral Goodson: the latter a good old-fashioned officer who knew his business and could do it; the former an old "New Model" colonel, who

had seen plenty of active service, and now evidently looked with pleasure upon the withdrawal of a lot of useless men, such as the adventurers and volunteers who had joined the expedition. "Many there are," he writes to a friend, "who came out with us vaunting as if they would have carried the Indies, big with expectation of gold and silver ready told up in bags. Not finding that, but meeting with some difficulties and hardships, wherewith God uses to try and exercise His people, they fret, fume, and grow impatient, and wish they were at their onions, &c. Several of such according to their desires and discontent we have dismissed; and they may return with shame enough. . . . General Penn returned fourteen days since for England. I suppose the Protector will not be well pleased to see them."

Colonel Fortescue was right. The Protector was not well pleased with the return of the two commanders. Penn arrived on the 1st and Venables on the 9th of September, and on the 20th both were committed to the Tower. For the Protector was not a man to be trifled with, and he had the success of his great venture very much at heart. "It is certain," wrote the Spanish ambassador to his master, "that the day after the arrival of the fleet the Protector shut himself up, and would see no one till night, subjecting himself to a strict fast to make the news from the fleet the more favourable." The news of the disgraceful failure afflicted him deeply; and not the less so because he had already despatched a reinforcement of one thousand men, which arrived at Barbados the very day on which Penn anchored at Spithead. A little more patience might therefore have saved at least the country's honour. Nevertheless he released both the prisoners after a confinement of one month only. After all, he himself was chiefly to blame for having entrusted the conduct of the enterprise to such men; and nothing

is more extraordinary than that he should have been so much at fault in his selection, for if there was one gift which Cromwell was admitted by all to possess it was that of choosing good instruments.

Meanwhile, he had at least taken Jamaica and was resolved to make the most of it. Measures were at once taken for raising and despatching reinforcements; and Cromwell himself wrote letters of encouragement and commendation to Fortescue and Goodson. The rest of the story is soon told, so far as ink and paper can tell it. The history of the British in the West Indies, as in all our tropical possessions, cannot be read aright without a visit to the old military cemeteries. There, as for instance on the Morne Fortunée at St. Lucia, the traveller, tearing his way through a wilderness of thorns and briars and rank herbage, may stumble against a row of mouldering stones, and decipher that under these stones lie, almost as on parade, colonel, major, captains, lieutenants, ensigns, sergeants, corporals, rank and file, practically a whole regiment killed by the climate. In 1655 it is pitiful to see how innocently they fought against it. "Jamaica," wrote Fortescue, July 15th, 1655, "is a very fruitful and pleasant land, a fit receptacle for honest men, which is our greatest need here." In October Major Sedgwicke arrived with reinforcements one thousand strong, and had hardly settled down to business with his colleagues when "the Lord visited Major-General Fortescue with sickness and in four or five days snatched him away." Gage, the ex-Jesuit, Cromwell's adviser, soon followed Fortescue. As to the rest of the force, Sedgwicke himself shall tell us.

The condition of the Army is very sad and sickly; and unless God in mercy stay His hand we shall all perish, and be as water spilt upon the grass that cannot be gathered up again. We caused lately a muster to be made both of quality and quantity of the soldiers. The greatest

part of them are sick and those set down well are pitifully well. We landed 831 in Colonel Humphrey's regiment, lusty healthful gallant men who encouraged the whole army. There are at this day [one month from landing] 50 of them dead, whereof two Captains, a Lieutenant, and two ensigns; the Colonel very weak, the Lieut.-Colonel at death's door; I think all the Captains sick; not above four commission-officers in that regiment now fit to march; and the men most part of them sick. Colonel Doyley is fallen sick again, and Colonel Carter is very weak, as also divers other field officers. Soldiers die daily, I believe 140 [? 14] every week and so have done ever since I came hither. It is strange to see young lusty men to appearance well, and in three or four days in the grave.

This is but one specimen of many such letters written from Jamaica in the following two years; a volume might be made of them, all telling the same tale. Men and stores, from the old world and the new, were hurried across the Atlantic to support the new colony. The stores rotted on the beach; and the men looked in each others' haggard faces, helpless as starving field-fares, or watched the fire-flies glancing over their heads and the land-crabs crawling at their feet as the sultry darkness gave place to the burning sunshine, and the deadly, clamorous tropic night to the deadly, silent tropic day. Sedgwicke, the new commander, was unnerved with what he saw and begged to come home but was "not very solicitous; sometimes thinking another place will be my portion before I hear again from your Highness." He lived to receive another letter from Cromwell, and died a few weeks later, May 24th, 1656. His

secretary, who had nursed him, survived him four months. In December, 1656, arrived a new commander, Colonel Brayne, a distinguished officer, with further reinforcements. Within three months a third of his men were dead; and he himself after continual sickness lasted but seven months longer. Then Colonel Doyley, seemingly a rough but able and energetic man, who had come out with Venables, took command in virtue of survival. Being the first commander who was unencumbered with commissioners he had a free hand, and began to reduce things to something like order; and he was rewarded by bringing the last act of this grim drama to a successful close. For on May 8th, 1658, the Spaniards attempted to recapture the island, but were out-manceuvred and brilliantly repulsed by Doyley in a fashion which atoned for previous disgraces. "Thus," he wrote triumphantly to Cromwell (July 12th, 1658), "hath the Lord made known His salvation. His righteousness hath He openly shewed in the sight of the heathen." Unfortunately by the time the dispatch arrived such language was almost out of date. For the Protector, whose eyes it was meant to gladden, was lying dead in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, whither Blake had preceded him eighteen months before, both worn to the death by the cares of the war which was to have given England the Spanish Main, but gave her no more than Jamaica, "to bear spices and poisons and other produce to this day."

J. W. FORTESCUE.

GENTLEMEN OF LEISURE.

You have learned many things, my friend, but one thing you have *not* learned—the art of resting. Once in the ardour of youth there shone before me a golden star in heaven, and on the deep azure around it, *Ohne Hast, ohne Rast*, in letters of steady flame. But now I see more frequently a plain little stone set in the earth, with the inscription, *Rest and be thankful.*—*The Intellectual Life.*

ABOUT old-fashioned men, as about old books and old-world places, there is a peculiar charm. They and their fashions interest us by the very contrast they afford with ourselves and our surroundings. It is as refreshing to go back sometimes from this work-day world and dwell a while among them as to turn aside from the dusty highway into a cool green place.

But yet, when we consider, there is an element of pathos in it all. Our memories are full of faces of past days, some of them gracious and good, some less pleasant, yet hallowed for us by the intervention of years. If we look at the characters there represented, we find them less common now, nay, in some cases, wholly unknown. We live in an age of hurry and feverish anxiety. Men live and work in a whirlwind, eagerly striving after many good things and pleasures; their fellows, even their friends, know little about them; their wives and families have only a slight acquaintance with them. They have no time for anything but business; and so they bustle and scheme until Death comes with his sponge and wipes them off the face of the earth, and there is an end of them. The atmosphere which we breathe nowadays is thicker and dustier than of old. We feel like Heine in Paris, hearing nothing but “the rattle of wheels, the clatter of hammers, street-cries, and the jing-

ling of pianos, and longing for the trees and the fresh breezes of the forest of Broceliaunde.” The men of the old-school,—the gentlemen of leisure we may call them—did things in a different way. They were content to do their duty and earn their daily bread. They had time for many pleasures and were much respected in the country-side. They had room in their lives to cultivate their natures, grow wise if they wished, serve God, enjoy life, and make a good ending. All of which are desirable things, though of somewhat less account in these times.

Of two characters in those pleasant, easy-going days we may be permitted to speak. One belonged to a most respectable class; the other was the essence of disrespectability. One was prosperous and has left a memory behind him; the other was poor and is forgotten. But in one respect the country parson and the wayside tramp were alike; both were emphatically and indisputably gentlemen of leisure.

The lines of the old minister had fallen in pleasant places. The high-road from the capital to the south, coming down from the moorlands, dipped into a little valley before entering the pass which led it through the hills to the plains beyond. Just past the village by the burnside, in the great beech hedge which bordered the road, the traveller, if he were an observant man, might see a small green gate. In the spring this was overhung with lilacs and laburnum, and in autumn the great dog-rose bushes on either side used to send sprays of red berries athwart it. Here the postman left the letters, laying them below the roots of a hawthorn, where the old man found them in his morning walk. Down from the gate was a narrow gravelled

path, leading through a thicket of firs and larches. Even in the warmest day in summer there was coolness here. The place was filled with birds who lived unmolested. A pair of jays nested year after year: magpies often came hither; and one memorable spring two goldfinches reared a brood in one of the firs.

At the end of the trees, where the path became broader, you caught a glimpse of the house. Square and whitewashed, like so many country manses, it was almost covered with narrow pointed ivy. Round the foot ran a broad border of flowers, old-fashioned roses were trained against the side, and pear trees and plum trees on the south wall. In their season there was a goodly show of blossoms; great scarlet poppies, irises, and lilies were varied by those quieter flowers more famed for perfume than for colour. The silver-gray southern-wood with that sweet smell which fills many a cottage garden, lavender, and mint grew luxuriantly: purple clematis, jasmine, and white-belled convolvulus twined over the porch; and at one corner of the house a great bed of thyme scented the air like that Sicilian thyme whereof Theocritus sings. Below the house stretched a lawn, small but with turf like velvet and shaded by noble trees. One of them, a copper-beech, was a source of endless pleasure to its owner. He would sit of a night on a garden-seat and watch the sun slanting over the hills and firing the topmost branches. Beyond the trees a part was kept as a bowling-green, where the players of the village assembled on the summer evenings. Here too the minister would often bring his books and write his sermons seated on the grass. Bordering the lawn, extending from the garden wall to the shrubbery of rhododendrons, was the long plot where the old man reared his favourite flowers. He had tulips of many colours, grown from bulbs brought from Holland by his grandfather, strange old-fashioned plants from cuttings out of old castle gardens,

and a thicket of wild flowers from the woods and fields. He had made use of the stream from a well on the green slope of the hill to form a little pool surrounded by ferns and mosses. It was pleasant to lie here in the warm weather, listening to the elfin tinkle of the water and the drowsy hum of bees in the limes. A delightfully mingled scent of lime blossom and cool green moss haunted the place, lulling the senses to sleep with suggestions of dripping sea-caves and summer woodlands. Some dozen fish lived in the pond, notably one big trout which we used to dream of in our boyhood. Thence, if you wandered down the gravelled path between high box borders with gooseberry bushes and apple trees on either side, you came to the little summer-house where you might sit and look across the low hedge, away over field and moor to where a glint of the Tweed shone below the hills.

Here, in this garden, the old man loved to walk of a morning and evening and smoke a meditative pipe. To him it was his kingdom. He knew every flower and shrub, every bush and tree; and few things gave him greater pleasure than to show to his friends the beauties of his little domain.

But, had we gone to the manse in the forenoon, we should have found him in his study. We have a vivid recollection of that pleasant, gray room. In summer the sunlight came in through the roses about the window, and played up and down among the great volumes on the lower shelves. In winter the firelight glowed on the brown calf and vellum backs, bringing out rich lights and colours on their sober surfaces. The owner of the room was in harmony with it. The tall figure, somewhat bent with study, the keen scholarly face, beautiful with that light which one sees only on the faces of ministers who have grown old in their calling, the kindly voice,—all combined with the fine courteous air of a gentleman of the old school,

made his appearance singularly attractive.

His library, though only that of a country parson, was by no means out of date. It was his custom to pay a half-yearly visit to the capital from which he usually brought a parcel of books. The Fathers of the Church in huge leather-backed folios filled the lower shelves. The works of Leighton, that scholarly Archbishop of Glasgow whom the minister admired, Knox, Calvin, Buchanan, had their places; and strange old volumes of theology, too, for he had a taste for the out of the way. One and all, "he loved them well, they knew his hand." You might find many a rare edition of English classics, picked up at book-stalls or bought at sales in country houses; a *Spenser* with the curious title-page engraving, and a *Pilgrim's Progress* with the quaint early frontispiece. Up in a little shelf beside the fireplace was a row of small duodecimos. Here were his especial treasures,—an Elzevir *Imitatio Christi* in vellum with its height untouched by the binder's shears, a *Tacitus* from the same press, and copies of some of the jealously repressed little volumes of the English Reformation.

All the house was like the study, pleasant and comfortable. An old housekeeper reigned indoors; outside, an elderly man looked after the garden and stable on week-days, and on the Sabbath acted as beadle and precentor.

Across the road from the manse, in a grove of elm-trees, stood the church. It was a little plain building and the congregation even plainer,—the people of the village with a few shepherds and farmers from the hills. Here for many a summer and winter the old man preached. He belonged to that much-despised party in the Scottish Church, the Moderates. They numbered many worthless fellows, it may be, but some good men redeemed them; some who, like our friend, were moderate in the best sense, strangers to intolerance, following the

Socratic precept of *μηδὲν ἄγαν*, and showing their hearts by their lives. He had the love of all his parishioners; there was not a family in the countryside where he had not baptised or married or buried some one, and folk said that no other had such a kindly, consoling way in the House of Death. Surely this was *praesidium et dulce decus* sufficient for any man.

In his younger days he had been a great sportsman. He was esteemed an experienced curler on the ice, where it is said he once thrashed a burly farmer for using profane language in his presence. In the fall of the year he used to shoot wildfowl on the moors; and, when we knew him, he was wont to show a case of stuffed birds in the hall which he had shot.

But most his measured words of praise
Caressed the angler's easy ways,—
His idly meditative days,
His rustic diet.

Many a summer day he spent with rod in hand by the Tweed, where he said he found more inspiration than in St. Augustine. As he grew older he kept himself more and more to his garden, except when he left it to visit his people. And so he passed his quiet, uneventful days until the dark messenger came and bade him go hence.

We well remember the last time we heard him preach. He had some fame as a preacher in the neighbourhood, and had once declined a call to a large city congregation. The pulpit stood in front of a great coloured window in memory of some former lord of the manor. It was a warm June day, and the light, coming through the blue-robed Christ, cast a strange halo round the old man, like the blue glow on the clouds before a snowstorm. Seldom had we heard a more beautiful sermon, filled, as it was, with the quaintest wisdom and charity and that strength born of "toil unsevered from tranquillity." One might have said of it as was said of old, *Verba ista sunt senum otiosis-*

simorum. A fortnight later the carrier brought us a letter from the minister's man, which announced in curious words of wondrous spelling that his master was dead. Peace to his ashes; *sic itur ad astra!*

II.

The other, you may find by the riverside. He is angling with a hazel wand for trout, and no doubt his pockets, that do duty for a basket, are well filled, for he is skilled from long experience. He wears a broad blue bonnet, very dirty and faded, with some casts of gut wound round it. His gray homespun clothes are torn and patched in many places, and everywhere stained with earth and peat. His boots have once belonged to a shepherd, for they have the great thickness and iron-shod toes which are necessary for moorland walking. His face and neck, and the long brawny arms, which he has bared to free his hook from a tree-root, are as swarthy as a Moor's; and some thin gray locks, straggling down over his ears, make a pleasant contrast with his brown skin. He cannot be over forty, but rough living has whitened his hair before its time.

The man's appearance is bold and cheerful. If the advice of Mephistopheles to Faust be true, and self-possession be the only art of life, then assuredly he has found the secret of existence. He takes life as it comes, the green and the gray of it, the summer and the winter. He has chosen the life that suits him best, free to wander where he will, with no restraint of work or duty. He fishes much, poaches a little, does an odd job or two at a farm or village, carries news, occasionally makes the brushes known as "heather-besoms," helps at the lambing-time, and, for the most part, enjoys himself. He is interesting and worth consideration, for he is one of the few relics of aristocracy which remain to us.

But, though all tramps are leisurely,

there are but few who can be called gentlemen. Most of them are disreputable fellows. Some poor creatures have a dingy wife and children to drag with them over the country. Surely such men will have a better fate in the next world, for they have a sorry one in this. Many are beggars, and, excepting the King's Bedesmen, no beggar ever was a gentleman. Some God has gifted with health and strength, instead of which (to revive the old joke) they go about the country stealing hens. For such are reserved the jail and the ill-will of all honest men. But some (who are to be found for the most part in hilly places) are men of good character and good heart, who have taken to the life for the life's sake. They never enter the city, and, if you suggest such a thing, will indignantly ask if you expect them "to bide at a lodgin' house like a common gangrel body." They never beg, for they give something in return for their food. Many a shepherd would gladly keep such a tramp overnight for the sake of hearing the news from the great world beyond the gray hills which bound his ken.

In former days the blue-bonneted wanderer was more welcome. Richard Jefferies, in one of his charming essays, gives a notice which he had seen and which ran as follows: "All persons found wandering abroad, lying, lodging, or being in any barn, out-house, or in the open air, and not giving a good account of themselves, will be apprehended as rogues and vagabonds, and be either publicly whipt or sent to the house of correction, and afterwards disposed of according to law, by order of the magistrates. Any person who shall apprehend any rogue or vagabond will be entitled to a reward of ten shillings." A tramp had no such law to fear in our countryside. At some farm-houses his coming was eagerly looked for; and even at the laird's house he was given the seat at the fire for the sake of his news. There is

a story told of a well-known Peebleshire laird of last century that, when one of the fraternity presented himself at his door, he demanded if he had any news. "Nane, sir," was the reply. "Then get ye gone," said the laird, "and dinna come back till ye've something to tell." After a few weeks the beggar appeared again. He told the servant that he had great news for his master, and was immediately brought into the room where that worthy sat with his wife. "Well," said the laird, "what's new the day?" "Oh," said the tramp, "I was just gaun to tell ye that I had been doon below i' the ill place sin' I saw ye last." "And what saw ye there?" asked the laird. "Mickle the same as here, the puir hadden doon wi' the great; but the Deil showed me a muckle chair aside the fire that he said he was keepin' for the laird o' B . . ." "You see, my dear," said the old man, turning to his wife, "I am preferred wherever I go." Another old man, in whom pride and curiosity were strangely mingled, was wont to drive every tramp from his door with blows and curses; and then, when the latter element triumphed, to run after him and beseech him to return. There was not then that hard and fast boundary between rich and poor, between the respectable and the disrespectable, that is one of the banes of our modern life. Men were more companionable and kindly (we use the word in its old and proper sense). Edie Ochiltree, that classic vagabond, would now be impossible; a capable man, without any trade or fixed place of abode,—parochial boards and charitable societies would hold up their hands in horror and amaze! Yet the fact that we love Edie much more than a flourishing tradesman, as we prefer Ulysses to Alcinous, proves that a wandering life may develope these qualities in our nature which endear a man to his fellows at least as well as a life of staid and sober vacuity.

A strange time the tramp had of it.

Sometimes his course took him through green valleys and rich pastures, and sometimes over bleak moorlands with half a score of miles from one house to another. He was an old struggler, like the beggar woman who asked alms from Dr. Johnson. In warm summer weather he would sleep in a bush of heather, or behind a hedge, or in a covert of brackens in a wood. In the winter some straw in a barn sufficed for him, and he counted himself fortunate when he was allowed to lie before the ashes in the smithy fire. When he came to a village, he made first for the blacksmith's shop. Here, if he was a strong man, he assisted the smith, and, in return, was granted the use of the fire to cook his supper. Here, too, he would entertain the village idlers till late in the night with stories and country gossip.

He lived, if ever a man did, from hand to mouth. He seemed to be uncomfortable with money in his possession. When he had made more than usual, in hay-time or harvest, he used to journey to the nearest market-town and seek out an inn, where he too frequently followed the advice which Luther gave to the young student perplexed with fore-ordination and free-will, and got very drunk. After a week or so of excess, he proceeded on his way with a look of relief on his face, as though his short prosperity had been a sore trial to him.

An old vagrant, amiably disposed, was a treasure to those who loved old-world stories. He could tell how Tweed came down in the great flood, and the hair-breadth escapes of the shepherds, of hard winters and summers, of the coaching days and how the guard and driver of the Edinburgh mail were lost at Erickstanehead. He had legends and horrible tales of elves and goblins, in which he half believed. To crown all, he had his own experiences, for he had not travelled the country for a lifetime for nothing. Some of these were romantic enough, in all truth, sounding like some chronicle of the Middle Ages.

The man had few wants. A pipe of tobacco and a warm fire raised him to the stars, as a much smaller thing, the mere insertion of his name in a list of lyric poets, did the Roman singer. Hard fare and rough quarters had made him contented with little. He was seldom ill, for his body was inured to heat and cold alike. So, since he had the primary blessings of health and contentment, he might very well do without the vastly inferior advantage of riches.

Yet his way through the world was not unattended with evils. If trudging mile upon mile under a blazing sun or in a drifting snowstorm, with no sure hope of rest and food at the end, be a hardship, then the tramp had many. Few people know what it is to be utterly wearied. They have never felt that terrible sickness, that swimming of the brain, that painful weakness in the limbs, which a man feels when he has passed beyond the limits of his strength. If we add to these a parched throat and a burning head in the hot weather, and numbed hands and feet and a chilled heart in winter, we may get some faint idea of

the pleasures of those forced marches which the tramp enjoyed. Moreover, people were not always hospitable ; he often could get no work of any kind and had to live on the scantiest of meals. His days, certainly, were not all spent in a

ditch supine,
Or footing it over the sunlit lea.

There were seasons of hard toil and harder fare, of long winter nights spent on cold moors and short winter days in frosty fields.

Then at last there came to the tramp, as there comes to all of us, the crowning misfortune of death. He had been all his life a man of many acquaintances and few friends, so that he made his end alone. It might be in the corner of a barn or up in a nook of the hillside. He was fortunate in having none of the miserable paraphernalia of death at hand. With the free, cool air blowing about him, in the midst of the scenes of his life-long wanderings, he made his quiet exit from the world, and the country people buried him in that corner of the churchyard reserved for such, where he lay among his fellows.

BARBARA GOLDING.

THE last time Field Osgood saw Miss Barbara Golding was on a certain summer afternoon at the lonely Post, Telegraph, and Customs Station known as Rahway on the Queensland coast. It was at Rahway also that he first and last saw Mr. Louis Bachelor. He had had excellent opportunities for knowing Barbara Golding, since through many years she had been governess (and something more) to his sisters Janet, Agnes, and Lorna. She had been engaged in Sydney as governess simply, but Wandenong cattle station was far up country, and she gradually came to perform the functions of milliner and dressmaker, encouraged thereto by the family for her unerring taste and skill. Her salary, however, was proportionately increased, and it did not decline when her office as governess became practically a sinecure as her pupils passed beyond the sphere of the school-room. Perhaps George Osgood, the owner of Wandenong, did not make an allowance to Barbara Golding for her services as counsellor and confidant of his family; but neither did he subtract anything from her earnings in those infrequent years when she journeyed alone to Sydney on those mysterious visits which so mightily puzzled the good people of Wandenong. The boldest, however, and most off-hand of them could never discover what Barbara Golding did not choose to tell. She was slight, almost frail in form, and very gentle of manner; but she also possessed that rare species of courtesy which, never declining at any moment in fastidiousness nor lapsing into familiarity, checked all curious intrusion, was it never so insinuating; and the milliner and dressmaker was not less self-poised and compelling of respect than the governess and confidant.

In some particulars the case of Louis Bachelor was similar; for besides being the Post, Telegraph, and Customs Officer, and Justice of the Peace at Rahway, he was available and valuable to the Government as a meteorologist. The Administration recognised this after a few years of voluntary and earnest labour on Louis Bachelor's part; it was not his predictions concerning floods or droughts that roused this official appreciation, but the fulfilment of those predictions. At length a yearly *honorarium* was sent to him, and then again, after a dignified procrastination, there was forwarded to him a suggestion from the Cabinet that he should come to Brisbane and take a more important position. It was when this patronage was declined that the Premier (dropping for a moment into that bushman's jargon which in truth came naturally to him) said irritably that Louis Bachelor was a "—— old fossil who didn't know when he'd got his dover in the dough," which, being interpreted into the slang of the old world, means his knife in the official loaf. But the fossil went on as before, known by name to the merest handful of people in the colony, though they all profited, directly or indirectly, by his scientific services; and as unknown to the dwellers at Wandenong as they were to him, and he again to the citizens of the moon.

It was the custom for Janet and Agnes Osgood to say that Barbara Golding had a history; and they said it with little mannerisms peculiar to young ladies of modern promise. Janet declared to her sister Agnes that the Maid of Honour (so they called her) might, if all were known about her, be translated into a novel; and Agnes in appropriate season had, with slight variations, said the same

to Janet. On every occasion the sentiment was uttered with that fresh conviction in tone which made it appear to be born again. The occasion when it seemed to have had the most pregnant origin was one evening after Janet had been consulting Miss Barbara on the mysteries of the garment in which she was to be married to Druce Gallant, part owner of Booldal Station. "Aggie," remarked this coming bride, "her face flushed up ever so pink when I said to her that she seemed to know exactly how a *trousseau* ought to be. I'm afraid, dear, I said it with a faint suggestion in my voice,—unpardonable with her, she always is so considerate—but it had its effect. I wonder! She is well-bred enough to have been anybody; and you know it was the Bishop who recommended her."

It was not long after this that Druce Gallant arrived at Wandenong and occupied the attention of Janet until supper-time, when he electrified the company by the narration of his adventures on the previous evening with Roadmaster the mysterious bush-ranger, whose name was now in every man's mouth, and who apparently worked with no confederates, a somewhat perilous proceeding, though it reduced the chances of betrayal. Druce Gallant was about to camp on the plains for the night, in preference to riding on to a miserable bush-tavern a few miles away, when he was suddenly accosted in the scrub by a gentlemanly-looking fellow on horse-back, who, from behind his mask, asked him to give up what money he had about him, together with his watch and ring. The request was emphasised by the presence of a revolver held at an easy but suggestive angle from the pommel of the saddle. The disadvantage to Druce Gallant was obvious; he merely requested that he should be permitted to keep the ring, since it had many associations, remarking at the same time that he would be pleased to give an equivalent for it if the bushranger would accompany him to Wandenong.

At the mention of Wandenong the highwayman asked his name. On being told he handed back the money, the watch, and the ring, and politely requested a cigar, saying that the Osgoods deserved consideration at his hands, and that their friends were safe from molestation. Then he added, with some grim humour, that, if Druce Gallant had no objection to spending an hour with Roadmaster over a fire and billy of tea, he would be glad of his company; for bush-ranging, according to his system, was but dull work. Struck with the unusual character of the man the young squatter consented, and together they sat for two hours, the highwayman, however, never removing the mask from his eyes. They talked of many things and at last Gallant ventured to ask his companion about the death of Blood Finchley, the owner of Tarawan sheep run. At this Roadmaster became moody, and rose to leave; but, as if on second thoughts, he said that Finchley's companion, whom he allowed to go unrobbed and untouched, was both a coward and a liar; that the slain man had fired thrice needlessly, and had wounded him in the neck (the scar of which he showed) before he drew trigger. Gallant then told him that besides the *posse* of police, a number of squatters and bushmen had banded to hunt him down, and advised him to make for the coast if he could, give up his present business and leave the country. At this Roadmaster laughed and said that his fancy was not seaward yet, though that might come; and then, with a courteous wave of his hand, he jumped on his horse and rode away.

The Osgoods speculated long and curiously on Roadmaster's identity, as did indeed the whole colony; and at length the father concluded that it might be a well-bred scoundrel named Calthorpe whom he had saved from prison at Brisbane a couple of years before. He could not think of any other likely person.

And here it may be said, that people of any observation (though, of neces-

sity, they were few, since Rahway attracted only busy sugar-planters and their workmen) were used to speak of Louis Bachelor as one who must certainly have a history if he could but be persuaded to tell it. The person most likely to have the power of inquisition into his affairs was his faithful aboriginal servant Gongi. But records and history were only understood by Gongi when they were restricted to the number of heads taken in tribal battle. At the same time he was a devoted slave to the man who, at the risk of his own life, had rescued him from the murderous spears of his aboriginal foes. That was a kind of archive within Gongi's comprehension, from the contemplation of which he turned to speak of Louis Bachelor as, "That fellow budgery marmi b'longin' to me," which, in civilised language, means "my good master." Gongi frequently dilated on this rescue, and he would, for purposes of illustration, take down from his master's wall an artillery-officer's sabre and show how his assailants were dispersed.

From the presence of this sword it was not unreasonably assumed that Louis Bachelor had at some time been in the army. He was not, however, communicative on this point, though he shrewdly commented on European wars and rumours of wars when they occurred. He also held strenuous opinions on the conduct of government and the suppression of public evils, based obviously upon a military conception of things. For bushrangers he would have a modern Tyburn, but this and other tragic suggestions lacked conviction when confronted with his verdicts given as Justice of the Peace. He pronounced anathemas in a grand and airy fashion, but as if he were speaking by the card, a Don Quixote whose mercy would be vaster than his wrath. This was the impression he gave to Field Osgood on the day when the young squatter introduced himself to Rahway, where he had come on a mission to its one official. The young man's father had

a taste for many things; astronomy was his latest, and he had bought from the Government a telescope which, excellent in its day, had been superseded by others of later official purchase. He had brought it to Wandenong, had built a home for it, and had got it into trouble. He had then sent to Brisbane for assistance, and the astronomer of the Government had referred him to the postmaster at Rahway, "prognosticator" of the meteorological column in *The Courier*, who would be instructed to give Mr. Osgood every help, especially as the occultation of Venus was near. Men do not send letters by post in a new country when personal communication is possible, and Field Osgood was asked by his father to go to Rahway. When Field wished for the name of this rare official, the astronomer's letter was handed over with a sarcastic request that the name might be deciphered; but the son was not more of an antiquary than his father, and he had to leave without it. He rode to the coast, and there took a passing steamer to Rahway.

From the sea Rahway looked a tropical paradise. The bright green palisades of mangrove on the right crowded down to the water's edge; on the left was the luxuriance of a tropical jungle; in the centre was an arc of opal shore fringed with cocoa-palms, and beyond these a handful of white dwellings. Behind was a sweeping monotony of verdure stretching back into the great valley of the Popri, and over all the heavy languor of the South.

But the beauty was a delusion. When Field Osgood's small boat swept up the sands on the white crest of a league-long roller, how different was the scene! He saw a group of dilapidated huts, a tavern called *The Angel's Rest*, a blackfellow's hut, and the bareness of three government offices, all built on piles, that the white ants should not humble them suddenly to the dust; a fever-making mangrove swamp, black at the base as the filthiest moat, and tenanted by rep-

tiles; feeble palms, and a sickly breath creeping from the jungle to mingle with the heavy scent of the last consignment of sugar from the Popri valley. It brought him to a melancholy standstill, disturbed at last by Gongi touching him on the arm and pointing towards the post-office. His language to Gongi was strong; he called the place by names that were not polite; and even on the threshold of the official domain said that the Devil would have his last big muster there. But from that instant his glibness declined. The squatters are the aristocracy of Australia, and rural postmasters are not always considered eligible for a dinner-party at Government House; but when Louis Bachelor came forward to meet his visitor the young fellow's fingers quickly caught his hat from his head, and an off-hand greeting became a respectful salute.

At first the young man was awed by the presence of the grizzled gentleman, and he struggled with his language to bring it up to the classic level of this old Huguenot's speech. "Huguenot" is used figuratively, though the young squatter came to know subsequently that Louis Bachelor was descended from a family part Irish, part French. But there was something more than Celt and Gaul in the man, a steadying quality of race or discipline that made him, even in this humble position, a little grand and more than a little grave. Before they had spoken a dozen words Field Osgood said to himself, "What a quaint team he and the Maid of Honour would make! It's the same kind of thing in both, with the difference of sex and circumstance." The nature of his visitor's business pleased the old man, and infused his courtesy with warmth. Yes, he would go to Wandenong with pleasure; the Government had communicated with him about it; a substitute had been offered; he was quite willing to take his first leave in four years; astronomy was a great subject, he had a very good and obedient telescope of his own,

though not nearly so large as that at Wandenong; he would telegraph at once to Brisbane for the substitute to be sent on the following day, and would be ready to start in twenty-four hours; after visiting Wandenong he would go to Brisbane for some scientific necessities—and so on through smooth parentheses of conversation. Under all the bluntness of the Bush young Osgood had a refinement which now found expression in an attempt to make himself agreeable, not a difficult task, since, thanks to his father's tastes and a year or two at college, he had a smattering of physical science. He soon won his way to the old man's heart, and laboratory, which in this desolate spot had been developed through years of patience and ingenious toil.

Left alone that evening in Louis Bachelor's sitting-room, Field Osgood's eyes were caught by a portrait on the wall, the likeness of a beautiful girl. Something about the face puzzled him. Where had he seen it? More than a little of an artist he began to reproduce the head on paper. He put it in different poses; he added to it; he took away from it; he gave it a child's face, preserving the one striking expression; he made it that of a woman—of an elderly, grave woman. Why, what was this? Barbara Golding! Yes, the same expression and contour of features, only many years older. He then carefully and quickly made from memory an excellent head of Barbara Golding, being careful to retain *that* expression. Then he tore up the other pieces of paper and waited, seeing in his hand the possibility of a romance. He would not spoil the development of the drama, of which he now held the fluttering prologue, by any blunt treatment; he would touch this and that nerve gently to see what past connection there was between

These dim blown birds beneath an alien sky.

He mooned along in this fashion, a fashion in which his bushmen friends

would not have recognised him, until his host entered. Then, in that auspicious moment when his own pipe and his companion's cigarette were being lighted, he said, "I've been amusing myself with drawing since you left, sir, and I've produced this," handing over the paper.

Louis Bachelor took the sketch and walking to the window for better light said, "Believe me, I have a profound respect for the artistic talent. I myself once had—ah!" He had sharply paused as he saw the pencilled head and he now stood looking fixedly at it. He turned slowly, came to the portrait on the wall, and compared it with that in his hand. Then with a troubled face he said: "You have much talent, but it is—it is too old—much too old—and very sorrowful."

"I intended the face to show age and sorrow, Mr. Bachelor. Would not the original of that have both?"

"She had sorrow,—she had sorrow,—but," and he looked sadly at the sketch again, "it is too old for her. Her face was very young, always very young."

"But has she not sorrow *now*, sir?" the other persisted gently.

The gray head was shaken sadly, and the unsteady voice meditatively murmured, "Such beauty, such presence! I was but five-and-thirty then." There was a slight pause and then with his hand touching the young man's shoulder, Louis Bachelor continued: "You are young; you have a good heart; I know men. You have the sympathy of the artist—why should I not speak to you? I have been silent about it so long. You have brought the past back, I know not how, so vividly! I dream here, I work here; men come with merchandise and go again; they only bind my tongue; I am not of them; but you are different, as it seems to me, and young. God gave me a happy youth. My eyes were bright as yours; my heart as fond. You love—is it not so? Ah, you smile and blush like an honest man. Well, so much the more I can speak now! God gave me then

strength and honour and love,—blessed be His name! And then He visited me with sorrow, and if I still mourn I have peace too and a busy life." Here he looked at the sketch again. "Then I was a soldier. *She* was my world. Ah, true love is a great thing, a great thing! She had a brother. They two with their mother were alone in the world, and we were to be married. One day at Gibraltar I received a letter from her saying that our marriage could not be, that she was going away from England, that those lines were her farewell, and that she commended me to the love of Heaven. Such a letter it was—so saintly, so unhappy, so mysterious! When I could get leave I went to England. She—they—had gone and none knew whither; or, if any of her friends knew, none would speak. I searched for her everywhere. At last I came to Australia, and am here now, no longer searching, but waiting; for there is that above us!" His lips moved as if in prayer. "And this is all I have left of her," fondling the portrait, "except memory."

The young man rejoined warmly, yet with discreet sympathy: "Sir, I respect, and I hope I understand, your confidence." Then a little nervously, "Might I ask her name?"

The reply was spoken to the portrait: "Barbara,—Barbara Golding."

With Louis Bachelor the young squatter approached Wandenong homestead in some excitement. He had said no word to his companion about that Barbara Golding who played such a gracious part in the home of the Osgoods. He had arranged the movement of the story to his fancy, but would it occur in all as he hoped? With an amiability that was almost malicious in its adroit suggestiveness, though, to be sure, it was honest, he had induced the soldier to talk of his past. His words naturally, and always, radiated to the sun whose image was now hidden, but for whose memory no superscription on monument or cenotaph was needed. Now it was a scrap of song, then a tale, and

again a verse, by which the old soldier was delicately worked upon ; until, at last, as they entered the paddocks of Wandenong, stars and telescopes and even governments had been completely forgotten in the personal literature of sentiment.

Yet Field Osgood was not quite at his ease. Now that it was at hand he rather shrank from the renewal of these ancient loves. There was Barbara Golding's story not yet fathomed ; yes, his plot had some flying threads which he had not yet gathered. Apart from everything else he knew that no woman's nerves are to be trusted. He hoped fortune would so favour him that he could arrange for the meeting of these two alone, or, at least, in his presence only. He had so far fostered this possibility by arriving at the station at nightfall. What next ? He turned and looked at the soldier, a figure out of Hogarth which even dust and travel left unspoiled. It was certain that the two should meet where Field Osgood, squatter and romancer, should be prompter, orchestra, and audience, and he alone. Vain lad ! When they drew rein the young man took his companion at once to his own detached quarters known as the Barracks, and then proceeded to the house. After greetings with his family he sought Barbara Golding, who was in the school-room, piously employed, Agnes said, in putting the final touches to Janet's *trousseau*. He went across the square to the school-room, and, looking through the window, saw that she was quite alone. A few moments later he stood at the schoolroom door with Louis Bachelor. With his hand on the latch he hesitated. Was it not fairer to give some warning to either ? Too late ! He opened the door and they entered. She was sewing, and a book lay open beside her, a faded, but stately little figure whose very garments had an air. She rose, seeing at first only Field Osgood, who greeted her and then said, "Miss Barbara, I wish to introduce to you an old friend." Then he stepped

back and the two were face to face. Barbara Golding's cheeks became pale but she did not stir ; the soldier with an exclamation of surprise half joyful, half pathetic, took a step forward, and then became motionless also. Their eyes met and stayed intent. This was not quite what the young man had expected. At length the soldier bowed low and the woman responded gravely. At this point Field withdrew to stand guard at the door, that the action in his strange little play should not be interrupted.

Barbara Golding's eyes were dim with tears. The soldier gently said, "I received,—" and then paused. She raised her eyes to his. "I received a letter from you,—five-and-twenty years ago."

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science. When sleep would not come at night he rose and worked in his laboratory; and the sailors of many a passing vessel saw the light of his lamp in the dim hours before the dawn and spoke of fever in the port of Rahway. Nor did they speak without reason; fever *was* preparing a victim for the sacrifice at Rahway, and Louis Bachelor was fed with its poison till he grew haggard and weak.

One night at this time he was sending his weather prognostications to Brisbane when a stranger entered from the shore. The old man did not at first look up, and the other leisurely studied him as the sounder clicked its message. When the key was closed the new-comer said, "Can you send a message to Brisbane for me?" "It is after hours; I cannot," was the reply. "But you were just sending one." "That was official, sir," and the elder man passed his hand wearily along his forehead. He was very pale. The other drew the telegraph-forms towards him and wrote on one, saying as he did so, "My business is important;" then handing over what he had written, and smiling ironically, added, "Perhaps you will consider that official."

Louis Bachelor took the paper and read as follows: "*To The Colonial Secretary, Brisbane. I am here to-night; to-morrow find me. Roadmaster the Bushranger.*" He read it twice before he fully comprehended it. Then he said, as if awaking from a dream, "You are——". "I am Roadmaster," was the complement to the unfinished sentence.

But now the soldier and official in the other were awake. He drew himself up, and appeared to measure his visitor as a swordsman would his enemy. "What is your object in coming here?" he asked. "For you to send that message if you choose; there is your telegraphic instrument. That *you* may arrest me peaceably if you wish; or otherwise, there are men at *The Angel's Rest* and a Chinaman or two here who might care for active service against Roadmaster."

And he laughed carelessly. "Am I to understand that you give yourself up to me?" "Yes, to you, Louis Bachelor, Justice of the Peace, to do what you will with for this night," was the reply.

The soldier's hands trembled but it was from imminent illness, not from fear or excitement. He came slowly towards the bushranger who, smiling, said as he advanced, "Yes, arrest me!" Louis Bachelor raised his hand as if to lay it on the shoulder of the other, but something in the eyes of the highwayman stayed his hand. "Proceed! Proceed, *Captain* Louis Bachelor," said Roadmaster in a changed tone. The hand fell to the old man's side. "Who are you?" he faintly exclaimed. "I know you, yet I cannot quite remember."

More and more the voice and manner of the outlaw altered as he replied with mocking bitterness, "*I was* Edward Golding, gentleman; *I became* Edward Golding, forger; *I am* Roadmaster, ex-convict and bushranger."

The old man's state was painful to see. More than fever was making him haggard now. "You—you—*that!* Edward?" he uttered brokenly. "Yes, all *that*. Will you arrest me now, sir?" "I—cannot."

And now the bushranger threw aside all bravado and irony, and said: "Captain Bachelor, I *knew* you could not. Why did I come? Listen! But first, will you shelter me here to-night?"

The soldier's honourable soul rose up against this thing, but he said slowly at last, "If it is to save you from peril, yes!"

Roadmaster laughed a little and rejoined: "By —, sir, you're a *man!* I only wanted to know if you *would* do it. But it isn't likely that I'd accept it of you, is it, Captain Bachelor? You've had it rough enough without my putting a rock in your swag that would spoil you for the rest of the tramp! You see I've even forgotten how to talk like a gentleman. And now, sir, I want to

show you, for Barbara's sake, my dirty log-book." Here he told the tale of his early sin and all that came of it, and then went on. "She didn't want to disgrace you, you understand. You were at Wandenong; I know that, never mind how. She'd marry you if I were out of the way. Well, I'm going to be out of the way. I'm going to leave this country, and she's to think I'm dead, you see."

At this point Louis Bachelor swayed and would have fallen, but that the bushranger's arms were thrown round him and helped him to a chair. "I'm afraid that I am ill," he said; "call Gongi. No, no, you cannot do that. Ah!" He had fainted.

The bushranger carried him to a bed and summoned Gongi and the woman from the tavern, and in another hour was riding away through the valley of the Popri. Before thirty-six hours had passed a note was delivered to a station-hand at Wandenong addressed to Barbara Golding and signed by the woman from *The Angel's Rest*. And within another two days Barbara Golding was at the bedside of Captain Louis Bachelor, battling with an enemy that is so often stronger than love and always kinder than shame.

In his wanderings the sick man was always with his youth and early manhood, and again and again he uttered Barbara's name in caressing or entreaty; though it was the Barbara of far-off days that he invoked; the present one he did not know. But the night in which the crisis, the fortunate crisis, of the fever occurred, he talked of a great flood coming from the North, and in his half-delirium bade them send to head-quarters, and mournfully muttered of drowned plantations and human peril. Was this instinct and knowledge working through the disordered fancies of fever? Or was it mere coincidence that the next day a great storm and flood did sweep through the valley of the Popri, putting life in danger and submerging plantations?

It was on this day that Roadmaster found himself at bay in the mangrove

swamp not far from the port of Rahway, where he had expected to find a schooner to take him to the New Hebrides. It had been arranged for by a well-paid colleague in crime; but the storm had delayed the schooner, and the avenging squatters and bushmen were closing in on him at last. There was flood behind him in the valley, a foodless swamp on the left of him, open shore and jungle on the right, the swollen sea before him; and the only avenue of escape closed by Blood Finchley's friends. He had been eluding his pursuers for days with little food and worse than no sleep. He knew that he had played his last card and lost; but he had one thing yet to do; that which even the vilest do, if they can, before they pay the final penalty—to creep back for a moment into their honest past however dim and far away it may be. With incredible skill he had passed under the very rifles of his hunters, and now stood almost within the stream of light which came from the window of the sick man's room, where his sister was. There was to be no more hiding, no more strategy. He told Gongi and another that he was Roadmaster, and bid them say to his pursuers, should they appear, that he would come to them upon the shore when his visit to Louis Bachelor, whom he had known in other days, was over, indicating the place at some distance from the house where they would find him. He knew that these men would not make a breach of this invited contract, that they would give even a bushranger that moment of shrift.

He entered the house. The noise of the opening door brought his sister to the room. One need not tell of that meeting, nor of what it might have been had Barbara Golding known all.

At last she said, "Oh, Edward, you are free at last!"

"Yes, I am free at last," he quietly replied.

"I have always prayed for you, Edward, and for this."

"I know that, Barbara; but prayer

cannot do everything, can it? You see, though I was born a gentleman, I had a bad strain in me. I wonder if, somewhere, generations back, there was a pirate or a gipsy in our family." He had been going to say highwayman, but paused in time. "I always intended to be good and always ended by being bad. I wanted to be of the angels and play with the devils also. I liked saints,—you are a saint, Barbara—but I loved all sinners too. I hope when,—when I die, that the little bit of good that's in me will go where you are; for the rest of me, it must be as it may."

"Don't speak like that, Edward, please, dear. Yes, you have been very wicked, but you have been punished, oh! these long, long years!"

"I've lost a great slice of life by both the stolen waters and the rod, but I'm going to reform now, Barbara."

"You are going to reform! Oh, I knew you would! God has answered my prayer." How her eyes lighted!

He did not immediately speak again, for his ears, keener than hers, were listening to a confused sound of voices coming from the shore. At length he spoke firmly: "Yes, I'm going to reform, but it's on one condition."

Her eyes mutely asked a question, and he replied, "That you marry him," pointing to the inner room, "if he lives."

"He will live but I,—I cannot tell him, Edward," she sadly said.

"He knows."

"He knows! Did you *dare* to tell him?" It was the lover, not the sister, who spoke then.

"Yes. And he knows also that I'm going to reform,—that I'm going away."

Her face was hid in her hand. "And I kept it from him five-and-twenty years!—Where are you going, Edward?"

"To the Farewell Islands," he slowly replied.

And she, thinking he meant some

group in the Pacific, tearfully inquired, "Are they far away?"

"Yes, very far away, my girl."

"But you will write to me or come to see me again,—you will come to see me again, sometimes, Edward?"

He paused. He knew not at first what to reply, but at length he said, with a strangely determined flash of his dark eyes, "Yes, Barbara, I will come to see you again,—if I can." He stooped and kissed her. "Good-bye, Barbara."

"But, Edward, must you go to-night?"

"Yes, I must go now. They are waiting for me. Good-bye."

She would have stayed him but he put her gently back, and she said plaintively, "God keep you, Edward. Remember you said that you would come again to me."

"I shall remember," he said quietly, and he was gone.

Standing in the light from the window of the sick man's room he wrote a line in Latin on a slip of paper, (a remembered scrap of his boyhood's studies) begging of Louis Bachelor the mercy of silence, and gave it to Gongi, who whispered that he was surrounded. This he knew; he had not studied sounds in prison through the best years of his life for nothing. He asked Gongi to give the note to his master when he was better, and when it could be done unseen of any one. Then he turned and walked coolly towards the shore.

Two hours after he lay upon a heap of magnolia branches breathing his life away. And at the same moment of time that a rough but kindly hand closed the eyes of the bushranger, the woman from *The Angel's Rest* and Louis Bachelor saw the pale face of Roadmaster peer through the bedroom window at Barbara Golding sitting in a chair asleep; and she started and said through her half-wakefulness, looking at the window, "Where are you going, Edward?"

GILBERT PARKER.

THE POLITICAL WORLD OF FIELDING AND SMOLLETT.

It is on record that Sir Robert Walpole, deeming the family estate to be but a poor heritage for the children of so great a man as himself, took advantage of his position as Prime Minister to settle upon them certain sinecure offices worth many thousand pounds a year. The third son, who was no other than the celebrated Horace, seems to have been deeply affected by his father's generosity. In glowing terms he has declared that Sir Robert's benevolence was only equalled by his patriotism; and, transferring his gratitude from the benefactor to the time which made the benefaction possible, he has given so delightful a picture of the early Georgian period that few modern readers can restrain a sigh that they too did not live in that golden age.

The government of England, at the time when Sir Robert provided for his family out of the public funds, was an oligarchy pure and simple. It remained so till the accession of the third George. The great Whig houses had silenced the king and muzzled the people; to the victors belonged the spoils, and the successful party, uncriticised and unchecked, gorged itself right merrily with the national wealth. No official appointment, from a secretaryship at state to a commission in the army, could be obtained save by political influence; and thus any member of one of the great Whig families found the road to fortune, if not fame, a very path of primroses. But beyond the charmed circle lay a vast crowd of aspirants of whom the aristocratic memoir-writers reckon but little; unfortunates who, though sometimes of good family were never of good estate, and who strove hard to obtain by trickery or persistence some share in the loaves and fishes. The two great

novelists of the time, Fielding and Smollett, were both of them members of this political half-world. Like poor relations at some pompous family gathering, they eyed the self-satisfied complacency of the ruling clique with snarling derision. And from the countless political allusions scattered through their works we can reconstruct for ourselves the joys and sorrows of this humble but interesting section of the political life of the eighteenth century.

The leading ministers, excepting Sir Robert Walpole and the Duke of Newcastle, who both loved the details of jobbery, were far too busy to pay attention to each individual place-hunter. Hence came into being a new creation, the patronage-monger, on whose "recommendations" the Prime Minister agreed to act. To Fielding and Smollett this person is the pivot of the whole political system, and throughout their works he always appears under the title of the *great man*. But the number of *great men* was small, and their high station rendered them generally unapproachable by the vulgar. The result was seen in the birth of a horde of agents who engaged, directly or indirectly, to introduce applicants to the great man's notice. The political world, according to Fielding and Smollett, is thus organized in a curious hierarchy of ascending influence. "Perhaps," says Smollett's Tom Bowling to his nephew Roderick Random, "I may have interest enough to procure you a warrant appointing you surgeon's mate of the ship to which I shall belong; for the beadle of the Admiralty is my good friend, and he and one of the under clerks are sworn brothers, and that under clerk has a good deal to say with one of the upper clerks, who is very well known to the under

secretary, who, on his recommendation, I hope will recommend my affair to the first secretary, and he again will speak to one of the lords in my behalf." Tom Bowling is described as possessed of a child-like faith in the honesty of human promises; for, as Fielding and Smollett point out, the *little great man* was in nine cases out of ten a deceiver of the blackest dye. He was wont to make a respectable income by falsely engaging to forward applications to the right quarter. When Lieutenant Booth, in Fielding's *Amelia*, wants to be put back on the active list, he begins operations by slipping a bank-note for £50 into the hand of a war-office clerk. The rogue might just as well have promised to procure Booth's election as Pope of Rome; yet, so accustomed was he to make profit from his political pretensions, that he took poor Booth's offering "not as a gudgeon doth a bait, but as a pike receives a poor gudgeon into its maw."

Even if our office-seeker at last obtained access to the great man, the hardest part of his task was yet to come. With light heart and cheery mien he sets out for the great man's house. At the very threshold he finds a new and unexpected obstacle. The great man's porter, like Peter at the gate of Heaven, bars the way to bliss. Fielding, in an address to Sir Robert Walpole, wittily describes the humours of this dreaded Cerberus:

*Great sir, as on each levée day
I still attend you, still you say
"I'm busy now, to-morrow come!"
So says your porter, and dare I
Give such a man as that the lie?*

The great man's porter has by years of practice acquired an unerring insight into the character of his master's visitors. According to Fielding he is a kind of thermometer by which one may discover the warmth or coldness of his master's friendship. As the great man has different greetings for the rich, the doubtful, and the poor, so has the porter. "To some he bows with respect, to others with a smile,

to some he bows more, to others less low. Some he just lets in, others he just shuts out; and in all this they so well correspond, that one would be inclined to think that the great man and his porter had compared their lists together, and, like two actors concerned to act different parts in the same scene, had rehearsed their parts privately together before they ventured to perform in public." In any case, all must pay toll to the porter before they can gain admittance. When Roderick Random comes by special appointment to breakfast with Lord Strutwell, the porter places himself before the door, "like a soldier in a breach." On which, says Roderick, "I recollected myself all of a sudden, and slipping a crown into his hand, begged as a favour that he would inquire whether my lord was up. The grim janitor relented at the touch of my money, which he took with the indifference of a tax-gatherer, and showed me into a parlour." Even then fresh toll had to be paid to footmen and valets before the applicant actually found his way to the holy of holies, the great man's private room. And now comes the unkindest cut of all. The great man himself merely turns out to be the robber who takes all that is left! Not that he ever refuses the applicant point-blank; he is too well-bred for that. He prefers to keep the victim hanging on till, rendered desperate by evasion and delay, he vanishes again into outer darkness. "I have what I think good news for you, sir," says a certain peer, on whose influence he bases great hopes, to Lieutenant Booth. "I have mentioned your affair . . . and I have no doubt of my success." Cadwalader Crabtree, the cynical humourist in *Peregrine Pickle*, mentions a great man who amused him with the promise of a commission in the army for seven years. Parson Adams, in return for some election work was promised a benefice by Sir Thomas Booby; "And I believe," he says (honest man) "I should have had it, but an accident

happened, which was that my lady had promised it before unknown to him. . . . Since that time Sir Thomas, poor man, had always so much business, that he never could find leisure to see me !” Lord Strutwell, Roderick Random’s patron, “whose interest at court is so low, that he could scarce provide for a superannuated footman once a year in the customs, or excise,” has crowds of applicants at his levée every morning. The noble lord to whom Peregrine Pickle entrusts his interests, after keeping him in attendance for many a long day, ends by swindling him out of £10,000, in return for which Peregrine receives exactly nothing. No wonder that middle-class folk who wished for state appointments raged in impotent fury against the chicanery and obstruction that beset their path ; or that Fielding, after describing Jonathan Wild’s career as liar, thief, seducer, traitor, and assassin, can think of no better climax than to call him “a perfect *great man* !”

The greater part of the political allusions in Fielding and Smollett deal with the woes of the unhappy place-hunter ; we can also glean from them a pretty shrewd idea of the popular theory of politics. It was an accepted dogma that membership of the House of Commons was to all intents and purposes a matter of private arrangement between the great territorial magnates. On one occasion Peregrine Pickle, not content with lending his money to bankrupt peers in London, thinks to strengthen his pretensions by putting himself up for parliament as a Government candidate. He hurries down to a country borough, sets the public-house taps a-flow, distributes bank-notes among the more sordid voters, and makes love to the matrons with such success that things soon begin to go in his favour. But his opponent happens to belong to a great family which has represented the borough for many generations. The latter is furious at the thought of being ousted by a stranger ; and,

at last, he writes a letter to the Prime Minister, offering “to compromise the affair, by giving up two members in another place, provided that the opposition should cease in his own corporation.” The proposal is at once accepted, and Peregrine is forced to withdraw on the very eve of victory.

But perhaps the most singular feature at parliamentary elections is the utter absence of a programme. Parliamentary reform, social reform, local government reform, and all the crowd of proposals which pad a modern candidate’s address were entirely undreamed of. The Englishman of the middle years of the eighteenth century was born and lived in a fixed political and social groove, wherein none had the audacity to propose a change. What touched him were a few broad general principles, such as the antagonism between the squire and the merchant, between the churchman and the dissenter, between the Jacobite and the Hanoverian. Take for instance the speeches in the election scene in Smollett’s *Sir Lancelot Greaves*. First appears Sir Valentine Quickset, a Tory foxhunter. He begins by informing the electors that he has lived among them time out of mind, and possesses an income “of vive thousand clear” which he spends at home in old English hospitality. “I am, thank God,” he continues, “a vree-born, true-hearted Englishman, and a loyal though unworthy son of the Church. . . . I hate all vorreigners, and vorreign measures [this was a characteristic cut at the German sympathies of the court], whereby this poor nation is broken-backed with a dismal load of debt, and the taxes rise so high that the poor cannot get bread. Gentlemen, vreeholders of this here county, I value no minister a vig’s end, d’ye see ; if you will vavour me with your votes and interest I’ll engage one half of my estate that I never cry yea to your shillings in the pound [a reference to the land-tax, a Whig invention], but will cross

the ministry in everything as in duty bound, and as becomes an honest vree-holder in the ould interest." The Whig candidate, Mr. Isaac Vanderpelft, a Jewish contractor and financial agent, begins with the satisfactory announcement that he has "fourscore thousand pounds in his pocket, acquired by commerce, the support of the nation!" He describes himself as a faithful subject to his majesty King George, sincerely attached to the Protestant succession, in detestation of a popish, an abjured, and an outlawed Pretender. And he ends by declaring his readiness to expend his substance and his blood in defence of the glorious Revolution of 1689.

Fielding's Squire Western is the incarnation of old English tradition. "I had rather be anything," says he, "than a courtier, and a Presbyterian, and a Hanoverian as some people are." He looks with suspicion on Whig finance. Rather than portion his daughter if she marries Tom Jones, he will give his estate to the sinking fund, that it may be sent to Hanover to corrupt the nation with. He prophesies the day when Roundheads and Hanover rats will be driven forth. "The times are a-coming," he roars, "that we shall make fools of them and every man shall enjoy his own. I hope to see it before the rats have eat up all our corn and left us nothing but turnips to feed on." Turnips, be it known, were introduced into England by a Whig statesman, Lord Townshend.

It is the same with Lawyer Ferret, a Tory henchman in *Sir Lancelot Greaves*. In the disguise of a cheap-jack he tramps the country, and delivers addresses in which praise of his wares is cleverly mixed up with abuse of a "Germanised" ministry. "Take notice," says he, "I don't address you in the style of a mountebank or high German doctor; and yet the country is full of mountebanks, empirics and quacks. . . . We have quacks in Government, High German

quacks that have blistered, sweated, bled and purged the nation into an atrophy. Like the people of Nineveh, she can hardly tell her right hand from her left; but as a changeling is dazzled by an *ignis fatuus*, a Will-o'-the-Wisp, that leads her astray through Westphalian bogs and deserts, and will one day break her neck over some barren rocks, or leave her sticking in some Hanoverian pit or quagmire."

The Tories could accuse the Whig Government of making English policy subservient to Hanoverian interests. But the Whigs countered with tremendous force by fastening on their opponents the charge of Jacobitism. Smollett, as became a doughty Scot, felt a secret admiration for the ill-fated heroes of 1745. Fielding, however, was a strong supporter of the Hanoverian line; and from him we get a good idea of the Hanoverian standpoint. England had no affection for King George himself, but it rightly valued the principles he represented. The Hanoverian monarchy meant good trade and a free press. It gave toleration to all sects except the Roman Catholic. It was universally believed that if the Pretender came to the throne he would repudiate the national debt; and thus all the fundholders were Hanoverians to a man. Who, moreover, asks Fielding, would have gained by a Jacobite restoration? Such an enterprise must depend for its success on the help of Frenchmen and Scotch Highlanders. They therefore would have the first claim on a restored Pretender's liberality. A few country squires toasted the king over the water; and from a tract of Fielding's, *De Arte Jacobitica*, it would seem that in certain cultured circles it was thought correct to speak reverently of that blessed martyr King Charles the First. But among both the aristocracy and the middle classes in general the memory of the Stuarts had become the shadow of a shade. The rebellion of 1745 aroused no enthusiasm out of Scotland. With

the lower orders the Pretender's cause was hopeless. To begin with he was a Frenchman. In Smollett's play, *The Jack Tars of Old England*, occurs a delightful picture of the true-born Briton's idea of his French brother. "Eh bien! Monsieur, que souhaitez-il?" says Lieutenant Champignon, on meeting Mr. Midshipman Haulyard. "Anan! mounseer! sweat ye!" answers the latter. "I believe if we come alongside of you, we'll make you all sweat!" Frenchmen were supposed to be wizen-faced, high-shouldered, and undersized. They never drank beer; they had no prize-fights; they were perpetually bowing, scraping, pirouetting, and paying compliments; they were ridiculously over-dressed; they painted their faces; they cheated at cards; they made love to every woman they met. In his *Travels through France and Italy* Smollett delivers a diatribe against the French nation, in which all their defects are enumerated in extraordinary detail. "A French friend," he concludes, "tires out your patience with long visits; and far from taking the most palpable hints to withdraw, when he perceives you uneasy, he observes you are low-spirited, and therefore declares he will keep you company. This perseverance shows that he must either be void of all penetration, or that his disposition must be truly diabolical. Rather than be tormented with such a fiend, a man had better turn him out of doors, even though at the hazard of being run through the body." How could a creature like this hope to become king of England?

But what really ruined the Pretender's chances with the English people was the fact that he was a Roman Catholic. This point is well brought out by Fielding. The one undoubted characteristic of popular English sentiment at this time was its deep hatred of "popery." In *The True Patriot*, a Whig journal founded by Fielding, occurs a diary supposed to be written after a Jacobite victory.

It well expresses the popular idea as to the results of such a catastrophe, and contains passages like the following.

1746. *January 3.*—Queen Anne's statue in St. Paul's churchyard taken away, and a large crucifix erected in its room.

January 12.—Being the first Sunday after Epiphany, Father Macdagger, the royal confessor, preached at St. James's; sworn afterwards of the privy council.

February 3.—Father Poignardini, a Jesuit, made privy seal.

February 13.—Four heretics burnt in Smithfield. Mr. Machenly attended them, assisted on this extraordinary occasion by Father O'Blaze, the Dominican.

February 19.—Rumours of a plot. More heretics committed. Father Macdagger made president of Magdalen College, Oxford.

February 21.—The deanery of Christ Church given to Father Poignardini, and the bishoprics of Winchester and Ely to the general of the Jesuit's order resident in Italy.

March 7.—The Pope's nuncio makes his public entry; met at the Royal Exchange by my Lord Mayor (a Frenchman) with the aldermen, who have all the honour to kiss his toe; proceeds to Paul's churchyard; met there by Father O'Blaze, who invites him, in the name of the new vicar-general, and his doctors, to a *combustio hereticorum*, just then going to be celebrated. His eminence accepts the offer kindly, and attends them to Smithfield.

Nothing like the universal and minute interest in contemporary politics which marks our own day was then possible. The vast majority of the population lived all their lives in the provinces. Newspapers were few and far between. News took a long time to make its way from London. Country folk took a deep interest in the price of cattle, in the doings of the local gentry, in the occasional festivities of the county town. A general election meant free beer for all, and an addition to their incomes for the very limited number of voters on the register. But about the deeds and misdeeds of ministers and "parliament-men" the mass of the people cared little. Even in London itself accurate political in-

formation was the privilege of the few. The House of Commons bitterly resented any regular attempt to report its debates, and the accounts thereof which found their way to the general public were due mainly to the imaginative talent of a few hack-writers. When Captain Booth is arrested for debt he meets one of these gentlemen in Mr. Bondum's sponging-house. The latter seems to have been a man of very great genius, and his "parliament speeches" greatly impressed the bailiff. "He reads them to us sometimes over a bowl of punch. To be sure it is as if one was in the parliament-house,—it is about liberty and freedom, and about the constitution of England." Captain Booth subsequently has an interview with this great author who explains his art with ludicrous candour. "A sheet is a sheet with the booksellers," says he, "and whether it be in prose or verse they make no difference. . . . Rhymes are difficult things; they are stubborn things, sir. I have been sometimes longer in tagging a couplet than I have been in writing a speech on the side of the opposition which hath been read with great applause all over the kingdom." Booth expresses his astonishment, and says he thought that the speeches published in the magazines had been made by the members themselves. Nothing of the sort! "The best," cries the indignant author, "are all the productions of my own pen!"

Knowledge of foreign politics was rigidly confined to a few special circles; any ordinary person who essayed the subject was marked down as a standing butt for the derision of his fellows. In Fielding's play, *The Coffee-house Politician*, a specimen of the class is presented under the name of Mr. Politic. He assiduously reads all the newspapers, from which he culls such precious items as the following from *The Lying Post*: "Berlin, January 20th. We hear daily murmurs here concerning certain measures taken by a certain Northern potentate;

but cannot certainly learn either who that potentate is, or what are the measures which he hath taken; meantime we are well assured that time will bring them all to light." Mr. Politic cannot sleep at night owing to vague statements in similar prints regarding the preparations of the Turks. "Suppose we should see Turkish galleys in the Channel! We may feel them in the midst of our security. Troy was taken in its sleep, and so may we!" On another occasion he discusses the affairs of Italy with his friend Mr. Dabble, but without arriving at any very definite result, for while one of them maintains that Tuscany is a country, the other is as sure that it is a town.

English society at that time was aristocratic to the core. The sentiment of local loyalty was very strong; and the tenants of the eighteenth century magnate voted Whig or Tory according to his directions, as readily as the tenants of the fifteenth century magnate had risen at their lord's bidding in the name of Lancaster or York. But Fielding and Smollett write as the bitter champions of a dissatisfied section, conscious of their ability, yet unable to show it for want of influence. They picture the governing aristocracy as steeped in cynicism and corruption, as careless of the destinies of the country, and intent solely on the diversion of its revenues into their own pockets. In *Amelia* (written in 1751 during the Pelham ministry) Doctor Harrison is represented as paying a visit to a certain Whig Peer, a member of the Government. The conversation happens to turn upon the state of England. His lordship declares that, in these days, it is impossible to govern save by corruption. Dr. Harrison answers that, if this be so, the fate of England is sealed. To his astonishment the peer expresses no surprise. The state, he says, like the natural body has its seasons of youth, manhood, and decay. England has now reached the last of these periods; and "such indeed is

its misery and wretchedness, that it resembles a man in the last decrepit stage of life, who looks with unconcern at his approaching dissolution." The doctor is horrified, and wonders how any patriot can endure to live. But this is by no means his lordship's opinion. "Why, hang myself, Doctor!" he retorts. "Would it not be wiser, think you, to make the best of your time, and the most you can in such a nation?"

In *Humphrey Clinker*, published in 1770, but seemingly written about 1766, we get Smollett's own opinion of the great. During the Rockingham ministry Squire Bramble attends a levée at St. James's, and a reception at the Duke of Newcastle's, then Privy Seal. Not a single statesman of the time is mentioned save in terms of contempt or vituperation. To despise the Duke of Newcastle, whose ignorance, stupidity, and loquacity had yet not prevented his being a revered Whig leader for thirty years, was easy. But Lord Chatham, one of the noblest characters in English history, is spoken of as the great political bully and the grand pensionary. Charles Townshend is described as having more brains than the rest of the administration put together. "But it must be owned," says one of the characters, through whom Smollett himself is speaking, "he wants courage There is no faith to be given to his assertions and no trust to be put in his promises. However, to give the devil his due, he is very good-natured; and even friendly when close urged in the way of solicitation. As for principle, that's out of the question." And Smollett's criticism is not confined to members of one political faction. His view is that of his favourite character, Matthew Bramble, who, when canvassed at an election, answers that both candidates are of a piece with one another, and

that he would be a traitor to his country if he voted for either.

The writings of Fielding and Smollett cover a period of Whig supremacy extending from the accession of Walpole to the dismissal of Newcastle by George the Third. They show that the Whigs had not been able to escape the bad effects which a too long duration of power must have on any party. During their supremacy they had assiduously fostered parliamentary corruption, sinecure offices, and administrative nepotism. The party itself had degenerated into a gang of self-seeking place-hunters. It had no principles and no head. The elder Pitt, whose adhesion had given it an enormous accession of credit during the latter years of George the Second, had always gloried in his contempt for party distinctions. His allegiance was to England, not to the Whigs. With the accession of a strong-willed and popular sovereign in the person of George the Third, the whole fabric so carefully built up by the Whig magnates collapsed. "This trade of politics is a rascally business," said the new king, "it is a trade for a scoundrel, not for a gentleman." "He had only himself to thank," remarks a modern Whig writer. So far from this being the case, one is astonished that George did not take greater advantage of his position. He no sooner held up his hand, than half the Whig party rushed over to his side, struggling with one another as to who should be first in the race of servitude. Henry Fox, who had made one fortune by plundering his country in the name of the Whig houses under George the Second, was only too glad to make another by plundering it in the name of the crown under George the Third. The Whig party was doomed, and its leaders had prepared the way for their own downfall.

VINCENT VOITURE.

WE live too quickly in the nineteenth century to have time to read or appreciate anything that is not of the shortest. It is the age of hand-books where our fathers would have had elaborate treatises, of the short story, the short opera, and of short cuts in general to knowledge or amusement. The three-volume novel sounds as if it might be an exception; but then most novels of this class, deprived of their padding and large type, would pack comfortably into one volume; and, to put a literary problem, how many three-volume novels would it take to make a *Tom Jones* or a *Pamela*? The combatants in a modern Battle of the Books would consist almost entirely of light horse, for that mysterious person the "general reader" scorns anything but the lightest of light literature. No apology then should be needed for recommending to an age that delights in trifles the works of one of the greatest triflers that ever politely smothered a yawn, the great French wit and letter-writer of the seventeenth century, Vincent Voiture. Any one who can appreciate a jest, admire a skilfully turned compliment, laugh at a practical joke, or be amused by mere trifling for trifling's sake, will find all these in the letters and poems of this ingenious gentleman who for nearly thirty years was the life and soul of the first and greatest of French salons, the Hôtel Rambouillet. Voiture may be taken as an excellent instance of the trifler by profession, who lives but to please himself first, and then his fellows, with as much regard for posterity as for the victims of his practical jokes. Save for a few occasional poems and one single letter, nothing of his was printed during his lifetime. Indeed,

had it not been for the care of a nephew, Martin Pinchène, who, after his uncle's death, collected for publication his letters and poems which were scattered about in the possession of most of the wits of the day, Voiture would be a name and nothing more, and the world would have lost a correspondence, extending over some thirty years, which is invaluable to the student of French literature and Parisian, that is to say French, society during the first half of the seventeenth century.

The future hero of the Hôtel Rambouillet was born at Amiens in 1598, and was introduced early in life to fashionable society, his father being a jovial, wine-selling, card-playing bourgeois (he has given his name to a particular hand at piquet long known as *le carré de Voiture*) who followed the court in its peregrinations, his company being tolerated by the younger courtiers in return for the money he lent them. On his father's opening a wine-shop in Paris, Vincent was sent to the colleges of Calvi and Boncour, at the latter of which he numbered amongst his school-fellows Claude Count d'Avaux, who in later years stood godfather to him on his introduction to polite society. He commenced poet (to use an old-fashioned but serviceable phrase) early in life, his first composition, some lines "Sur le retour d'Astrée," being written at the age of fourteen; these he followed up two years later with some complimentary verses addressed to Monsieur, that is to say the King's brother, Gaston Duke of Orleans. We next find him at the University of Orleans, where he did not trouble himself with the study of law, but, a far more important matter, fought his first duel with "a certain cunning Norman who cut his fingers for him."

In 1625 he entered the service of the Duke of Orleans as gentleman-usher, a post from which he was soon promoted to the more important duty of introducing the ambassadors from other courts to the Duke, for Gaston was perpetually intriguing. Voiture owed this appointment not so much to his eulogistic verses, as to the influence of his old school-fellow the Count d'Avaux, who moreover did him a still greater kindness by introducing him to a certain Madame Saintot, one of the wits and toasts of the period, and the greatest admirer Voiture found throughout his career.

It was this lady who inspired the first of his compositions to attract any notice, some stanzas (which a learned commentator has justly apologised for as being "somewhat free") celebrating a carriage-accident which happened to the poet and the lady in question; and a letter which he sent her with a copy of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. It was the latter of these, the only letter Voiture ever printed, which founded his reputation. A thousand copies were struck off in one night and were soon in the hands of all Paris.

But he had yet to be introduced to the inner circle of polite society, the Hôtel Rambouillet. It was here that Catherine de Vivonne-Pisani, who became the wife of Charles d'Angennes, Marquis de Rambouillet, disgusted with the licentiousness that prevailed at the Louvre, founded in 1608 the great salon which did more even than Richelieu's Academy to form the French language. Malherbe, "the father of French poetry," according to the purists; Balzac, who may with equal justice be termed the father of French prose, though some would claim this title for Voiture; Corneille; Chapelain, author of *La Pucelle*; Godeau, Bishop of Grasse, like Voiture more witty than tall, and known as "Princess Julie's dwarf;" Mademoiselle de Bourbon, afterwards Duchesse de Longueville, with whom Monsieur Victor Cousin fell desperately in love

nearly two centuries after her death; Madeleine de Scudéri who wrote *Le Grand Cyrus*, and drew up the famous *Carte de Tendre*; Julie d'Angennes, daughter of the hostess, *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*; Angélique Paulet known from her tawny hair as "the Lioness," to say nothing of a host of lesser stars, —in short every one who had a name ready-made or had made themselves a name, assembled daily in the famous blue chamber, to be admitted to which was to be acknowledged a wit. In this galaxy of talent the wine-merchant's son was destined to shine supreme, even eclipsing the mighty Chapelain whose masterpiece took thirty years a-making, and who deserves to be remembered if only for his inimitable self-conceit. It was Chapelain who, being asked by those in authority to draw up a list of people whose literary works might be considered to have entitled them to pensions, headed it in all seriousness with a round sum "to Monsieur Chapelain, the greatest and most sound-minded French poet that has ever been."

At the Hôtel Rambouillet the French language was perpetually being tried, criticised, and improved, and all kinds of literary frivolities were elaborated. To quote a few instances: we have a serious discussion as to whether the word *car* should be allowed to exist or be banished from the language, a subject on which Voiture wrote one of the best-known of his letters; we find Balzac and Voiture solemnly threshing out the important question whether *muscardins* or *muscadins* is the correct expression; and then there is a grave debate held on the thesis propounded by the oracle of the assembly, Mademoiselle de Scudéri, "Which is the unhappier, a jealous lover, a despised lover, a lover separated from his mistress, or a lover who has lost the object of his passion?"

Voiture owed his introduction to this select circle to a Monsieur de Chaudebonne who, meeting him one day and being charmed with his conversation addressed him thus: "Sir,

you are too gallant a man to remain among the bourgeois ; I must rescue you from them." It may here be noted that throughout his life Voiture, in spite of the noble *de* which he prefixed to his surname, had to put up with allusions to his parentage. Indeed he felt his father's connection with trade so deeply that he abhorred the sight and taste of wine, a peculiarity which gave rise to a somewhat severe epigram on him as the unworthy son of a father who was always equally ready to sell wine, or, in default of that, to drink it ; an attack which he answered in a charming sonnet giving his reasons for being a water-drinker. On another occasion, having pronounced a witticism that was thought unworthy of him, he was brusquely addressed by a lady whom he had been unfortunate enough to offend : "That's very bad, try another tap (*Percez nous en d'un autre*)."

However in the present instance Voiture swallowed the somewhat offensive tone of Monsieur de Chaudebonne's compliment, and was duly presented to the "incomparable Arthenice," the latter name being an anagram constructed by Malherbe out of the Christian name, Catherine, of Madame de Rambouillet. Voiture did not forget to whom he owed his introduction, as we see from a curious expression in one of his letters : "Since Monsieur de Chaudebonne aided by Madame de Rambouillet made a new man of me (*m'a réengendré*) I have changed completely in mind." It was not long before he became the centre of attraction, a kind of Master of the Ceremonies to the blue chamber. Living but a few streets off and passing every evening from eight to ten at the hotel, the neat, dapper little man with his feminine features and ironical smile ("So that you would have thought that he was laughing at the people with whom he talked,") was the life and soul of the assembly and, a privileged jester, could do almost anything he liked. On one occasion he introduced two

performing bears, which he borrowed from a man in the street, into Madame de Rambouillet's bedroom, and left them there with the result that the poor lady was nearly frightened to death, although, as the chronicler of the day, Tallemant des Réaux, naïvely remarks, "It was likely to cure her of the fever if she happened to be suffering from it." But Madame de Rambouillet had her revenge. Voiture had written a sonnet of which he was particularly proud ; his hostess, unknown to him, had it printed and carefully bound up in an old collection of poems which was left open on the table to catch Voiture's eye, with the result that the bewildered poet, having read it, was forced to come to the conclusion that he had been guilty of a scandalous, though unconscious plagiarism. To quote one more instance of these frivolities : Julie d'Angennes having expressed her admiration of Gustavus Adolphus, Voiture sent three of his friends dressed up as Swedes, to present her with a portrait of the king in question, together with a letter of grandiloquent compliments, signed "Your very devoted servant, Gustavus Adolphus."

But this position of jester-in-chief, for which he was so eminently suited, was soon to be laid aside. Gaston, having quarrelled with Richelieu, betook himself in 1629 to Lorraine, and Voiture, as in duty bound, followed his patron. His fame preceded him, and he was received with enthusiasm by the court of Lorraine. But Voiture was bored, as indeed he always was when away from his beloved Paris, and took no pains to conceal the fact. To the circle collected at the Hôtel Rambouillet his absence was compensated for by his letters. It is from this date that they begin, a long series of the most courtly compliments imaginable when written to women, and of the most delicate and palatable flattery when written to men, interspersed with extremely vivid pictures, or rather miniatures, of the country through

which he passed, and sparkling with puns and sly allusions, so that altogether a letter from Voiture was a rare treasure, and was graciously passed round by its fortunate possessor. It has been very truly remarked that the letters of Voiture and Balzac were to Parisian society of this period very much what newspapers are to us; Balzac's letters corresponding to the staid and (it must be admitted) somewhat dull leading articles, while Voiture is rather "Our Own Correspondent," a chartered libertine who may spread *canards*, crack jokes, and play the fool at his own free will.

His first sentence of banishment was not of long duration. During a temporary reconciliation between the Duke of Orleans and Richelieu in 1630, Voiture returned to Paris, only to find the city devastated by the plague, the society at the Hôtel Rambouillet broken up, and, his patron getting into trouble again within a few months, to be, with the rest of the Duke's followers, declared guilty of high treason. There was nothing to be done except to join Gaston's army in the provinces. This kind of existence "the pitiable Voiture," as he styles himself, did not find at all to his taste. "I have marched," he writes, with pardonable exaggeration, "for a fortnight from morning to evening without a halt. I have come across places in which the oldest inhabitants do not remember to have ever seen a bed. . . . But I may say that there is no bolder soldier in the army than myself. I have however, as yet, carried off neither wife nor maid, and have done no more than set fire to two or three houses."

In spite of this extraordinary instance of courage, Voiture felt like a fish out of water, and gladly accepted in 1631 the post of ambassador to the Duke of Orleans at Madrid.

He seems, at the court of Spain, to have occupied himself less in promoting his patron's interests than in de-

voting himself to society and the study of Spanish literature, in the latter of which occupations he won some considerable success, some verses of his written in Spanish being attributed to Lope de Vega. His chief correspondent at this time was Mademoiselle Paulet, who kept him posted up in the latest news and scandal of Paris. The charm of Madrid soon wore off, and his letters, written during his two years' sojourn in that capital, are full of allusions to his longing for Paris. For instance, we find him writing: "Many thanks for the Psalm. But why do you send me in my present plight such melancholy things? What better paraphrase could there be of the *Miserere* than myself?" In due time his successor was appointed, and Voiture was free to return to his friends, which he proceeded to do in a very characteristic manner by way of Andalusia and Africa, after taking farewell of "Donna Antonia, Donna Inez, Donna Isabelina, Donna Guzman," and many others in whose honour he had written complimentary verses, and with whom he had conjugated (on paper) the verb "to love." But Voiture had the knack of pleasing men as well as women, as may be seen from the farewell words of the Count de Olivares, requesting that Voiture would write to him, "For even if it be not of business matters, your letters are sure to be amusing."

Starting from Madrid he strolled aimlessly rather than travelled through Andalusia, going out of his path, he writes, "To visit the spot where Cardenio and Don Quixote met, and to dine in the inn where Dorothea's adventures came to an end." Having arrived at Gibraltar, he crossed over to Ceuta, his chief object being, so one suspects, to have an opportunity of writing a letter to *La Lionne* on her African "relations" as he terms them. His words are:

Yesterday I cut your initials on a rock which nearly reaches the stars, and from which seven kingdoms can be seen, and tomorrow I am going to send a challenge to

the Moors of Morocco, offering to maintain that Africa has never produced anything more rare or cruel than you. And then, Mademoiselle, I shall have nothing further to do except to visit your relations, as I wish to talk with them about this contemplated marriage which made such a stir some time back. I wish to get their consent, so that there may be no further obstacle. From what I'm told they are by no means an affable set of people....They are selling some in this place that are extremely pretty. I have decided to send you half-a-dozen instead of the Spanish gloves I promised you, for I know that you will value them more, and besides, they are cheaper.

This latter promise he actually fulfilled by sending the Lioness some small clay lions, accompanied by a mock-heroic letter signed "Leonard, Governor of the Lions of the King of Morocco."

Making his way to Lisbon, he was compelled to wait some time for a ship, and finally embarked in an English vessel, the captain of which had assured him that rather than be captured by the pirates who infested the coast, he would blow up his ship. "What a splendid expedient!" he writes plaintively. "I might as well embark with an Anabaptist." In spite of this threat Voiture chose this particular ship, because, as the cargo consisted of nothing but sugar, "If no accident happens I shall arrive preserved in sugar," an allusion to a remark of Mademoiselle de Bourbon's that Voiture, who was extremely fond of sweet things, ought to be "candied." "And," he goes on, "if I happen to be wrecked, it will at least be some consolation to be drowned in water that is not salt (*eau douce*)."

However in spite of possible shipwreck and probable pirates, he arrived safely in London, November 1st, 1633, where, as we learn later from a letter to a certain "Monsieur Gourdon," (Gordon), captain of a company of the Scottish Guard then in the service of the King of France, he was shown the Tower, with more lions, the only thing that seems to have made any impres-

sion on him. This same letter contains a eulogy in his most complimentary style of the Countess of Carlisle, of whom he declares, "Nothing can be said of her except that she is the best of all bad things and the pleasantest poison that nature ever made"; a remark that is a good instance of the *guindé* or strained style into which a wholesale dealer in extravagant compliments is bound to occasionally lapse, and which is so mercilessly parodied by Molière in *Les Femmes Savantes* and *Les Précieuses Ridicules*.

Sailing from Dover he arrived in Paris in 1634, and, his patron being once more reconciled with Richelieu, Voiture was at liberty to take up his old position at the Hôtel Rambouillet. He was welcomed with enthusiasm. Godeau, who had to some extent taken his place as leading comedian in spite of his bishopric, was deposed, and the returned exile resumed the place of honour in the society there assembled, but not, it is sad to relate, in the affections of the Lioness, who showed her claws, and broke with Voiture on account of his somewhat absurd jealousy of his rival. The quarrel was never followed by a complete reconciliation. Save for this, and the prospect of his patron being once more in trouble, fortune smiled on Voiture. He was elected, at the same time as Vaugelas and Balzac, a member of the recently established Academy, but only once attended a meeting, and then characteristically to win a bet. He followed up this success by writing what is in point of style one of the best of his letters, upon the taking of Corbie (an important frontier town just recaptured from the Spanish by the French), a letter to an imaginary correspondent, ostensibly on the political situation, but in reality nothing more nor less than an elaborate eulogy of Richelieu, whom Voiture, tired of his series of banishments from Paris, had determined to conciliate. It hit the mark, and from this time forth Voiture was under the patronage of the great Cardinal whose

pleasure it was to be considered the Mæcenas of the day. It must be said that there was nothing servile in his relations to his new master; and it may be set down to his credit that, while most of the writers of the period were actually in the pay of some great man or other, Voiture remained independent.

He consoled himself for the unkindness of Angélique Paulet with Madame de Sablé, one of the wittiest and most beautiful guests of Madame de Rambouillet, with whom he carried on a mild flirtation. Indeed, all Voiture's numerous love-passages with various *précieuses* were never anything serious. By most of them he was allowed to do pretty well as he liked, so long as he was amusing; but the slightest step beyond the everyday high-flown compliment, which said so much and meant so little, was not permitted. On one occasion when he ventured to kiss Julie d'Angenne's hand with rather more warmth than courtesy, he received a snubbing which he seems to have taken to heart. It was part of the creed of the *précieuses* (as they delighted to call themselves, for the word had not yet been ridiculed by Molière) that love should be expressed in words only; witness the pitiable case of Monsieur de Montausier, the affianced lover of Julie d'Angennes, who, another Jacob, waited till the lady was over thirty before he was allowed to think of marrying her, passing the interval in collecting the poems contributed to the famous "Guirlande de Julie," an anthology for which the wit of every poet of the day was laid under contribution.

Voiture's chief friends at this time were the Marquis de Pisani (son of Madame de Rambouillet), with whom he collaborated in many a practical joke, and Pierre Costar, like himself the son of a tradesman whose wits had won him a place in polite society. With the latter of these Voiture carried on a correspondence on literary matters in general, and nice points as

to the use of certain French words and expressions in particular, though even in these more serious letters he cannot let slip an opportunity for a joke, deriving *cordonnier*, for instance, from the fact that "they are the people who give us corns (*cors*)."

The letter on the capture of Corbie was the making of Voiture. Thanks to Richelieu's influence, he was sent by the King in 1638 to formally announce to the Grand Duke of Tuscany the birth of an heir to the French Crown. The roads in Italy being infested with brigands, Voiture, on a principle something like that of "set a thief to catch a thief," hit on the extremely statesmanlike idea of getting an escort of brigands to guard him, and writes a comical account of his journey.

I wish, Mademoiselle, you could have seen in a mirror the position in which I was placed. You would then have seen me in the heart of the most terrible mountains in the world, surrounded by about fifteen of the most atrocious villains imaginable. The most innocent of them has at least twenty murders on his conscience. All are as black as the devil, and their hair is so long that it covers half their bodies. Each has two or three scars on his face, a huge musket on his shoulder, and two pistols and a brace of daggers in his belt.

From Genoa we have another amusing letter to Madame de Rambouillet who, as an amateur architect of some skill, had asked for a description of the Valentino, a country mansion near Turin belonging to the Duchess of Savoy.

The Valentino, Madame, since there is a Valentino, is a house situated a quarter of a league from Turin in a meadow on the banks of the Po. On arriving, the first thing you see is,—may I die if I know what is the first thing you see. I rather think it's a flight of steps,—no, it's a colonnade. I'm wrong, it is a flight of steps. On my word I don't know if it's a colonnade or a flight of steps. An hour ago I knew perfectly well which it was, and now my memory has failed me. When I return I will find out for certain, and won't fail to give you an exacter account.

Returning to France by way of Rome, where a case was being tried in which Madame de Rambouillet was interested, he followed the court to Grenoble and thence to his birthplace, Amiens. A courtier's life, however, wearied him, as we see from the following letter to Julie d'Angennes, into whose sympathetic ear most of his troubles were poured at this period.

It sometimes happens that I have to bore myself to death waiting three consecutive hours in the King's room, where I find very little pleasure in the conversation of Messieurs Libero, Compiègne, and twenty others whose names I have forgotten, who assure me that I am very witty and that they have seen my works. To-day I watched his Majesty playing at *hoc* the whole of the afternoon, and don't feel any more cheerful for it. Although I go regularly three days a week fox-hunting, I don't particularly care for it, although there are always a hundred dogs and a hundred horns, which make a horrible noise and half deafen you. In short, Mademoiselle, the pleasures of the greatest prince in the world are no pleasure to me.

In spite of his dislike of a courtier's life we find Voiture following the court to Lyons, Avignon, Narbonne, and Nîmes, from which place he wrote to Chapelain a letter which has justly been held up as an instance of the lowest depths of bad taste:

When I reflect that it is to the most intelligent man of the century, to the man who effected the metamorphosis of the Lioness,¹ to the father of *La Pucelle*, that I am writing, each individual hair on my head stands so erect that you would take me for a hedgehog. But, on the other hand, when I remember that I am addressing the most indulgent of all critics, the excuser of all faults, a dove, a lamb, a sheep, my hair suddenly falls as flat as the feathers of a fowl that has got drenched, and I am not the least bit afraid of you.

¹ An allusion to Chapelain's *Metamorphose d'Angélique en Lionne*, which he sent to Angélique Paulet. Voiture aptly terms him "the excuser of all faults," for, so Tallemant says, Chapelain's invariable answer when asked his opinion was, "That is not to be despised."

Although the "greatest French poet that ever was" may have thoroughly appreciated this instance of the art of sinking, the disinterested reader is tempted to exclaim with honest Gorgibus, "What the devil of a jargon have we here? This is the high style with a vengeance." After the death of Richelieu and of Louis the Thirteenth, Voiture enjoyed the patronage of his old friend Claude d'Avaux and of Cardinal Mazarin. Besides a post in the King's household which he had obtained in 1639, he was made interpreter to the Queen. In the latter capacity he on one occasion embellished the conversation of some foreign envoy with remarks of his own, and, on being remonstrated with, made the very characteristic excuse, "If he doesn't say so, he ought to."

In 1642 Claude d'Avaux, who had become Minister of Finance, or Controller-General as it was then called, made Voiture his head clerk, a post which had no duties attached to it save that of drawing a large salary. But though his income at this period was larger than that of any literary man of his day, he saved little, for Voiture had inherited a love of gambling from his father. It was a kind of indoor exercise to him, as we learn from Tallemant, who remarks, "He indulged with such ardour in this ruling passion that it was necessary for him to don fresh linen at the end of each game." Besides his taste for cards, Voiture was extremely generous. Balzac having occasion to borrow a sum from him, he promptly sent it, accompanied by a scrap of paper, "I, the undersigned, bear witness that I owe Monsieur Balzac the sum of eight hundred crowns, in return for the pleasure he has given me by borrowing four hundred from me." Who could not but admire a friend who did a favour with such a grace!

From 1642 onwards Voiture scarcely left Paris, save for one journey to Péronne, whither he accompanied the Queen of Poland as *maître d'hôtel*,—a journey memorable from the fact that

he was followed by the ever-faithful Madame Saintot, whom the fickle Voiture steadfastly refused to see.

In 1646 another honour was thrust upon him. We find him writing to Costar: "There is at Rome an Academy of certain people who call themselves Humorists, which is as though one should say Originals (*bizarres*), and they have shown their originality by taking it into their heads to elect me a member of their body." He owed this honour to some Italian verses written in the style of Guarini, for Voiture wrote Spanish and Italian with equal ease.

For the last few years of his life, suffering from constant ill-health, he was more "pitiable" than ever, but still possessed enough of his old spirit to fight his last duel by moonlight,¹ in the gardens of the Hôtel Rambouillet, with a certain Chavaroché, the *teterima causa* being, as usual with Voiture, a lady, no other than a younger sister of his fair correspondent Julie d'Angennes. This was but a few months before his death in May, 1648. He died, if we are to believe the somewhat spiteful remark of his old flame the Lioness, "Like the Grand Turk, in the arms of his sultanas." It has been wittily said that one of the cleverest things Voiture ever did was to die just before the Fronde.

The Academy, in spite of Voiture's one solitary visit to their meetings, went into mourning for him, and the Hôtel Rambouillet was inconsolable. Sarrasin wrote a *pompe funèbre*, and two great literary quarrels as to his merits were fought out over his grave. The first was the famous dispute between the Uranistes and Jobelins, partisans respectively of Voiture's sonnet on Uranie and Benserade's on Job. All Paris was divided on this burning question, which gave rise to a whole literature of other sonnets and epigrams. The chief actor in the second quarrel, in which Balzac does not ap-

¹ He had, when a younger man, fought another duel by torchlight.

pear altogether to advantage, was the faithful Costar, who defended his friend's works from the aspersions of a certain Monsieur Paul Thomas, Sieur de Girac. Both disputes are too long and involved for it to be possible to do more than allude to them here.

His works were collected and published by his nephew, Martin Pinchène, in 1650. Voiture, who wrote only for the occasion, putting everything *en viager*, out at a life-interest, to use the extremely happy phrase borrowed by Sainte Beuve from *La Biographie Universelle*, had foreseen this. A few months before his death he had remarked, "You will see that some day there will be people silly enough to hunt out here and there what I have written, and then to get it printed." But he was mistaken in this self-depreciation; for a hundred years, from 1650 to 1750, edition after edition of his works was published. He was translated into Italian and, what is more interesting to us, into English. In 1657 was published *Letters of Affairs, Love, and Courtship, Englished by J. D.* (a certain J. Davies); in 1700, *Familiar and Courtly Letters of Monsieur Voiture*, translated by, among others, Dryden, who seems, however, to be responsible for only one letter, and John Dennis; while in 1735 there is an edition of *The Works of Monsieur Voiture, translated by the most eminent hands*, and prefaced with an address to Miss Martha Blount by a very eminent hand indeed, no less a one than Alexander Pope, who pays our author a very pretty compliment.

Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he played the Trifle, Life,
away.

* * * * *

The Smiles and Loves had died in Voiture's death
But that for ever in his Lines they
breathe.

Pope, indeed, admired Voiture to such an extent that in his letters to his lady correspondents he took him

for his model, "aped him," as Hallam rather unkindly puts it. It is no fault of Voiture's that these are the most affected and least interesting letters of the correspondence dated from Twickenham. It wanted a writer of the then out-dated "metaphysical school" to appreciate and render the extravagant conceits and word-play of Voiture. Cowley, had his prose been of the same stamp as his verse, could have done it admirably.

Perhaps the most eloquent eulogy passed on Voiture up to 1750 is that of a greater letter-writer, Madame de Sévigné, who, defending him from a charge of obscurity, ended her argument "so much the worse for those who do not understand him." But from 1750 onwards, Voiture was in disgrace, chiefly owing to the criticisms of Voltaire, who never lost an opportunity of saying something spiteful of a writer of whom, if the truth be told, he was jealous, and from whose poetry he was not too proud to borrow. The most striking instance of this jealousy is his reply to a friend who had been rash enough to praise Voiture's simplicity. "You are praising," he writes, "the simplicity of the most forced and affected of styles. Leave such twaddle alone; it is no more natural than is the wax and the rouge on a doll's face."

This was a hard saying from a hard critic, but it had its effect, and Voiture has been relegated to the top shelf. The truth is he was essentially the man of his time, and his time has passed away. The Loves and Graces are out of fashion, the age of gallantry is gone.

In the *Bibliotheca Britannica*, where the reputation of many a writer rests on a single word, Voiture is briefly described as a "pleasing French writer," a description that will be corroborated by all who are acquainted with either his letters or his *vers de société*, the latter of which are of the very lightest of light literature. But he was more than this. In considering his influence in forming the

French language, it must be remembered that his letters were written before the appearance of Pascal's *Lettres Provinciales*, when there was no French prose to speak of. The prose of Montaigne or Amyot was an instrument that was of little use in weaker hands. Voiture gave to French prose the flexibility and grace which it was utterly out of the power of Balzac to give. Where Balzac serves up somewhat solid fare, Voiture gives us whipped cream. Balzac's style is consequently staid and somewhat strained, Voiture's is of the airiest. Though, curiously enough, more addicted to archaisms than Balzac (we find him in a letter to Costar preferring the old form *courre* to *courir*), and with an equal propensity to occasionally lapse into bombast, he is far the pleasanter to read. He may be said to have done for French prose what Dryden did for English, to have first made it a tool that anybody might use.

He is an adept in the art of skating without offence over thin ice. In some of his letters to the ladies of the blue chamber he seems to take a pleasure in showing his correspondents that a very little more and it would be their duty to blush, but it is only fair to say that he invariably pulls up in time. With his letters primarily intended for men only it is different; there the *esprit gaulois* is more evident. And above all he is original; he imitated no one and no one has yet succeeded in imitating him, save perhaps his bitterest critic Voltaire. His remark, in a letter to the Marquis de Pisani, "It has always seemed to me that, from whatever cause one may die, there is something vulgar in being dead (*il y a quelque chose de bas à être mort*)," may alone well have entitled him to a place in the Academy of Originals at Rome. Mademoiselle de Scudéri, in the sixth volume of that stupendous novel *Le Grand Cyrus*, in which most of the members of the Hôtel Rambouillet are described under Greek and Roman

names, has given a very fair appreciation of the merits of Voiture, or Callicrates as he is there called.

He wrote very pleasantly both in prose and verse, and in so polished and uncommon a style that one might almost say that he had invented it. At least I am sure that I have never seen any style which could have been his model, and I think I may say that no one who takes him as a model can hope to succeed in imitating him; for he could make a pleasant letter out of a mere trifle; and, if the Phrygian tale that everything that Midas

touched turned to gold be true, it is still truer that everything that passed through the mind of Callicrates acquired the properties of the diamond, for he could produce something brilliant from the most barren and the most commonplace subjects.

Whether this be extravagant praise or not, all Frenchmen, who are nothing if not polite, should be eternally grateful to Voiture, for, as Talle-mant puts it, "We are indebted to him for having shown us how to say things gracefully."

THE CAPTAIN'S GUN.

LETTER from H. Sewell, midshipman on the S.S. *Britannia*, to his father, the Rev. J. Sewell, Coleby Rectory, Lincolnshire.

QUEBEC,
August 4, 18—.

DEAR FATHER,—We left Liverpool on Thursday week, and are safely arrived after a splendid passage. Our captain's name is Moore, and his people live in the Isle of Man. He is an awfully nice old fellow. The evening of the day we steamed out of the Mersey he brought the ship quite close to Castletown in the Isle of Man, and fired a gun. This was for his daughter who was dying there ashore. An old quarter-master, a Manxman, told me that the captain knew he would never see his daughter again, and promised to fire the gun for good-bye as he passed up towards the North Channel. Tom Baynes said she was very beautiful, and that it was, as he put it in his Manx lingo, "a terble pity of her." We all thought the same. Tom is such a rum old chap. The passengers were very nice and quiet and some old gentlemen who were playing cards put the cards down, and covered them with a pocket-handkerchief. The old skipper had his eyes on the muzzle of the gun, and when it was fired, gave a long look towards the land, then he moved the telegraph to "Go ahead full." I can tell you I was very sorry for him. Tom fired it. I like the work; the middies are a jolly lot. The grub is not much. You should see our room! How are Mamma and Jenny and baby and the rest? This is just like England.

Your affectionate son,
H. SEWELL.

P.S.—It was consumption. Very like a funeral.

Letter from J. Ellis of Christ Church, Oxford, to T. Wakefield, Reading, Berks.

CASTLETOWN, ISLE OF MAN,
July 26, 18—.

DEAR TOM,—I like this place, though no doubt it is slow. The quiet suits me, and I get through a lot of reading. On the whole I begin to think better of my chances in the schools. I am reading with old B. He is rather *passé*, as you may suppose, in a back settlement like this, but knows his Ethics. Hardly anything occurs to break the monotony of existence. Yesterday, though, I was witness of a remarkable scene. Just about 5 o'clock a large steamer came in quite close to the land, I should say not more than two or three miles off. I noticed that there was a crowd on the little pier, —fishermen, sailors, miscellaneous loafers, together with a great many respectable people. They were evidently waiting for something. I went down and joined them.

"They say she can't live over the day," said one old woman to another. "A sweet craythur too," was the reply. "Thee're often like yandher," said the first old body. "Yes, they are, lek it's sayin' in the Bible, eh? 'In the mornin it is green,' what?'" "How is the mawther takin' it?" "Well, how are we all takin' it when it comes? Our Bill's Sarah Jane—you'll be mindin' Sarah Jane—" and so forth and so forth.

Said a fisherman by my side—"It's lek the Docthors has given her up?" "Up enough," said his chum, changing the quid to the starboard side of his mouth (I hope you recognise my progress in nautical style). Then I heard an old salt say—"She's slowin'"; and almost immediately I saw the steamer lying motionless on the smooth bright sea. "Gettin' the gun ready," said O.S. A minute or so, and the great boom came landwards. The men took off their caps,

as at a funeral; the women wept. It was very touching.

Then the steamer gathered way, and went sturdily on into the golden West, like a strong man that will not be stayed from his purpose.

The people told me that the Captain was much of a favourite in Castletown, that his daughter had been "in a decline," as they phrased it, for some years, and, when he last bade her good-bye he had promised to fire this farewell gun as he passed Castletown. The echoes of the gun along the rock-bound coast were very pathetic; just as if each "beaked promontory" said—"I too," "And I," "And I," till it all sank back into the eternal silence. Don't chaff! It is not Carlylese. If I had meant it for that I should have used the plural.

I wonder what Helen Moore was like; and her father; and what the passengers thought, and how they behaved at the parting of that great gun-sob that broke the stillness of our quiet bay with its message of love.

Well, well, that will do; and if I'm a sentimentalist, I suppose I can't help it. There's lots of it about where it's least expected.

Cricket? No; the island is not up to that. Fishing? Sea-fishing; and good, and capital old fellows to go out with—old Mark, well and his son Robby, Bob Cannell, Harry Kelly, and plenty more. The fish have such odd names. Come, sir, did you ever hear of callig, or blocken, before? Ignorant? I should think so.

I confess, however, I prefer the lonely rambles over the heather, of which there is a fine display; so of gorse—incomparable. The quartz boulders, too, are a perpetual delight to me. But, if I get upon these matters, I shall drop again into the sentimental.

I am now in the fifth book of the Ethics.

Poor Helen Moore!

Ever yours,

T. ELLIS.

Letter from Miss Elizabeth Moore to her brother, Captain Moore, at Quebec.

CASTLETOWN, July 30, 18—.

DEAR WILLIAM,—All is over. Our darling left us the evening you passed. It was a very quiet evening, warm, but pleasant. We knew that you would be off the bay about five. She asked to have the window open, and we opened it. Never was a more lovely picture than Helen. She lay with the sweetest smile upon her face, and the look of a listening child. Indeed, you would hardly have thought she was seventeen, the expression was so simple and so happy. No doubt people can die happy enough at seventeen; but it must be hard, for it is hard to die in the very bloom of your youth.

As the time went on it seemed as if she wanted to while it away with some sort of amusement before the gun was fired. She played, but very feebly, with her mother's hair, and tried to make some little jokes. We tried, too, not to cry. Then she said: "It's time, isn't it?" and then the gun fired. "That's it!" she said—"Dear, dear father! The *promise*—kept, kept!"—and she straightened herself out like one preparing to sleep, and she did sleep—the sleep that knows no waking.

Her mother bears up as well as you could expect. Friends are very kind; and some of your old sailors have been here every day since, and tears in their eyes—God bless them!

She was buried to-day in Kirk Malew Churchyard. Mr. G. read the service very beautifully.

Emma sends her fond love.

Ever your affectionate sister,
E. MOORE.

Extract from the log of the S.S. *Britannia*, carrying her Majesty's mails.

July 26.—2.20 P.M. Left L'pool. Wind S.S.W.; very light.

5.10. Slowed ship off C—town bay; fired gun as per promise.

Set course W.S.W. to clear the Chickens.

T. E. BROWN.

RÂMCHUNDERJI.

"But the tenth *avatar* of the Lord Vishnu is yet to come."

"Exactly so, pundit-ji," I replied, looking at my watch. "It is yet to come, seeing that time's up. Half-past eight; so not another stroke of work to-day. No, not for twice a thousand rupees!"

A thousand rupees being the sum with which the Government of India rewards what they are pleased to call "high proficiency" in languages, I, having regard to its literature, had chosen Sanskrit as a means of paying certain just debts. To which end the head-master of the district school came to me for two hours every morning, and prosed away over the doings of the Hindoo pantheon until I came to the conclusion that my Lord Vishnu had been rather extravagant in the matter of incarnations.

The pundit, however, to whom would be due a hundred rupees of the thousand if I succeeded, smiled blandly. "The tenth *avatar* will doubtless await his Honour's leisure; the tenth, and last."

"Last!" I echoed with scorn. "How do you know? Some authorities hold there are twenty-four, and upon my soul I don't see why there should not be twenty-four thousand. 'Tis the same old story all through; devils and demigods. *rakshas* and *rishies*, Noah's ark and Excalibur. That sort of thing might go on for ever."

Now pundit Narayan Das was a very learned man. He had taken a Calcutta degree and was accustomed to educate the rising generation on a mixture of the *Rig Veda* and *The Spectator*. So he smiled again, saying in English, "History repeats itself."

Thereupon he left me, and I, going into the veranda with my cigar, came straight upon Râmchunderji and his wife Seeta. At least I think so.

They were the oddest little couple.

He, at a stretch, might have touched a decade of life, she, something more than half such distance of time. That is, taking them by size; in mind and manners, and in their grave, careworn faces, they were centuries old. His sole garment consisted of a large yellow turban twined high into a sort of mitre, with just a tip of burnished silver fringe sprouting from the top; and, as he sate cross-legged against the veranda pillar, a hand resting on each knee, his figure awoke a fleeting memory which, at the time, I failed to catch. Afterwards I remembered the effigies in Indra's celestial court as represented by some Parsee actors I had once seen. Seeta was simply a bundle, owing to her being huddled and cuddled up in a veil ample enough for an ample woman.

"I am Râmchunderji, and this is my wife Seeta," said the boy gravely. "If the Presence pleases, I will beguile time by singing."

"What will you sing?" I asked, preparing to idle away ten minutes comfortably in a lounge-chair which lay convenient.

"I sing what I sing. Give me the *vina*, woman."

The veil gave up such a very large instrument that the smallness of the remaining wife became oppressive. So large indeed was it, that one gourd over-filled the boy's lap, while the other acted as a prop to the high twined turban. Even the connecting bamboo, slender though it was, seemed all too wide for those small fingers on the frets.

"Is the permission of the Presence bestowed?" suggested Râmchunderji with the utmost solemnity.

Twang, twang, twangle! Heavens, what a *vina* and what a voice! I nearly stopped both at the first bar; then patience prevailing, I lay back

and closed my eyes. Twang, twangle ! A sudden difference in the tone made me open them again, only to find the same little bronze image busy in making a perfectly purgatorial noise ; so I resigned myself once more. Palm-trees waving, odorous thickets starred with jasmine, forms, half-mortal, half-divine, stealing through the shadows, the flash of shining swords, the twang of golden bows bent on ten-headed many-handed monsters—Bah ! Pundit Narayan Das, prosing over those epic poems of his, had made me drowsy. “What have you been singing ?” I asked, rousing myself.

Râmchunderji spread his hands thumbs outwards, and the three wrinkles on his high forehead deepened. “God knows ! It is what they sang before the great flood came. The *vina* was theirs, and my turban, and my wife’s veil ; the rest was too big altogether, so I gave it away for some bread. When the belly is full of greed the heart hath none left, and the nine-lakh necklace is worth no more than a mouthful. If the Presence could see into my heart now, he would find no greed there.”

This delicate allusion to an inward craving produced a four-anna bit from my pocket, and sent Râmchunderji away to the sweetmeat-sellers in order to appease his hunger ; for sweet-stuff is cheap in the East, especially when it is stale. Seeta and the *vina*, mysteriously intertwined beneath the veil, followed duteously behind.

The next day they were back again, and the twang of that infernal instrument broke in on the pundit’s impassioned regrets over the heroic days of his favourite poems. “By the by,” I interrupted, “can you tell me what that boy is singing ? I can’t make out a word, and yet,——”. But it was no use bringing fancy to bear on Narayan Das, so we went out to listen. They were sitting under a trellised arch covered with jasmine and roses, and a great Gloire de Dijon had sent a shower of blown petals over Seeta’s veil.

“A little knowledge is a dangerous

thing,” quoted Narayan Das sententially after listening a while. “It is Râmâyâna, the immortal poem your honour reads even now ; but debase, illiterate. You say wrong, boy ! it is thus.”

Râmchunderji waited till the pompous periods ceased ; then he shook his head gravely. “We did not sing it so in the days before the great flood came.”

His words gave me a curious thrill ; but there is no more matter-of-fact being in the world than a Calcutta Bachelor of Arts ; so the pundit at once began a cross-examination that would have done credit to a Queen’s Counsel. “What flood ? who were ‘we’ ?” These and many other questions put with brutal bluntness met with a patient reply.

It had been a very big flood, somewhere, God knows how far, in the south country. One, two, three years ago ? Oh more than that ! but he could not say how much more. The bard who sang and the woman who carried the *vina* had disappeared, been swept away perhaps. Since then he, Râmchunderji, had wandered over the world filling his stomach and that of his wife Seeta with songs. Their stomachs were not always full ; oh no ! Of late (perhaps because the *vina* was so old) people had not cared to listen, and since the great flood nothing could be got without money. Seeta ? Oh, yes ! she was his wife. They had been married ever so long ; he could not remember the time when they had not been married.

It was Narayan Das’s opportunity for shaking his head. These infant marriages were subversive of due education. Here was a boy, who should be in Standard II. doing the compound rules, idling about in ignorance. It struck me, however, that Râmchunderji must be pretty well on to vulgar fractions and rule of three, with himself, Seeta, and the world as the denominators, so I asked him if his heart were still so devoid of greed that another four-anna bit would be

welcome. His face showed a pained surprise. The Presence, he said, must be aware that four annas would fill their stomachs (which were not big) for many days. They had not come for alms, only to make music for the Presence out of gratitude. Thinking that music out of an ill-tuned *vina* was hardly the same thing I forced another four-anna bit on the boy and sent him away.

Nearly a month passed ere I saw him again, though Narayan Das and I used, as the days grew warmer, to sit out in the trellised arch within sight of the road. My knowledge of Sanskrit increased as I read of Râmchunderji's long exile shared by Seeta his wife; of how he killed the beasts in the enchanted forest; how she was reft from him by Râvana the hydra-headed, many-handed monster; and of how finally she was restored to his arms by the help of Hanumân the man-monkey, the child of the wild winds. But though the pundit used to waste many words in pointing out the beauties of a poem which held such hold on the minds of the people that their commonest names were derived from it, I never seemed to get into the spirit of the time as I had done when I listened with closed eyes to the boy's debased, illiterate rendering of the *s'lokas*.

It was after the school-vacation had sent Narayan Das to see his relatives at Benares that the odd little couple turned up again. Râmchunderji's face looked more pinched and careworn than ever, and as he held the *vina* across his knees, Seeta, losing its contours, seemed more than ever inadequate to her veil.

"Perhaps one of the many devils which beset the virtuous has entered into the instrument," he said despondently; "but when I play, folk listen not at all. So greed remaineth in the stomach, and the heart is empty."

I offered him another four-anna bit, and when he demurred at taking it before beguiling the time with music, I laid it on the flat skin top of one

of the gourds, hoping thus to ensure silence.

The wrinkles on his forehead seemed to go right up into his turban, and his voice took a perplexed tone. "It used not to be so. Before the flood Seeta and I had no thought of money; but now——". He began fingering the strings softly and as they thrilled, the four-anna bit vibrated and jiggled in a murmur of money that fitted strangely to the sort of rude chant in which he went on.

Money is in the hands, the head, the heart;

Give! give, give, before we give again;

Money hath ten heads to think out evil-doing;

Money hath twenty hands to mete out pain.

Money! money! money! money!

Money steals the heart's love from our life.

Money I have not—say! art thou hungry, wife?

If anything was possessed of a devil it was that four-anna bit. It buzzed, and hummed, and jiggled infernally, as the boy's finger on the strings struck more firmly.

"I'll tell you what it is, Râmchunderji," said I uneasily, "that *vina* is enough to ruin Orpheus. As you don't care for my money, I'll give you another instrument instead. I have one inside which is easier to play, and more your style in every way."

So I brought out a *ravanastron* such as professional beggars use, a thing with two strings and a gourd covered with snake-skin. To my surprise the boy's face lost its impassive melancholy in palpable anger.

"The Presence does not understand," he said quite hotly. "We do not beg; Seeta and I fill ourselves with songs. That thing whines for money, money, money, like the devil who made it. Rather would I live by *this* than by mine enemy." And as he spoke he struck the snake-skin with his supple fingers till it resounded again. "Yea! thus will I find bread," he went on, "but the *vina*

must find a home first. Therefore I came to the Presence, hearing that he collected such things. Perhaps he will keep it in exchange for one rupee. It is worth one rupee surely."

His wistful look as he handed me the instrument made me feel inclined to offer a hundred; but in good sooth the *vina* was worth five, and I told him so, adding, as I looked at some curious tracery round the gourds, that it appeared to be very old indeed.

"The Presence saith truly; it is very old," echoed Râmchunderji drearily. "That is why folk will not listen. It is too old; too old to be worth money."

Nevertheless he cheered up at the sight of his rupee; for he would not take more, saying he had every intention of returning to claim the *vina* ere long, and that five rupees would be beyond his hopes of gain.

A fortnight after I came home from my early morning ride by the police-office, which stood outside the native town, close to a brick-stepped tank shaded by *peepul* trees; my object being to check the tally of poisonous snakes brought in for the reward given by Government for their capture. The first time I saw some six or seven hundred deadly serpents ranged in a row with all their heads one way, and all their unwinking eyes apparently fixed on me, I felt queer, and the fact of their being dead did not somehow enter into the equation. But habit inures one, and I walked along the thin grey fringe of certain death spread out on the first step of the tank with an air of stolid business; only stopping before an unusually large specimen to ask the captor, who sat behind awaiting his pence, where he had come across it.

"Six hundred and seventy in all, *Huzoor*," remarked the Deputy Inspector of Police, following me resplendent in silver trappings and white cotton gloves. "That is owing to the floods, and the season, since this is the sixth of *Bhâdron* [August] the month

of snakes. Yet the outlay is excessive to the Government, and perhaps with justice the price of small ones, such as these, might be reduced one half."

I looked up, and behind a fringe of diminutive vipers sat Râmchunderji and the bundle he called Seeta. On his bare right arm he wore a much be-tasselled floss silk-bracelet bound with tinsel.

"I am glad to see the greed is in your heart again," said I, pointing to the ornament.

"The *Râm-rucki* is not bought, but given, as in the days before the flood," replied the boy. "Every one wears the *Râm-rucki* still, every one!"

The Deputy Inspector pulled down the cuff of his uniform hastily, but against the gleam of his white gloves I caught a glimpse of bright colours. The *Râm-rucki*, he explained evasively, was the bracelet of luck given to Râmchunderji in old days before his search for Seeta, and common, ill-educated people still retained the superstitious custom of binding one on the wrist of each male during the month of *Bhâdron*. There was so much deplorable ignorance amongst the uneducated classes, and did the Presence look with favour on the proposal for reducing the rewards? Perhaps it was Râmchunderji's eager, wistful face hinting at the way promises were kept before the flood, which made me reply that I considered no one but the Viceroy in Council had power to reduce the price of snakes.

Several times after this I found the odd little couple disposed behind their tally of small vipers; then the season of serpents ceased, and one by one the *habitués* of the tank steps dropped off to pursue other professions. The fringe broke into isolated tassels, and finally the worn, ruddy, steps lay bare of all save the flickering light and shade of the leaves above.

November had chilled the welcome cool weather to cold, when a report came in the usual course that a boy calling himself Râmchunderji, and a girl said to be his wife, had been found in a

jasmine garden outside the city, half dead of exhaustion and without any ostensible means of livelihood. They had been taken up as vagrants and sent to hospital, pending Government orders. Now the Jubilee year was coming to a close, leaving behind it a legacy of new charities throughout the length and breadth of India. Of some the foundation stone only had been laid by direct telegram to the Queen-Empress; others had sprung to life in a manner suggestive of workmen's tenements. Among the latter was a Female Boarding School and Orphanage for the children of high-caste Hindoos, which had been built and endowed by a member of rich contractors and usurers, not one of whom would have sent their daughters to it for all their hoarded wealth. Persistent pennies had attracted a creditable, if intermittent, supply of day-scholars to its stucco walls; but despite an appropriate inscription in three languages over the gate the orphanage remained empty. Money can do much, but it cannot produce homeless orphans of good family in a society where the patriarchal system lingers in all its crass disregard of the main chance. So at the first hint of Seeta I was besieged on all sides. A real live, genuine, Hindoo female orphan going a begging! Preposterous! Sacrilegious! The Chairman of the Orphanage Committee almost wept as he pictured the emptiness of those white walls, and actually shed tears over the building estimates which he produced in order to strengthen his claim to poor little Seeta. Was it fair, he asked, that such a total of munificent charity should not have a single orphan to show the Commissioner-*sahib* when he came on tour? His distress touched me. Then winter, hard on the poor even in sunlit India, was on us; besides, Narayan Das tempted me further, with suggestions of a Jubilee Scholarship at the district school for Râmchunderji himself.

I broke it very gently to the boy as he lay on a mat in the sun, slowly

absorbing warmth and nourishment. He was too weak to contest the point, but I felt bad, exceedingly, when I saw him turn face down as if the end of all things was upon him. I knew he must be whispering confidences to Mother Earth respecting that happy time before the flood, and I slunk away as though I had been whipped.

Now, if in telling this veracious history I seem too intermittent, I can but offer as an excuse the fact that an official's work in India is like that of a Jacquard loom. A thread slips forward, shows for a second, and disappears; a pause, and there it is again. Sometimes not until the pattern is complete, is it possible to realise that the series of trivial incidents has combined to weave an indelible record on the warp and woof. So it was early January before the Râmchunderji shuttle stirred again. Narayan Das came to me with a look on his face suggestive that neither the *Rig-Veda* nor *The Spectator* was entirely satisfactory. The boy, he said, was not a bad boy, though he seemed absolutely unable to learn; but his influence on Standard I. was strictly non-regulation, nor did any section of the educational code apply to the case. If I would come down at recess time, I could see and judge for myself what ought to be done. When I reached the playground the bigger boys were at *krikutts* (cricket) or gymnastics, the medium ones engaged on marbles, but in a sunny corner backed by warm brick walls sate Râmchunderji surrounded by a circle of Standard I. Small as he was, he was still so much larger than the average of the class, that, as he leant his high yellow turban against the wall, with half-closed eyes and hands upon his knees, the memory of Indra's court came back to me once more. He was reciting something in a low voice, and as the children munched popcorn or sucked sweeties their eyes never left his face.

"Look!" said Narayan Das in a whisper from our spying ground behind the master's window. The song

came to an end, a stir circled through the audience, and one by one the solid children of the fields, and the slender, sharp little imps of the bazaars, rose up and put something into the singer's lap. A few grains of corn, a scrap of sweet stuff, and as they did so each said in turn, "Salaam, Râmchunderji!" "No wonder the boy has grown fat," I whispered dropping the reed screen round which I had been peeping.

Narayan Das shook his head. "If it were only comestibles," he replied gravely, "I could arrange; but when they are devoid of victuals they give their slate-pencils, their ink-pots, even their First-Lesson books. Then, if nobody sees and stops, there is vacancy when such things are applied for. Thus it is subversive of discipline and parents object to pay. Besides the *in forma-pauperis* pupils come on contingent with great expense to Government."

I looked through the screen again with a growing respect for Râmchunderji. "Does he eat them too?" I asked.

The head-master smiled the sickly smile of one who is not quite sure if his superior officer intends a joke, and fell back as usual on quotation, "The ostrich is supposed by some to digest nails, but—"

I laughed aloud, and being discovered, went out and spoke seriously to the offender. His calm was not in the least disturbed. "I do not ask, or beg," he replied; "they give of their hearts and their abundance, as in old days before the flood. Is it my fault if they possess slate-pencils and ink-pots, and First-Lesson books?"

I must confess that this argument seemed to me unanswerable, but I advised him, seeing that the flood *had* come, to return such offerings in future to the store. He did not take my advice, and, about a week after, being discovered selling these things to the bigger boys at a reduced price, he was caned by the head-master.

That night he disappeared from the boarding-house and was no more seen. His name was removed from the rolls, his scholarship forfeited for absence without leave, and the arrears absorbed in refunds for slate-pencils and ink-pots. So that was an end of Râmchunderji's schooling, and Standard I. once more became amenable to the Code.

Winter was warming to spring, the first bronze vine leaves were budding, and the young wheat shooting to silvery ears before the Commissioner, coming his rounds, was taken in pomp to visit the Orphanage and its occupants. I remember it so well. The Committee and the Commissioner, and I, and every one interested in female orphans and female education, on one side of a red baize table decorated with posies of decayed rosebuds and jasmin in green-glass tumblers; and on the other Seeta and the matron. The former, to enhance her value as a genuine high-caste waif, was still a mere bundle, and I fancied she looked smaller than ever; perhaps because the veil was not so large. Then the accounts were passed, and the matron's report read. Nothing, she said, could be more satisfactory than the general behaviour and moral tone of the inmate, except in one point. And this was the feeding of the monkeys, which as every one knew, infested the town. The result being that the *bunder-lôg* had become bold even to the dropping down of stones into the court; quite large stones, such as the one placed as a stepping-stone over the runnel of water from the well.

Here I unguardedly suggested an air-gun; whereupon Narayan Das who always attended these functions as an educational functionary, reminded me reproachfully that monkeys were sacred to the god Hunumân, who, if I remembered, had finally rescued Seeta from the ten-headed, many-armed monster Râvana, the inventor of the *ravanastron* or beggar's fiddle.

It was at this juncture that I

suddenly became aware that the Jacquard loom of Fate was weaving a pattern; Râmchunderji! Seeta! the exile! the killing of the wild beasts! the ten-headed, many-handed monster, Râvana! Yet I could tell you almost every word of the Commissioner's speech, though he prosed on for the next ten minutes complacently about the pleasure he felt, and the authorities felt, and the whole civilised world felt, at seeing "Money, the great curse and blessing of humanity, employed as it should be employed, in snatching the female orphan of India from unmerited misfortune and educating her to be an example to the nineteenth century." Every one was highly delighted, and the Committee approached me with a view of adding the Commissioner's name as a second title to the school.

But I awaited the completion of the pattern. It was on the eleventh of April, that is to say, on the High Festival of Spring, at the fair held beside the tank where humanity in thousands was washing away the old year, and putting on the new in the shape of gay-coloured clothing, that my attention was attracted by a small, dense crowd whence came hearty guffaws of laughter.

"'Tis a performing monkey," said a bearded villager in response to my question as to what was amusing them so hugely. "The boy makes him do tricks worthy of Hunumân; yet he saith he taught him yonder down by the canal. Will not the Protector of the Poor step in and see? Ho, ho! 'twould make a suitor laugh even if the *digri* [decree] were against him." But I recognised the pattern this time, and I had made up my mind not to interfere with the shuttle again. As I turned away, another roar of laughter and a general feeling in pockets

and turbans, told me that the final tip had succeeded, and that collection was going on satisfactorily.

A few days later the Chairman of the Committee came to me in excited despair. The real, genuine, female Hindoo orphan was not to be found, and the stucco walls were once more empty. Enquiries were made on all sides, but when it came out, casually, that a boy, a girl, and a monkey, had taken a third-class ticket to Benares I said nothing. I was not going to aid Râvana, or prevent the due course of incarnation, if it *was* an incarnation. That great city of men, women, and monkeys, should give the trio fair play.

Last year, when I was in Simla, I overheard a traveller giving his impressions of India to a lady who was longing all the time to find out from a gentleman with a moustache when the polo-match was to begin at Annandale next day.

"The performing troupes are certainly above the European average," he said. "At Benares especially I remember seeing a monkey; he, his master, and a girl, did quite a variety of scenes out of the Râmâyana, and really, considering who they were I—"

"Excuse me,—but—oh! Captain Smith, is it half-past eleven or twelve?"

The *vina* still hangs in my collection next the *ravanastron*. Sometimes I take it down and sound the strings. But the waving palms, the odorous thickets, and the shadowy, immortal forms have got mixed up somehow with that infernal humming and bumming of the four-anna bit. So I get no help in trying to decide the question,—“Who was Râmchunderji?”

F. A. STEEL.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1894.

LORDS AND COMMONS.

EVERY nation must have a government of some kind, and the persons who govern must in some way or other be chosen. The method of choice has been the fundamental problem of politics in all ages. What method is best has never been definitely settled; and there are special reasons why the question should be specially considered at the present time. The rulers of England are chosen in four distinctly different ways: the Sovereign, by seniority of birth in one royal family; the House of Lords, partly by inheritance and partly by a very complex system of personal selection; the House of Commons, by the majorities of voters grouped in certain constituencies; the Ministers, by the party leaders of the day, controlled more or less by parliamentary majorities and the pleasure of the sovereign.

Which method of selection is right? Which is best? Is there a "right" or a "best" in the matter? The democratic, and doubtless the most common, opinion is that the right and best method is that of popular election in which the choice is settled by the majority of votes. The modern Radical would apply this method to the whole machinery of government, and no political question can be of greater interest; for we all feel that, whether we like it or not, the government of England must become more and not less democratic in the coming years.

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What is it then that we really get by this method of choice? Is it wholly satisfactory? Is it sufficient in itself? Are there any serious defects in it, and if there are, what are the remedies? The House of Commons consists of six hundred and seventy men who have been chosen in this way; the House of Lords of about five hundred, not one of whom has been thus chosen. Yet it is impossible to say that the members of the House of Commons are individually better fitted to be legislators than the members of the House of Lords. Both houses contain a small number of the ablest men in the country, a large number of men of average ability, and a certain residue of fools. On most questions the debates in the House of Lords are as intelligent as in the House of Commons. On great questions they are often of a higher order. There is less rhetoric, less repetition, far less vulgarity and personal abuse. The facts of the case are generally stated briefly and clearly by the leaders on either side. Their merits are discussed in a few well-considered speeches. There are no obstructive tactics, and one or two divisions settle the matter so far as the Peers are concerned. And most matters are settled in the same way by both Houses. The Lords make many amendments in the acts brought before them, but most of their amendments are agreed to by the Commons,

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and the cases are very few in which the difference of opinion is so great that no agreement can be reached. Every Act of Parliament that has ever been passed has had the assent of the House of Lords, and every session produces a crop of acts affecting all the chief interests of the nation.

How is it that this is possible? How does it come to pass that methods of choice so entirely different produce two bodies of men so much alike in personal fitness, and so seldom in serious conflict about their legislative work?

Now to begin with, there is an almost universal misconception as to what it is possible to get by the method of popular election. In theory every member of the House of Commons is supposed to have been selected by the free choice of the majority of voters in his constituency as the one man most fit to represent them; but in practice it is a very different affair. The actual facts are these: in each constituency a small number of active politicians, who have the inclination and can spare the time, join together as a working committee to manage the election on behalf of the political party they themselves belong to. These committees choose the candidates, often under the advice of their central party organisers. There are no definite principles on which the choice is made, except that the following things are essential: the candidate must belong to the political party of the selectors; he must be willing to serve, and, if needful, to contest the election; he must be able to afford it, or have friends who are able; and he must be a person who is, or is likely to make himself, popular in the constituency. But neither mental, moral, nor any other excellence, is included in these essentials, except so far as it may assist in making him popular. And as popularity is chiefly gained by outward acts and not by any knowledge of a man's real character or ability, character and ability become

in fact the least essential things in the general grounds of selection. If any strong political partisan who is liberal with his time and money makes it known that he wishes to go into Parliament, he has always a good chance of getting selected as a candidate without further qualification, if nothing is known about him that renders him unpopular. Choice by election in the House of Commons, therefore, is generally nothing better than the choice of one individual out of two who have previously been chosen in this manner as candidates by two political committees.

But it is not even as much as this. Real choice implies a rational comparison and an intelligent preference, and though great numbers of the electors of course make this comparison and arrive intelligently at an honest preference, there are also great numbers in every constituency who take little interest in the matter; who have no solid reason for any choice, would never vote at all if left to themselves, or would vote either way for five shillings if they were allowed to do so. And it is these voters who determine the result whenever the earnest electors on either side are pretty evenly balanced.

The main object of the whole machinery of an election is to get the votes of these indifferent electors, each party doing its utmost for this end. Very little attention is paid to the intelligent part of the electorate; they can be trusted to take the trouble to go to the poll and to vote according to their convictions. But if either party can by any means get hold of a large majority of the unintelligent who would not vote of their own accord, they can carry almost any election. Hence the overwhelming practical importance of electoral organisation. These votes can only be got by immense effort and the use of every possible inducement, and if either party has a much better system, or a local cry that will turn the scale in the minds of the

least intelligent, they are certain of victory unless the majority of the earnest voters is very large on the other side. So it comes to pass, as everybody knows to be the fact, that a considerable number of the members of the House of Commons owe their seats to the votes of those whose political judgment is of no value, and who neither know nor care anything about the candidate's personal fitness to be a member of the legislature.

And the most intelligent voter, instead of being at liberty to vote for the person he himself would choose, finds that the choice is already made for him, that he must take it or leave it, and that what he can vote for is only a man selected by the local leaders of his party. Thus it is finally the support of parties, and not the selection of persons, that is the chief thing thought of in popular elections; and it follows of course that personal fitness in the men selected is not the general result of this method of choice. No man is ever sent to the House of Commons merely because he is specially fitted for the work of wise legislation. Nor does the democratic idea of government call for special wisdom in the persons chosen. They are thought of chiefly as delegates sent to Parliament to carry out the wishes of the majorities that sent them there, and if they will vote for certain things desired by those majorities, the majorities are satisfied.

Now we are not condemning this method of choice, and it would be ridiculous to suggest that it should be abandoned. In the case of the House of Commons it is the only possible method. It is a necessary part of modern national life. But like all other human methods of choice it has defects of a most serious kind, defects which are inherent in its nature, which cannot be got rid of, and for which therefore it is necessary to find remedies in some other way.

For the idea of government by mere delegates, who have simply to do what their constituents have decided upon,

is of course a practical absurdity. Their constituents have definite wishes on a few points only, while the simplest Act of Parliament, besides its main principle, generally involves a mass of details which the members of the House of Commons can settle only by their own personal judgment; and this applies equally to the greater part of the whole business of government. The personal fitness of the men is never therefore a matter of indifference, as that of mere delegates might be, but a matter which affects every legislative act, and nothing is more certain than that any body of men chosen, as popular election necessarily chooses, will fall into many grievous errors of judgment if there be no correcting power. All nations feel this instinctively, and every modern constitutional government possesses, besides its chief legislative assembly, a second chamber whose principal business is to revise the acts and correct the errors of the first. In all affairs committed to the judgment of men the necessity of a right of appeal from first decisions is recognised everywhere; but how to choose a second chamber which shall answer its purpose satisfactorily is one of the most difficult of political problems. Obviously it will be of no use if both houses are chosen by the same method. They will have similar defects, and will repeat each other's errors instead of correcting them. Accordingly in every State a different method is provided in choosing the second chamber. The details of appointment to the various senates differ greatly, but they all resolve themselves into one of two things. Either the persons chosen must belong to a small specified class, or a few selected individuals must choose them. In most cases both of these methods are combined; and it is not clear that there are any other methods available, except that of pure chance, such as casting lots.

Now each of these methods is good in its way, and each of course has its own attendant drawbacks. If you can find a class of men, most of

whom are fitted for the purpose, the manner of selecting among them is of no great consequence because the choice cannot fall on many who are not fitted. This in other matters is the strong part of competitive examinations and of academic degrees. Those who pass the examinations or obtain the degrees constitute special groups of men, all of whom are fairly competent to do certain things. Any qualified physician may be trusted with the care of a patient. Any youth who has obtained a certain number of marks is competent to take a civil appointment. You never learn in this way who are *most* fitted, but you exclude those who are not fit at all. The restricted classes from whom senators are chosen are sometimes the possessors of a certain amount of wealth, sometimes the holders of certain offices in the State, sometimes the hereditary nobility. The wealthy are generally cautious in dealing with property; the holders of office have generally given proof of ability; the hereditary nobles are generally attached to existing institutions and opposed to hasty change. All these qualities are required in a senate. The popular House is always in danger of being reckless in dealing with property and impatient in desiring change, and real ability in its members is not secured by its method of choice. On the other hand, rich men, though cautious, are not necessarily wise: able politicians often use their ability for selfish ends; and hereditary nobles often resist change when it is wrong to do so.

When senators are appointed not out of selected classes but by selected individuals, these are sometimes the sovereign, sometimes small electoral bodies chosen by local councils, who have themselves been elected chiefly for other purposes. A sovereign is of course controlled by his ministers, by public opinion, and by traditional usage, and does not often appoint men who are unfit to be senators. The machinery of indirect election

prevents the choice from being the result of hasty impulse, as in popular contests, but has in other respects most of the defects of that method of choice.

The senates thus appointed are felt to be essential parts of constitutional government, and they act everywhere in the same way as a revising and restraining power in the State.

But the British House of Peers stands conspicuously at the head of all existing senates, equally as to the time it has endured, the services it has rendered, the influence it possesses, and the characteristics of its leading men. What then is this House of Peers? How is it chosen, and what is the real result?

Nominally there are about five hundred and sixty members of the House of Lords, but four hundred and sixty is the largest number who have ever voted in a division. Of these about one hundred and twenty, including the archbishops and bishops, have not inherited their titles, but are peers created during the present reign. They have all been chosen by the Queen and her advisers as persons who have in some way greatly distinguished themselves above their fellows, generally by service to the State or by great eminence in some profession, art, or business. Most of them are wealthy, because a peerage is a burden to a man with insufficient means, and in a few cases great accumulated wealth has been their leading qualification, but only when combined with great social influence. These one hundred and twenty peers therefore are men who have shown themselves to be above the average in ability of various kinds. In this respect they are superior to the majority of the House of Commons, who are never above the average; and they represent very fairly the general feelings and opinions of able, successful, experienced, and wealthy men. About two hundred and fifty peers are the sons, grandsons, or other direct descendants of men who have been raised to the peerage for the

same reasons during the present century. They therefore represent the views of the newer nobility. Sixteen Scotch and twenty-eight Irish peers are elected as members of the House of Lords by the Scotch and Irish nobles. These therefore are selected members out of a small and special class. The rest, about one hundred and fifty, belong to the old historic families of the English nobles, in whom the peerage has been hereditary for many generations.

This complex structure of the House of Lords renders it more fully representative of the upper and wealthier classes than any method of election could possibly do. Its members are selected not in one way only but in several ways: by long established inheritance; by inheritance newly created; by the highest official selection among the most distinguished commoners; by eminence in the Church; by the choice of the Scotch and Irish nobility. And it is from the upper and wealthier classes that every senate must be chosen, if it is to fulfil its proper functions as a more cautious and less impatient body than the popular branch of the legislature. All this is secured in the House of Lords by the methods of choice. The result of any method depends on the whole of the conditions under which it operates, and not upon any single one. The result of popular election does not depend wholly or chiefly on the number of persons who actually wish for the same thing; nor does the result of inheritance depend alone on the chance of what sort of child may be born an eldest son. Much of what the eldest son of a peer will become when he is a man is determined by the fact that he is the eldest son and will be brought up with the knowledge of his future inheritance always before him, with the training that custom requires, and in the society of a special class. The opinions prevailing in that society will in the main be his opinions, and they will almost always be conservative in their tendency, because the

special interests of that class are settled and permanent, and the value of what is settled and permanent is constantly before his eyes. But a senate whose tendencies are not conservative is a useless body, as useless as a railway-break with no pressure on the wheels; and hereditary rank, by ensuring this general tendency, ensures the first requirement in a second chamber.

The real effect of hereditary rank can be known only by its results. It is useless to theorise about it; the facts only are of value. There are always in the House of Lords as many first-rate statesmen as are ever found in the House of Commons, and instead of being only among newly-created peers they are especially numerous in the families of the old nobility. Such names as Salisbury, Devonshire, Argyll, Rosebery, Lansdowne, Spencer, Norfolk, Rutland, Lothian, Aberdeen, are only prominent examples. How many other groups of a hundred and fifty men contain ten names equally illustrious? Has the House of Commons fifty such, as it ought to have in proportion to its numbers? We know that it never has, and the fact that personal fitness for the work of government is secured at least as much by the method of inheritance as by the method of popular election is demonstrated before our eyes.

Personal fitness, however, though of vast importance in itself, is not the only thing needed in the rulers of a great nation. A knowledge of the wants and wishes, of the interests, pleasures, trials, and grievances of all classes of persons is necessary as far as it is possible to obtain it, and it is chiefly to be obtained by the method of popular election. It is to the House of Commons that we look for the initiative in all important changes. It is chiefly by the promise of change to those who are not content with things as they are that the members of that House obtain the votes by which they are elected, and it is the discontent of their constituencies with

something in their lot that is the mainspring of legislative activity; but it is at the same time the constant cause of impatient haste and short-sighted experiments, and to know what the contented classes think of the proposed changes is essential to their proper consideration. The House of Lords represents the contented classes; it represents those who have already obtained what all the rest are struggling after, and therefore what all the rest would wish for if their desires could be satisfied.

The idea that the House of Lords is not a representative body is one of those commonplace mistakes which do considerable harm in politics and are due partly to a misuse of words, and partly to wilful misrepresentation by partisan leaders.

"A person or body may be truly representative without being elected by those whom they represent," wrote Charles Kingsley in one of his wisest letters. A true "representative" is one who, acting on behalf of others, knows their wishes, and tries to carry them out. So far as he does this, an elected member "represents" those who voted for him, but not those who voted the other way. If these are represented at all in the House of Commons it is by the members of other constituencies for whom they have not voted, but who agree with them in their political views. Choice by election does not make a man more "representative" of those he agrees with than he would otherwise be; it only determines which man is to act this part in the House of Commons. The catch-words of politics, such as "no taxation without representation," only illustrate the very loose and imperfect way in which any words that seem to support theories are used in public life. Everybody is taxed, but only majorities are "represented," if a representative must be an elected person. The real political truth at the bottom of this phrase is that those who levy taxes should be persons who pay them, and not persons who do not pay them. Any one who

pays them "represents" all who do so, in so far as they have a common interest in the matter, and therefore a member elected by a majority of taxpayers "represents," on the taxing question, also the minority who voted against him, not because they elected him (they did not) but because he is a taxpayer himself. The House of Peers "represents" the upper and wealthier classes even more perfectly than the rest of the nation is represented in the House of Commons. They have a full knowledge of the wishes of those classes, and they act in accordance with them.

The history of the House of Lords is strangely misread by impatient democrats. We owe to them the general stability of British legislation, the certainty that no important change can be made in haste or without full discussion by the cautious as well as the incautious classes. The power of the Peers is only a suspensory power and has never been used as anything else. They cannot prevent the nation from doing anything that a real majority are firmly resolved to do after they have listened to all that can be said against it; but they can compel them to listen, and to take sufficient time for final judgment, and this is the great function of a senate in every State. They have done their duty in this respect more perfectly than any other senate. Great changes have never been accepted by the House of Lords till the national resolve to have them became undoubted, and they have never afterwards been resisted. But though in such circumstances the Peers necessarily yield, it does not follow that their objections are unsound. They have often been wiser than the nation in their forecast of results, and never more distinctly so than in the two most conspicuous changes of modern times, the abolition of protective duties, beginning with the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the great extension of the parliamentary franchise. In both these cases the Peers foresaw what ardent

reformers never see, that all great changes do harm as well as good, and that the injury to be feared deserves as much consideration as the benefit to be hoped for. Whatever benefit the nation as a whole may have derived from the first of these changes, it has ruined British agriculture as a profitable industry and has made England absolutely dependent on foreign countries for her daily bread. The Peers foresaw that this was probable, and they were right: the reformers denied it, and they were wrong; and it is certain that if that denial had not been believed by the nation generally the repeal of the Corn Laws would at least have taken a different form.

The extension of the franchise, till the least intelligent, the least educated, and the poorest classes have the absolute power of electing every member of the House of Commons if they only knew how to use it, has probably been the unavoidable issue of the circumstances of the age, but it need not have come so soon. The Lords foresaw its dangers, and were more than justified in delaying it to the utmost of their power, because every year's delay increases the comparative numbers of the educated and intelligent. And however unavoidable this change, and whatever advantages may spring from it, it is already rapidly producing again a thoroughly corrupt House of Commons; a House, that is, in which votes are regularly bought by the Government, not with money, but with corrupt concessions to the demands of individuals or small groups of men who have no sort of title to determine the policy of the nation. There is no reason to doubt that this grave evil will go on increasing because it is by the same process that members of the House are themselves more and more getting to be elected. Each little group of electors with a separate interest of some kind demands a promise as the price of its votes, and refuses more and more to merge its own particular

fancies in the broad interest of the State. Doubtless good accompanies evil as certainly as evil accompanies good, and this disintegration of the electorate brings into prominence and fuller consideration all the varied wants and wishes of the people. But its effect upon the House of Commons as a legislative body is purely mischievous, and as the House of Commons degenerates the value of the House of Lords steadily increases. The importance of preserving its present method of choice increases at the same time, for this method makes it in fact the true representative of the upper classes without the special defects of elective representation. These defects show themselves glaringly in the Lower House, and it is the special business of the House of Peers not to reproduce them, but to be a remedy for them so far as this is possible. It is only possible in a limited degree. Neither the House of Peers nor any other power can prevent the nation from going wrong if there is not enough good sense in it to listen to reason when time is given for the purpose. The present danger is that the House of Lords may yield too often and too soon to decisions of the House of Commons with which it does not agree. It occupies a post of vast responsibility. Its powers are great and should be used without hesitation or fear. It is its duty to revise impartially every bill sent up to it; to reject nothing that is reasonable and just, but to assent to nothing that is unjust or unreasonable; and in the latter case, if the House of Commons persists in its own decision, to use its suspensory power at once and invariably, till it is satisfied that the majority of the nation understand the matter and have decided upon it. And to know this it is not always necessary to wait for a dissolution, nor does it always follow that a new election will give that knowledge. But public opinion expresses itself by various signs, and it is a statesman's business to interpret them.

PERLYCROSS.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PANIC.

CHRISTMAS DAY fell on a Friday that year, and the funeral of that ancient woman took place on the previous afternoon. The curate had never read the burial-service before to so small an audience. For the weather was bitterly cold, and poor Mrs. Tremlett had out-lived all her friends, if she ever had any; no one expected a farthing from her, and no one cared to come and shudder at her grave. Of all her many descendants none, except the child Zip, was present; and she would have stood alone upon the frozen bank, unless Mrs. Muggridge had very kindly offered to come and hold the shivering and streaming little hand.

What was to be done with Zip? Nobody came forward. There were hundreds of kind people in the parish, and dozens to whom the poor waif would have been a scarcely perceptible burden. Yet nobody cared to have a Tremlett at his hearth, and everybody saw the duty marked out for his neighbour. "Then I will take her," said Mr. Penniloe with his true benevolence; "but the difficulty is where to place her. She cannot well be among my children yet, until I know more about her; and, although the old family is so reduced, the kitchen is scarcely the place for her." However, that question soon answered itself; and though little Zip was at first a sad puzzle (especially to the staid Muggridge), her grateful and loving nature soon began to win a warm hold and a tranquil home for her.

That winter, although it began rather early, was not of prolonged severity, for the frost broke up on

Christmas night, at least in the west of England, with a heavy fall of snow which turned to rain. But Christmas Day itself was very bright and pleasant, with bracing air, hard frozen snow, and firm sunshine throwing long shadows on it, and sparkling on the icicles from thatch and spout and window-frame. As the boys of the Sunday school filed out at the call of the bells in the tower chiming (after long silence while the arch was being cut), and as they formed into grand procession under the military eye of Jakes, joyfully they watched their cloudy breath ascending, or blew it in a column on some other fellow's cap. Visions were before them,—a pageantry of joy, a fortnight of holidays, a fortnight of sliding, snow-balling, bone-runners, Cooper Baker's double-hoops,—why not even skates? But alas, even now the wind was backing, as the four vanes with rare unanimity proclaimed; a white fog, that even a boy could stand out of, was stealing up the valley, while the violet tone of the too transparent sky, and the whiteness of the sun (which used to be a dummy fireball), and even the short sharp clack of the bells, were enough to tell any boy with weather eyes and ears that the nails on his heels would do no cobbler's click again till the holiday time was over.

But blessed are they who have no prophetic gift, be it of the weather or of things yet more unstable. All went to church in a happy frame of mind, and the parson in a like mood looked upon them. Every head was there that he had any right to count, covered or uncovered. Of the latter perhaps more than a Sunday would produce; of the former not so many, but to a Christian mind enough; for

how shall a great church-festival be kept without a cook? But the ladies who were there were in very choice attire, happy in having nothing but themselves to dress; all in good smiling condition, and reserving for home use their candid reviews of one another. There was the genial and lively Mrs. Farrant whose good word and good sayings everybody valued; close at her side was her daughter Minnie, provided by nature with seasonable gifts, lips more bright than the holly-berry, teeth more pearly than mistletoe, cheeks that proved the hardness of the rose in Devon, and eyes that anticipated Easter-tide with the soft glance of the forget-me-not. Then there was Mrs. John Horner, *interdum aspera cornu*, but *foenum habens* for the roast-beef time; and kind Mrs. Anning (quite quit of this tale, though the Perle runs through her orchard); and tall Mrs. Webber with two pretty girls, all purely distinct from the lawyer; and Mrs. James Hollyer and Mrs. John Hollyer, both great in hospitality; and others of equally worthy order, for whom the kind hearts of Bright and Cobden would have ached, had they not been blind seers.

To return to our own sheep, themselves astray, there was no denying Mrs. Gilham, looking still a Christian up a fathom of sea-green bonnet; and her daughter Rose, now so demure if ever she caught a wandering eye that it had to come again to beg pardon; and by her side a young man stood, with no eyes at all for the prettiest girl inside the sacred building!

But strange as it may seem, he had eyes enough and to spare for a young man opposite, whose face he perused with perpetual inquiry, which the other understood, but did not want to apprehend. For instance, "How is your very darling sister? Have you heard from her by the latest post? Did she say anything about me? When is she coming to Perlycross again? Do you think she is reading the same psalm that we are? Have

they got any Christmas parties on? I hope there is no mistletoe up that way, or at any rate no hateful fellow near her with it?" These and fifty other points of private worship, not to be discovered in the Book of Common Prayer even by the cleverest anagram of Ritualist, did Frank Gilham vainly strive to moot with Jemmy Fox across the aisle, instead of being absorbed and rapt in the joyful tidings of the day. Neither was Jemmy Fox a ha'porth more devout. With the innate selfishness of all young men, he had quite another dish of fish to fry for his own plate. As for Frank Gilham's, he would upset it joyfully, in spite of all sympathy or gratitude. And, if so low a metaphor can ever be forgiven, Jemmy's fish, though not in sight but in a brambly corner, was fairly hooked and might be felt; whereas Frank Gilham's, if she had ever seen his fly, had (so far as he could be sure) never even opened mouth to take it; but had sailed away upstream, leaving a long furrow, as if (like the celebrated trout in Crocker's Hole) she scorned any tackle a poor farmer could afford. Fox, on the other hand, had reasonable hopes that patience and discretion and the flowing stream of time would bring his lovely prize to bank at last. For the chief thing still against him was that black and wicked charge; and even now he looked at all the women in the church with very little interest in their features, but keen inquiry as to their expression. His eyes put the question to them, one after another, "My good madam, are you still afraid of me?" And sad to say, the answer from too many of them was, "Well, I had rather not shake hands with you till you have cleared your reputation." So certain is it that if once a woman has believed a thing, be it good or be it evil, nothing but the evidence of her own eyes will uproot that belief, and sometimes not even that.

Especially now with Lady Waldron, Fox felt certain that his case stood

thus ; that in spite of all the arguments of Christie and of Inez he was not yet acquitted, though less stubbornly condemned ; and so long as that state of things lasted, he could not (with proper self-respect) press his suit upon the daughter. For it should be observed that he had no doubt yet of the genuine strength of her ladyship's suspicions. Mr. Penniloe had not thought it right or decent, placed as he was towards the family, to impart to young Jemmy Sir Harrison Gowler's hateful (because misogynic) conclusions.

That excellent preacher, and noble exemplar, the Reverend Philip Penniloe, gave out his text in a fine sonorous voice echoing through the great pillars of his heart, three words, as many as can ever rouse an echo, and all of them short,—“On earth, peace.”

He was gazing on his flock with large goodwill and that desire to see the best side of them which is creditable to both parties, for take them altogether they were a peaceful flock,—when a crack, as of thunder and lightning all in one, rang in every ear and made a stop in every heart. Before anybody could start up to ask about it, a cavernous rumble rolled into a quick rattle, and then deep silence followed. Nervous folk started up, slower persons stared about, even the coolest and most self-possessed doubted their arrangements for the Day of Judgment. The sunlight was shining through the windows of the south aisle, and none could put the blame on any storm outside. Then panic arose, as at a trumpet-call. People huddled anyhow to rush out of their pews, without even sense enough to turn the button-latch. Bald heads were plunging into long-ribbed bonnets, fathers forgot their children, young men their sweethearts, but mothers pushed their little ones before them. “Fly for dear life,” was the impulse of the men ; “Save the life dearer than my own,” was that of the women. That is the moment to be sure what love is. “Sit

still, boys, or I'll skin you,”—Sergeant Jakes' voice was heard above the uproar ; many believed that the roof was falling in ; every kind of shriek and scream abounded.

“My friends,” said Mr. Penniloe in a loud clear voice, and lifting up his Bible calmly, “remember in Whose house and in Whose hands we are. It is but a fall of something in the chancel ; it cannot hurt you. Perhaps some brave man will go behind the screen and just tell us what has happened. I would go myself if I could leave the pulpit.”

People were ashamed when they saw little Fay run from her seat to the newly-finished steps, and begin groping at the canvas while she smiled up at her father. In a moment three men drew her back and passed in. They were Jemmy Fox, Frank Gilham, and the gallant Jakes ; and a cloud of dust floated out as they vanished. Courage returned, and the rush and crush were stayed, while Horner and Farrant, the two churchwardens, came with long strides to join the explorers.

Deep silence reigned when Doctor Fox returned, and at the request of Farmer John addressed the parson so that all could hear. “There is no danger, sir, of any further fall. There has been a sort of settlement of the south-east corner. The stone screen is cracked, and one end of it has dropped, and the small lancet window has tumbled in. All is now quite firm again. There is not the smallest cause for fear.”

“Thank God !” said Mr. Penniloe ; “and thank you, my friends, for telling us. And now, so soon as order is quite restored, I shall beg to return to the discussion of my text, which with your permission I will read again.”

As soon as he had finished a very brief discourse, worthy of more attention than it could well secure, his flock hurried gladly away, with much praise of his courage and presence of mind, but no thought of the heavy loss and sad blow cast upon him. Fox

alone remained behind, to offer aid and sympathy when the parson laid his gown aside and came to learn the worst of it. They found that the south-east corner of the chancel-wall, with the external quoin and two buttresses, had parted from the rest and sunk bodily to the depth of a yard or more, bearing away a small southern window, a portion of the roof, and several panels of that equally beautiful and unlucky screen.

At a rough guess, at least another hundred pounds would be required to make good the damage. It was not only this, but the sense of mishaps so frequent and unaccountable (few of which have been even mentioned here) that now began to cast heavy weight and shadow upon the cheerful heart of Penniloe. For it seemed as if all things combined against him, both as regarded the work itself and the means by which alone it could be carried on. And this last disaster was the more depressing, because no cause whatever could be found for it. That wall had not been meddled with in any way externally, because it seemed quite substantial; and even inside there had been but little done to it, simply a shallow excavation made for the plinth, or footings, of the newly-erected screen.

"Never mind, sir," said Fox; "it can soon be put to rights; and your beautiful screen will look ever so much better without that lancet window, which has always appeared to me quite out of place."

"Perhaps," replied the parson, in a sad low voice, and with a shake of his head which meant, "All very fine; but how on earth am I to get the money?"

Even now the disaster was not complete. Subscriptions had grown slack, and some had even been withdrawn, on the niggardly plea that no church was worth preserving which could not protect even its own dead. And now the news of this occurrence made that matter worse again, for the blame of course fell upon Penniloe.

"What use to help a man who cannot help himself?" "A fellow shouldn't meddle with bricks and mortar, unless he was brought up to them." "I like him too well to give him another penny. If I did he'd pull the tower down upon his own head." Thus and thus spoke they who should have flown to the rescue; some even friendly enough to deal the coward's blow at the unfortunate. Moreover that very night the frost broke up with a fall of ten inches of watery snow, on the wet back of which came more than half an inch of rain, the total fall being two inches and three quarters. The ground was too hard to suck any of it in; water by the acre lay on streaky fields of ground-ice; every gateway poured its runnel, and every flinty lane its torrent. The Perle became a roaring flood, half a mile wide in the marshes; and the Susscot brook dashed away the old mill-wheel, and whirled some of it down as far as Joe Crang's anvil, fulfilling thereby an old prophecy. Nobody could get, without swimming horse or self, from Perlycombe to Perlycross, or from Perlycross to Perilton; and old mother Pods was drowned in her own cottage. The view of the valley, from either Beacon Hill or Hagdon, was really grand for any one tall enough to wade so far up the weltering ways. Old Channing vowed that he had never seen such a flood, and feared that the big bridge would be washed away; but now was seen the value of the many wide arches which had puzzled Christie Fox in the distance. Alas for the Hopper, that he was so far away at this noble time for a cross-country run; but he told Pike afterwards, and Mrs. Muggridge too, that he had a good time of it even in the Mendips.

In this state of things, the condition of the chancel, with the shattered roof yawning to the reek of the snow-slides and a southern gale hurling floods in at the wall-gaps, may better be imagined than described, as a swimming rat perhaps reported to his sodden

family. And people had a fine view of it at the Sunday service, for the canvas curtain had failed to resist the swag and the bellying of the blast, and had fallen in a squashy pile, forming a rough breakwater for the mortary lake behind it.

There was nothing to be done for the present except to provide against further mischief. The masons from Exeter had left work, by reason of the frost, some time ago; but under the directions of Mr. Richard Horner the quoin was shored up, and the roof and window made waterproof with tarpaulins. So it must remain till Easter now, when the time of year, and possibly a better tide of money, might enable beaten Christians to put shoulder to the hod again. Meanwhile was there any chance of finding any right for the wrong, which put every man who looked forward to his grave out of all conceit with Perlycross?

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"The vurry za-am, the vurry za-am," Mr. Penniloe answered, with his eyes glad to rest on her, yet compelled by his conscience to correct her vowel sounds. It had long been understood between them that Fay might forsake upon occasion what we now call "higher culture" and try her lissome tongue at the soft Ionic sounds, which those who know nothing of the West call *Doric*.

"Then, vaither," cried the child, rising to the situation, "whatt vordo 'e putt both han's avore the eyes of 'e? The Lard in heaven can zee 'e, arl the zaam." The little girl was kneeling with both elbows on a chair, and her chin set up steadfastly between her dimpled hands, while her clear eyes, gleaming with the tears she was repressing, dwelt upon her father's downcast face.

"My darling, my own darling, you are the image of your mother," Mr. Penniloe exclaimed, as he rose and

caught her up. "What is the mammon of this world to heaven's angels?" After that his proper course would have been to smoke a pipe, if that form of thank-offering had been duly recommended by the rising school of churchmen. His omission however was soon repaired; for, before he could even relapse towards "the blues," the voice of a genuine smoker was heard, and the step of a man of substance, the time being now the afternoon of Monday.

"Halloa, Penniloe!" this gentleman exclaimed. "How are you this frightful weather? Very glad to see you. Made a virtue of necessity; can't have the hounds out, and so look up my flock. Never saw the waters out so much in all my life. Nancy had to swim at Susscot ford. Thought we should have been washed down, but Crang threw us a rope; says nobody could cross yesterday. Nancy must have a hot mash, please Mrs. Muggridge; I'll come and see to it, if you'll have the water hot. Harry's looking after her till I come back; like to see a boy that takes kindly to a horse. What a job I had to get your back-gate open! Never use your stable-yard, it seems. Beats me how any man can live without a horse! Well, my dear fellow, I hope the world only deals with you according to your merits. Bless my heart, why, that can never be Fay! What a little beauty! Got a kiss to spare, my dear? Don't be afraid of me; children always love me; got one little girl just your height; won't I make her jealous when I get home! Got something in my vady that will make your pretty eyes flash. Come, come, Penniloe, this won't do! You don't look at all the thing; want a thirty mile ride and a drop of brown mahogany—put a little colour into your learned face. Just you should have a look at my son Jack; mean him for this little puss, if ever he grows good enough; not a bad fellow though. And how's your little Mike? Why, there he is, peeping round the corner! I'll have it out

with him when I've had some dinner. Done yours, I dare say? Anything will do for me; a rasher of bacon and a couple of poached eggs is a dinner for a lord, I say. You don't eat enough, that's quite certain. Saw an awful thing in the papers last week. Parsons are going to introduce fasting! Protestant parsons, mind you! Can't believe it. Shall have to join the Church of Rome if they do. All jolly fellows there—never saw a lean one. I suppose I am about the last man you expected to turn up. Glad to see you though, upon my soul! You don't like that expression,—ha, how well I know your face!—strictly clerical I call it though, or at any rate professional. But bless my heart alive (if you like that better) what has all our parish been about? Why a dead man belongs to the parson, not the doctor. The doctors have done for him, and they ought to have done with him. But we parsons never back one another up. Not enough colour in the cloth, I always say; getting too much of black and all black."

The Rev. John Chevithorne, rector of the parish, was doing his best at the present moment to relieve "the cloth" of that imputation. For his coat was dark green, and his waistcoat of red shawl-stuff, and his breeches of buff corduroy, while his boots (heavy jack-boots coming half-way up the thigh) might have been of any colour under the sun without the sun knowing what the colour was, so spattered and plastered and clobbered with mud were they. And throughout all his talk he renewed the hand-shakes, in true pump-handle fashion, at short intervals, for he was strongly attached to his curate. They had been at the same college and on the same staircase, and although of different standing and very different characters, had taken to one another with a liking which had increased as years went on. Mr. Penniloe had an Englishman's love of field-sports; and though he had repressed it from devotion to his

calling, he was too good a Christian to condemn those who did otherwise.

"Chevithorne, I have wanted you most sadly," he said, as soon as his guest was reclad from his vady, and had done ample justice to rashers and eggs. "I am really ashamed of it, but fear greatly that I shall have to be down upon you again. Children, you may go and get a good run before dark. Things have been going on,—in fact the Lord has not seemed to prosper this work at all."

"If you are going to pour forth a cloud of sorrows you won't mind my blowing one of comfort." The rector was a pleasant man to look at, and a pleasant one to deal with if he liked his customer; but a much sharper man of the world than his curate, prompt, resolute, and penetrating, short in his manner, and when at all excited apt to indulge himself in the language of the laity. "Well," he said, after listening to the whole church history, "I am not a rich man, as you know, my friend. People suppose that a man with three livings must be rolling in money, and all that; they never think twice of the outgoings. And Jack goes to Oxford in January; that means something, as you and I know well; though he has promised me not to hunt there, and he is a boy who never goes back from his word. But chancel of course is my special business. Will you let me off for fifty, at any rate for the present? And don't worry yourself about the debt; we'll make it all right among us. Our hunt will come down with another fifty, if I put it before them to the proper tune, when they come back to work after this infernal muck. Only you mustn't look like this. The world gets worse and worse every day, and can't spare the best man it contains. You should have seen the rick of hay I bought last week, just because I didn't push my knuckles into it. Thought I could trust my brother Tom's churchwarden. And Tom laughs at me, which digs it in too hard. Had a rise out of him last

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summer though, and know how to do him again for Easter-offerings. Tom is too sharp for a man who has got no family; won't come down with two-pence for Jack's time at Oxford. And he has got all the Chevithorne estates, you know; nothing but the copyhold came to me. Always the way of the acres, with a man who could put a child to stand on every one of them. However, you never hear me complain. But surely you ought to get more out of those Waldrons. An offering to the Lord *in memoriam*, a proper view of chastisement; have you tried to work it up?"

"I have not been able to take that view of it," Mr. Penniloe answered, smiling for a moment, though doubtful of the right to do so. "How can I ask them for another farthing after what has happened? And leaving that aside, I am now in a position in which it would be unbecoming. You may have heard that I am trustee for a part of the Waldron estates, to secure a certain sum for the daughter, Nicie."

"Then that puts it out of the question," said the rector. "I know what those trust-plagues are; I call them a tax upon good repute; 'The friendly balm that breaks the head;' I never understood that passage, till in a fool's moment I accepted a trusteeship. However, go on with that Waldron affair. They are beginning to chaff me about it shamefully, now that their anger and fright are gone by. Poor as I am, I would give a hundred pounds for the sake of the parish to have it all cleared up. But the longer it goes on the darker it gets. You used to be famous for concise abstracts. Do you remember our Thucydides? Wasn't it old Short that used to put a year of the war on an oyster-shell, and you beat him by putting it on a thumbnail? Give us in ten lines all the theories of the great Perlycrucian mystery. Ready in a moment; I'll jot them down. What's the Greek for Perlycross? Puzzle even you, I think, that would.

Number them, one, two, and so on. There must be a dozen by this time."

Mr. Penniloe felt some annoyance at this too jocular view of the subject; but he bore in mind that his rector was not so sadly bound up with it as his own life was. So he set down, as offering the shortest form, the names of those who had been charged with the crime, either by the public voice or by private whisper. (1.) Fox. (2.) Gronow. (3.) Gowler. (4.) Some other medical man of those parts,—conjecture founded very often upon the last half-year's account. (5.) Lady Waldron herself. (6.) Some relative of hers, with or without her knowledge. "Now, I think that exhausts them," the curate continued; "and I will discuss them in that order. No. 1 is the general opinion still. I mean that of the great majority outside the parish, and throughout the county. None who knew Jemmy could conceive it, and those who know nothing of him will dismiss it, I suppose, when they hear of his long attachment to Miss Waldron. Nos. 2, 3, and 4, may also be dismissed, being founded in each case on personal dislikes, without a *scintilla* of evidence to back it. As regards probability, no. 4 would take the lead for Gronow and Gowler are out of the question. The former has given up practice, and hates it except for the benefit of his friends; and as for Gowler, he could have no earthly motive. He understood the case as well as if he had seen it, and his whole time is occupied with his vast London practice. But no. 4 also is reduced to the very verge of impossibility. There is no one at Exeter who would dream of such things: no country practitioner would dare it, even if the spirit of research could move him; and as for Bath and Bristol, I have received a letter from Gowler disposing of all possibility there."

"Who suggested no. 5? That seems a strange idea. What on earth should Lady Waldron do it for?"

"Gowler suggested it. I tell you in the strictest confidence, Chevithorne; of course you will feel that; I have told no one else, and I should not have told you, except that I want your advice about it. You have travelled in Spain; you know much of Spanish people. I reject the theory altogether; though Gowler is most positive, and laughs at my objections. You remember him, of course?"

"I should think so," said the rector; "a wonderfully clever fellow, but never much liked. Nobody could ever get on with him, but you; and two more totally different men—however, an opinion of his is worth something. What motive could he discover for it?"

"Religious feelings. Narrow if you like (for we are as Catholic as they are) but very strong, as one could well conceive, if only they suited the character. The idea would be that the wife, unable to set aside the husband's wishes openly or unwilling to incur the odium of it, was secretly resolved upon his burial elsewhere and with the rites which she considered needful."

"It is a most probable explanation. I wonder that it never occurred to you. Gowler has hit the mark. What a clever fellow! And see how it exculpates the parish! I shall go back with a great weight off my mind. Upon my soul, Penniloe, I am astonished that you had to go to London to find out this *a, b, c*. If I had been over here a little more often I should have hit upon it long ago."

"Chevithorne, I think that very likely," the curate replied, with the mildness of those who let others be rushed off their legs by themselves. "The theory is plausible; it accounts for everything, fits in with the very last discoveries, proves this parish, and even the English nation, guiltless. Nevertheless, it is utterly wrong, according at least to my view of human nature."

"Your view of human nature was

always too benevolent. That was why everybody liked you so. But, my dear fellow, you have lived long enough now to know that it only does for Christmas Day sermons."

"I have not lived long enough, and hope to do so never," Mr. Penniloe answered very quietly, but with a manner, which the other understood, of the larger sight looking over hat-crowns. "Will you tell me, Chevithorne, upon what points you rely? And then I will tell you what I think of them."

"Why, if it comes to argument, what chance have I against you? You can put things, and I can't. But I can sell a horse, and you can buy it—fine self-sacrifice on your side. I go strictly upon common sense. I have heard a lot of that Lady Waldron; I have had some experience of Spanish ladies; good and bad, no doubt, just as English ladies are. It is perfectly obvious to my mind that Lady Waldron has done all this."

"To my mind," replied Mr. Penniloe, looking steadfastly at the rector, "it is equally obvious that she has not."

"Upon what do you go?" asked the rector rather warmly, for he prided himself on his knowledge of mankind, though admitting very handsomely his ignorance of books.

"I go upon my faith in womankind." The curate spoke softly, as if such a thing were new, and truly it was not at all in fashion then. "This woman loved her husband; her grief was deep and genuine; his wishes were sacred to her. She is quite incapable of double-dealing; and indeed I would say, that if ever there was a straightforward, simple-hearted woman——"

"If ever, if ever," replied Mr. Chevithorne, with a fine indulgent smile. "But upon the whole, I think well of them. Let us have a game of draughts, my dear fellow, where the queens jump over all the poor men."

"Kings, we call them here," answered Mr. Penniloe.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

VAGABONDS.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Penniloe's anxiety about the growth of the church-debt was thus relieved a little, another of his troubles was by no means lightened through the visit of the rector. That nasty suspicion, suggested by Gowler and heartily confirmed by Chevithorne, was a very great discomfort, and even a torment, inasmuch as he had no one to argue it with. He reasoned with himself that, even if the lady were a schemer so heartless as to ruin a young man (who had done her no harm) that she might screen herself, as well as an actress so heaven-gifted as to impose on every one (both of which qualifications he warmly denied) yet there was no motive, so far as he could see, strong enough to lead her into such a crooked course. To the best of his belief she was far too indifferent upon religious questions: he had never seen, or heard, of a priest at Walderscourt; and although she never came to church with the others of the family, she had allowed her only daughter to be brought up as a Protestant. She certainly did not value our great nation quite so much as it values itself, and in fact was rather an ardent Spaniard, though herself of mixed race. But it seemed most unlikely that either religion or patriotism, or both combined, were strong enough to drive her into action contrary to her dead husband's wishes and to her own character, so far as an unprejudiced man could judge it.

There remained the last theory, no. 6, as aforesaid. To the curate it seemed the more probable one, although surrounded with difficulties. There might be some Spanish relative, or even one of another country, resolute to save the soul of Sir Thomas Waldron without equal respect for his body; and in that case it was just possible

that the whole thing might have been arranged, and done, without Lady Waldron's knowledge. But if that were so, what meant the visit of the foreigner, who had tried to escape his notice when he left the coach?

Before Mr. Penniloe could think it out, Jemmy Fox (who might have helped him, by way of Niece, upon that last point) was called away suddenly from Perlycross. His mother was obliged, in the course of nature, to look upon him now as everybody's prop and comfort, because her husband could not be regarded in that light any longer. And two or three things were coming to pass, of family import and issue, which could not go aright except through Jemmy's fingers. And of these things the most important was concerning his sister Christina.

"I assure you, Jemmy, that her state of mind is most unsatisfactory," the lady said to her son upon their very first consultation. "She does not care for any of her usual occupations. She takes no interest in parish matters. She let that wicked old Margery Daw get no less than three pairs of blankets, and Polly Church go without any at all,—at least she might, so far as Christie cared. Then you know that admirable Huggins' Charity, a loaf and three-halfpence for every cottage containing more than nine little ones; well, she let them pass the children from one house to another, and neither loaves nor halfpence held out at all! 'I'll make it good,' she said; 'what's the odds?' or something almost as vulgar. How thankful I was that Sir Henry did not hear her! 'Oh I wish he had, rayther,' she exclaimed with a toss of her head. You know that extremely low slangish way of saying *rayther* to everything. It does irritate me so, and she knows it. One would think that instead of desiring to please as excellent a man as ever lived, her one object was to annoy and disgust him. And she does not even confine herself to—to the language of good society. She

has come back from Perlycross with a sad quantity of Devonshirisms ; and she always brings them out before Sir Henry, who is, as you know, a fastidious man without any love of jocularities. And it is such a very desirable thing ; I did hope it would have been all settled before your dear father's birthday."

"Well, mother, and so it may easily be. The only point is this,—after all her bad behaviour, will Sir Henry come to the scratch?"

"My dear son! My dear Jemmy, what an expression! And with reference to wedded life! But if I understand your meaning, he is only waiting my permission to propose; and I am only waiting for a favourable time. The sweetest-tempered girl I ever saw; better even than yours, Jemmy, and yours has always been very fine. But now—and she has found out, or made up, some wretched low song, and she sings it down the stairs, or even comes singing it into the room, pretending that she does not see me;—all about the miseries of stepmothers. Oh, she is most worrying and aggravating; and to me, who have laboured so hard for her good! Sometimes I fancy that she must have seen somebody;—surely, it never could have been at Perlycross?"

"I'll put a stop to all that pretty smartly," the doctor exclaimed, with fine confidence. "But,—but perhaps it would be better, mother, for me not to seem to take Sir Henry's part too strongly; at any rate until things come to a climax. He is coming this afternoon, you said; let him pop the question at once, and if she dares to refuse him, then let me have a turn at her. She has got a rare tongue; but I think I know something,—at any rate, you know that I don't stand much nonsense."

They had scarcely settled their arrangements for her, when down the stairs came Christie looking wonderfully pretty; but her song was not of equal beauty.

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There was an old dog, and his name was "Shep;" Says he to his daughter, don't you ever be a Step.

She nodded to her mother very dutifully, and to her brother with a smile that made him laugh; and then she went out of the front-door almost as if she felt contempt for it.

"Won't do, won't do at all," said Jemmy. "She'll say 'no,' this afternoon. Girls never know what they are about. But better let him bring it to the point; and then leave it to me, mother. I understand her; and she knows I am not to be trifled with."

Sir Henry Haggerstone came in time for luncheon, showed no signs of nervousness, and got on very well with everybody. He knew something of everything that is likely to be talked of anywhere; and yet he had the knack of letting down his knowledge as a carpet for his friends to walk upon. Everybody thought: "Well, I have taught him something. He could not be expected to understand that subject; but now, from his own words, I feel that he will. What a fool Smith is, to be bothering a man like Sir Henry with the stuff that is *a, b, c* to him! I wonder that he could put up with it."

But however great Sir Henry was in powers of conversation, or even of auscultation, his eloquence, if there was any, fell flat, and his audience was brief, and the answer unmistakable. "It can't be, it mustn't be, it shan't be, at any price!" That last expression was a bit of slang, but it happened to fit the circumstances.

"But why can it not be? Surely, Miss Fox, I may ask you to give me some reason for that." The gentleman thought, "What a strange girl you are!" While the lady was thinking, "What a difference there is between an artificial man and a natural one!"

"What o'clock is it by that time-piece, if you please, Sir Henry Haggerstone?"

"Half-past two, within about two minutes."

"Thank you; can you tell me why it isn't half-past ten? Just because it isn't. And so now you understand."

"I am sorry to say that I do not very clearly. Probably it is very stupid of me. But can you not give me a little hope, Miss Fox?"

"Yes, a great deal and with my best wishes. There are thousands of nice girls, a thousand times nicer than I ever was, who would say 'yes,' in a minute."

"But the only one, whose 'yes' I want says 'no,' in less than half a minute!"

"To be sure she does, and means it all over; but begs to offer no end of thanks."

"Perhaps it is all for the best," he thought as he rode homeward slowly. "She is a very sweet girl; but of late she seems to have grown so fond of slang expressions—all very well for a man, but not at all what I like in a woman. I should have been compelled to break her of that trick; and even the sweetest-tempered woman hates to be corrected." This gentleman would have been surprised to hear that the phrases he disliked were used because he so thoroughly disliked them; which, to say the least, was unamiable.

"All settled? Hurrah! My dear Chris, let me congratulate you," cried Jemmy rushing in with a jaunty air, though he well knew what the truth was.

"Amen! It is a happy thing. That golden parallelogram, all tapered and well-rounded, will come to harass me no more."

"What a mixture of quotations! A girl alone could achieve it. A tapered parallelogram! But you have never been fool enough to refuse him?"

"I have been wise enough to do so."

"And soon you will be wise enough to think better of it. I shall take

good care to let him know that no notice is to be taken of your pretty little vagaries."

"Don't lose your temper, my dear Jemmy. As for taking notice of it, Sir Henry may be nothing very wonderful, but at any rate he is a gentleman."

"I am heartily glad that you have found that out. I thought nobody could be a gentleman unless he lived in a farm-house, and could do a day's ploughing, and shear his own sheep."

"Yes, oh yes! If he can roll his own pills, and mix his own black draughts, and stick a knife into any one."

"Now, it is no use trying to insult me, my dear girl. My profession is above all that."

"What, above its own business? Oh Jemmy, Jemmy! And yet, you know, you were afraid sometimes of leaving it all to that little boy George. However, George did the best part of it."

"Christie, I shall be off, because you don't know what you are talking of. I am sorry for any man who gets you."

"Ha! That depends upon whether I like him. If I do, wouldn't I polish his boots? If I don't, wouldn't I have the hair off his head?"

"Good-bye, my dear child, you will be better by and by."

"Stop," exclaimed Christie, who perceived that dear Jemmy preferred to have it out with her when she might be less ready; "don't be in such a hurry; there is no child with the measles, which is about the worst human complaint that you can cure. Just answer me one question. Have I ever interfered between you and Nicie Waldron?"

"The Lord look down upon me! What an idea! As if you could ever be so absurd!"

"The Lord looks down upon me also, Jemmy," said Christie, passing into a different mood. "And He gives me the right to see to my own

happiness without consulting you, any more than you do me."

The doctor made off without another word; for he was not a quarrelsome fellow, especially when he felt that he would get the worst of it. "Let her alone a bit," he told his mother. "She has been so much used to have her own way, that she expects to have it always. It will require a little judgment, and careful handling, to bring her out of her absurdities. You must not expect her to have the sense a man has; and she has got an idea that she is so clever, which makes her confoundedly obstinate. If you had heard how insolent she was to me, you would have been angry with her; but she cannot vex me with her childish little talk. I shall go for a thirty mile ride, dear mother, to get a little fresh air after all that. Don't expect me back to dinner. Be distant with her, and let her see that you are grieved; but give her no chance of arguing—if indeed she calls such stuff argument."

In a few minutes he was on the back of Perle (as he called the kindly and free-going little mare, who had brought him again from Perlycross) and trotting briskly towards the long curve of highlands which form the western bulwark of the Mendip Hills. The weather had been very mild and rather stormy ever since the Christmas frost broke up, and now in the first week of the year the air was quite gentle and pleasant. But the roads were heavy and very soft, as they always are in a thaw; and a great deal of water was out in the meadows, and even in the ditches alongside of the lanes. In a puzzle of country roads and commons, further from home than his usual track and very poorly furnished with guide-posts, Fox rode on without asking whither, caring only for the exercise and air, and absorbed in thought about the present state of things both at Perlycross and Foxden. To his quick perception and medical knowledge it was clear that his father's strength was

failing, gradually but without recall; and one of the very few things that can be done by medical knowledge is that it can tell us (when it likes) that it is helpless.

Now Jemmy was fond of his father, although there had been many breezes between them; and as nature will have it, he loved him a hundredfold now that he was sure to lose him. Moreover the change in his own position, which must ensue upon his father's death, was entirely against his liking. What he liked was simplicity, plain living, and plain speaking, with enough of this world's goods to help a friend in trouble, or a poor man in distress, but not enough to put one in a fright about the responsibility that turns the gold to lead. But now, if he should be compelled to take his father's place at Foxden as a landowner and a wealthy man, he must give up the practice of his beloved art, he must give up the active and changeful life, the free and easy manners, and the game with Bill and Dick, and assume the slow dignity and stiff importance, the consciousness of being an example and a law, and all the other briars and blackthorns in the paradise of wealth and station. Yet even while he sighed at the coming transformation, it never occurred to him that his sister was endowed with tastes no less simple than his own, and was not compelled by duty to forego them.

Occupied thus, and riding loose-reined without knowing or caring whither, he turned the corner of a high-banked lane and came upon a sight which astonished him. The deep lane ended with a hunting-gate leading to an open track across a level pasture, upon which the low sun cast long shadows of the rider's hat and shoulders and elbow lifted to unhasp the gate. Turning in the saddle he beheld a grand and fiery sunset, such as in mild weather often closes a winter but not wintry day.

A long cloud-bank, straight and

level at the base but arched and pulpy in its upper part, embosomed and turned into a deep red glow the yellow flush of the departing sun. Below this great volume of vapoury fire were long thin streaks of carmine, pencilled very delicately on a background of limpid hyaline. It was not the beauty of the sky however, nor the splendour, nor the subtlety, that made the young man stop and gaze. Fine sunsets he had seen by the hundred, and looked at them if there was time to spare; but what he had never seen before was the grandeur of the earth's reply. On the opposite side of the level land, a furlong or so in front of him, arose the great breastwork to leagues of plain: first a steep pitch of shale and shingle, channelled with storm-lines and studded with gorse; and then, from its crest, a tall crag towering, straight and smooth as a castle-wall. The rugged pediment was dark and dim and streaked with sombre shadows; but the bastion cliff above it mantled with a deep red glow, as if colour had its echo, in answer to the rich suffusion of that sunset cloud. Even the ivy and other creepers on its kindled face shone forth, like chaplets thrown upon a shield of ruddy gold; and all the environed air was thrilling with the pulses of red light.

Fox was smitten with rare delight, for he was an observant fellow, and even Perle's bright eyes expanded as if they had never seen such a noble vision. "I'll be up there before it is gone," cried Jemmy, like a boy in full chase of a rainbow; "the view from that crag must be glorious."

At the foot of the hill stood a queer little hostel, called *The Smoking Lime-kiln*; and there he led his mare into the stable, ordered some bread and cheese for half an hour later, and made off at speed for the steep ascent. Active as he was and sound of foot, he found it a slippery and awkward climb, on account of the sliding shingle; but after a sharp bout of leaping and

scrambling he stood at the base of the vertical rock, and looked back over the lowlands. The beauty of colour was vanishing now, and the glory of the clouds grown sombre, for the sun had sunk into a pale gray bed; but the view was vast and striking. The fairest and richest of English land, the broad expanse of the western plains for leagues and leagues rolled before him, deepening beneath the approach of night, and shining with veins of silver where three flooded rivers wound their way. Afar towards the north, a faint gleam showed the hovering of light above the Severn sea; whence slender clues of fog began to steal, like snakes, up the watercourses and the marshy inlets. Before there was time to watch them far, the veil of dusk fell over them, and things unwatched stood forth and took a prominence unaccountable, according to the laws of twilight arbitrary and mysterious.

Fox felt that the view had repaid his toil, and set his face to go down again, with a tendency towards bread and cheese; but his very first step caused such a slide of shingle and loose ballast, that he would have been lucky to escape with a broken bone had he followed it. Thereupon instead of descending there, he thought it wiser to keep along the ledge at the foot of the precipice, and search for a safer track down the hill. None however presented itself, until he had turned the corner of the limestone crag and reached its southern side, where the descent became less abrupt and stony. Here he was stepping sideways down, for the pitch was still sharp and dangerous, and the daylight failing in the blinks of hill, when he heard a loud shout—"Jemmy! Jemmy!"—which seemed to spring out of the earth at his feet. In the start of surprise he had shaped his lips for the answering halloa, when good luck more than discretion saved him; for both his feet slipped, and his breath was caught. By a quick turn he recovered balance; but the check had given him time to think, and spying a

stubby cornel-bush, he came to a halt behind it and looked through the branches cautiously.

Some twenty yards further down the hill he saw a big man come striding forth from the bowels of the earth, as it seemed at first, and then standing with his back turned and the haze beyond enlarging him. And then again that mighty shout rang up the steep and down the valley—"Jemmy, Jemmy, come back, I tell thee; or I'll let thee know what's what!"

Fox kept close and crouched in his bush, for he never had seen such a man till now, unless it were in a caravan; and a shudder ran through him, as it came home that his friend down there could with one hand rob, throttle, and throw him down a mining-shaft. This made him keep a very sharp look-out, and have one foot ready for the lightest of leg-bail.

Presently a man of moderate stature, who could have walked under the other's arm, came panting and grumbling back again from a bushy track leading downwards. He flung something on the ground and asked: "What be up now, to vetch me back up-hill for? Harvey, there bain't no sense in 'e. Maight every bit as well a' had it out over a half pint of beer."

"Sit you there, Jem," replied the other, pressing him down on a ledge of stone with the weight of one thumb on his shoulder. Then he sat himself down on a higher ridge, and pulled out a pipe, with a sigh as loud as the bellows of a forge could compass; and then slowly spread upon the dome of his knee a patch of German punk, and struck sparks into it.

There was just light enough for Fox to see that the place where they sat was the mouth of a mining shaft, or sloping adit, over the rough stone crown of which, standing as he did upon a higher level, he could descry their heads and shoulders, and the big man's fingers as he moved them round his pipe. Presently a whiff of coarse

brown smoke came floating uphill to the doctor's nostrils; and his blood ran cold, as he began to fear that this great Harvey must be the Harvey Tremlett of whom he had heard from Mr. Penniloe.

"Made up my maind I have. Can't stand this no longer," said the big man, with the heavy drawl which nature has inflicted upon very heavy men. "Can't get no more for a long day's work than a hop o' my thumb like you does."

"And good raison why, mate. Do e' ever do a hard day's work?" Fox could have sworn that the smaller throat gave utterance to the larger share of truth. "What be the vally of big arms and legs when a chap dothn't care to make use of 'un?"

But the big man was not controversial. Giants are generally above that weakness. He gave a long puff, and confined himself to facts. "Got my money, and d—d little it is. And now I means to hook it. You can hang on, if you be vule enough."

"What an old Turk it is!" Jem replied reproachfully. "Did ever you know me throw you over, Harvey? Who is it brings you all the luck? Tell 'e what,—let's go back to Clampits. What a bit o' luck that loud-erin' wor!"

"Hor, hor, hor!" the big man roared. "A purty lot they be to Perlycrass! To take Jemmy Kettel for a gentleman! And a doctor, too! Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Doctor Jemmy Vox Kettel! Licensed to deal in zalts and zenna, powders, pills, and boluses! Oh! Jemmy, Jemmy, my eye, my eye!"

"Could do it, I'll be bound, as well as he doth. A vaine doctor, to dig up the squire of the parish, and do it wrong way too, they zay of 'un! Vaine doctor, wasn't 'un? Oh Lord! Oh Lord!"

As these two rovers combined in a hearty roar of mirth at his expense, Dr. Jemmy Fox, instead of being grateful for a purely impartial opinion, gave way to ill feeling, and stamped

one foot in passionate remonstrance. Too late he perceived that this movement of his had started a pebble below the cornel-bush and sent it rolling down the steep. Away went the pebble with increasing skips, and striking the crown of the pit-mouth flew just over the heads of the uncouth jokers.

"Halloa, Jemmy, anybody up there? Just you goo and look, my boy."

Fox shrunk into himself, as he heard those words in a quicker roar coming up to him. If they should discover him, his only chance would be to bound down the hill, reckless of neck and desperate of accident. But the light of the sky at the top of the hill was blocked by the rampart of rock, and so there was nothing for him to be marked upon.

"Nort but a badger, or a coney there, I reckon," Jem Kettel said, after peering up the steep; and just then a rabbit of fast style of life whisked by. "Goo on, Harvey. You han't offered me no 'bacco!"

"You tak' and vinish 'un," said the lofty-minded giant, poking his pipe between the other fellow's teeth. "And now you give opinion, if the Lord hath gived thee any."

"Well, I be up for bunkum, every bit so much as you be. But where shall us be off to? That's the p'int of zettlement. Clampits, I say; roaring fun there, and the gim'-keepers aveared of 'e."

"Darsn't goo there yet, I tell 'e. Last thing old moother did was to send me word, passon to Perlycrass had got the tip on me. Don't want no bother with them blessed beaks again."

"Wonder you didn't goo and twist the passon's neck." The faithful mate looked up at him, as if the captain had failed of his duty unaccountably.

"Wouldn't touch a hair of that man's head, if it wor here atwixt my two knees." Harvey Tremlett brought his fist down on his thigh with a

smack that made the stones ring round him. "Tell 'e why, Jem Kettel. He have took my little Zip along of his own chiller, and a' maneth to make a lady on her. And a lady the little wench hath a right to be,—just you say the contrairy—if hanncient vam'ley, and all that, have right to count. Us Tremletts was here long afore they Waldrons."

The smaller man appeared afraid to speak. He knew the weak point of the big man perhaps, and that silence oils all such bearings.

"Tull 'e what, Jemmy," said the other coming round, after stripping his friend's mouth of his proper pipe; "us 'll go up country,—shoulder packs and be off, soon as ever the moon be up. Like to see any man stop me, I would"

He stood up with the power of his mighty size upon him; a man who seemed fit to stop an avalanche, and able to give as much trouble about stopping him.

"All right; I be your man," replied the other, speaking as if he were quite as big, and upon the whole more important. "Bristol fust, and then Lunnon, if so please 'e; always a bit of louderin' there. But that remindeth me of Perlycrass. Us be bound to be back by fair-time, you know; can't afford to miss old Timberlegs."

"Time enow for that," Harvey Tremlett answered. "Zix or zeven weeks yet to Perlycrass fair. What time wor it as old Timberlegs ap'ointed?"

"Ten o'clock at naight, by churchyard wall. Reckon the old man hath another job of louderin' handy. What a spree that wor, and none a rap the wiser! Come along, Harvey, let's have a pint at the *Kiln*, to drink good luck to this here new start."

The big man took his hat off, while the other jumped nimbly on a stump and flung over his head the straps of both their bundles; and then with a few more leisurely and peaceful oaths they quitted their stony platform, and began to descend the winding paths

from which Jem Kettel had been recalled.

Fox was content for a minute or two with peeping warily after them, while his whole frame tingled with excitement, wrath, and horror, succeeded by a burning joy at the knowledge thus vouchsafed to him by a higher power than fortune. As soon as he felt certain that they could not see him, even if they looked back again, he slipped from his lurking-place, and at some risk of limb set off in a straighter course than theirs for the public-house in the valley where a feeble light was twinkling. From time to time he could hear the two rovers laughing at their leisure, probably with fine enjoyment of very bad jokes at his expense. But he set his teeth, and made more speed, and keeping his distance from them easily arrived first at the inn, where he found his bread and cheese set forth in a little private parlour having fair view of the bar.

This suited him well, for his object was to obtain so clear a sight of them that no change of dress or disguise should cast any doubt upon their identity; and he felt sure that they were wending hither to drink good speed to their enterprise. There was not much fear of their recognizing him even if his face were known to them, which he did not think at all likely. But he provided against any such mishap by paying his bill beforehand, and placing his candle so that his face was in the dark. Then he fell to and enjoyed his bread and cheese, for the ride and the peril had produced fine relish, and a genuine Cheddar (now sighed for so vainly) did justice to his nativity. He also enjoyed, being now in safety, the sweet sense of turning the tables upon his wanton and hateful deriders. For sure enough, while his mouth was full and the froth on his ale was winking at him, in came those two scoffing fellows followed by a dozen other miners. It appeared to be pay-night, and generous men were shedding sixpences on

one another; but Fox saw enough to convince him that the rest fought shy of his two acquaintances. When he saw this, a wild idea occurred to him for a moment; was it not possible to arrest that pair, with the aid of their brother miners? But a little consideration showed the folly of such a project. He had no warrant, no witness, no ally, and he was wholly unknown in that neighbourhood. And even if the miners should believe his tale would they combine to lay hands on brother workmen, and deliver them over to the mercies of the law? Even if they would, it was doubtful that they could, sturdy fellows though they were.

But the young man was so loth to let these two vagabonds get away, that his next idea was to bribe somebody to follow them, and keep them in view until he should come in chase, armed with the needful warrant and supported by stout *posse comitatus*. He studied the faces of his friends at the bar, to judge whether any were fitted for the job. Alas, among all those rough and honest features there was not a spark of craft, nor a flash of swift intelligence. If one of them were put to watch another, the first thing he would do would be to go and tell him of it. And what Justice of the Peace would issue warrant upon a stranger's deposition of hearsays? Much against his will Jemmy Fox perceived that there was nothing for it but to give those two rogues a wide berth for the present, keep his own counsel most jealously, and be ready to meet them at Perlycross fair. And even so, on his long homeward ride he thought that the prospect was brightening in the west, and that he with his name cleared might come forward, and assert his love for the gentle Nicie.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TWO PUZZLES.

"THEN if I understand aright, Lady Waldron, you wish me to drop all further efforts for the detection of

those miscreants? And that too at the very moment when we had some reason to hope that we should at last succeed. And all the outlay, which is no trifle, will have been simply thrown away! This course is so extraordinary, that you will not think me inquisitive if I beg you to explain it."

Mr. Webber, the lawyer, was knitting his forehead, and speaking in a tone of some annoyance, and much doubt as to the correctness of his own reluctant inference. Meanwhile the Spanish lady was glancing at him with some dismay, and then at Mr. Penniloe, who was also present, for the morning's discussion had been of business matters.

"No, I doubt very much if you quite comprehend," she answered, with Mr. Penniloe's calm eyes fixed upon her. "I did not propose to speak entirely like that. What I was desirous of describing to you is, that to me it is less of eagerness to be going on with so much haste until the return of my dear son. He for instance will direct things, and with his great,—great command of the mind, will make the proceedings to succeed, if it should prove possible for the human mind to do it. And there is no one in this region that can refuse him anything."

Mr. Penniloe saw that she spoke with some misgivings, and shifted her gaze from himself to the lawyer and back again, with more of enquiry, and less of dictation, than her usual tone conveyed.

"The matter is entirely one for your ladyship's own decision," replied Mr. Webber, beginning to fold up the papers he had submitted. "Mr. Penniloe has left that to us, as was correct, inasmuch as it does not concern the trust. I will stop all enquiries at once, upon receiving your instructions to that effect."

"But—but I think you do not well comprehend. Perhaps I could more clearly place it with the use of my own tongue. It is nothing more than this. I wish that my dear son

should not give up his appointment as officer, and come back to this country for altogether nothing. I wish that he should have the delight of thinking that—that it shall be of his own procurement to unfold this mysterious case. Yes, that is it, that is all that I wish, to let things wait a little, until my son comes."

If either of her listeners had been very keen, or endowed with the terrier-nose of suspicion, he would have observed perhaps that the lady had found some relief from an after-thought, and was now repeating it as a happy hit. But Mr. Penniloe was too large, and Mr. Webber too rough of mind, in spite of legal training, to pry into a lady's little turns of thought.

"Very well, madam," said the lawyer, rising, "that finishes our business for to-day, I think. But I beg to congratulate you on your son's return. I cannot call to mind that I have heard of it before. Every one will be delighted to see him; even in his father's time everybody was full of him. When may we hope to see him, Lady Waldron?"

"Before very long, I have reason for good hope," the lady replied, with a smile restoring much of the beauty of her careworn face. "I have not heard the day yet; but I know that he will come. He has to obtain permission from all the proper authorities, of course. And that is like your very long and very costly processes of the Great British law, Mr. Webber. But now I will entreat of you to excuse me any more; I have given very long attention. Mr. Webber, will you then oblige me by being the host to Mr. Penniloe? The refreshment is in the approximate room."

"Devilish fine woman," Mr. Webber whispered, as her ladyship sailed away. "Wonderfully clever too! How she does her w's—I don't know much about them, but I always understood that there never was any one born out of England who could

make head or tail of his w's. Why, she speaks English quite like a native! But I see you are looking at me. Shocking manners, I confess, to swear in the presence of a parson, sir; though plenty of them do it—ha, ha, ha!—in their own absence, I suppose.”

“It is not my presence, Mr. Webber. That makes it neither better nor worse; but the presence of God is everywhere.”

“To be sure! So it is. Come into the next room. Her ladyship said we should find something there. I suppose we sha’n’t see Missy though,” said the lawyer as he led the parson to the luncheon-table. “She fights very shy of your humble servant now; girls never forgive that sort of thing. I don’t often make such a mistake though, do I? And it was my son Waldron’s fault altogether. Waldron is a sharp fellow, but not like me; can’t see very far into a milestone. Pity to stop the case before we cleared Fox. I don’t understand this new turn though. A straw shows the way the wind blows; something behind the scenes, Mr. Penniloe; more than meets the eye. Is it true that old Fox is dropping off the hooks?”

“If you mean to ask me, Mr. Webber, what I have heard about his state of health, I fear that there is little hope of his recovery. Dr. Fox returns to-morrow, as you may have heard through,—through your especial agents. You know what my opinion is of that proceeding on your part.”

“Yes, you spoke out pretty plainly; and by George, you were right, sir! As fine a property as any in the county; I had no idea it was half as much. Why, bless my heart sir, Jemmy Fox will be worth his £8,000 a year, they tell me!”

“I am glad that his worth,” Mr. Penniloe said quietly, “is sufficient *per annum* to relieve him from your very dark suspicion.”

“Got me there!” replied Webber, with a laugh. “Ah, you parsons always beat the lawyers. Bury us,

don’t you, if you find no other way? But we get the last fee after all; probate, sir, probate is an expensive thing. Well, I must be off; I see my gig is ready. If you can make my peace with Jemmy Fox, say a word for me. After all it looked uncommonly black, you know, and young men should be forgiving.”

Scarcely had his loud steps ceased to ring when a very light pit-a-pit succeeded, and Mr. Penniloe found himself in far more interesting company. Nicie came softly, and put back her hair, and offered her lovely white forehead to be kissed, and sat down with a smile that begged pardon for a sigh. “Oh, Uncle Penniloe, I am so glad! I thought I should never have a talk with you again. My fortune has been so frightful lately; everything against me, the same as it has been with this dear little soul here.”

She pointed to Jess, the wounded one, who trotted in cheerfully upon three legs, with the other strapped up in a white silk pouch. The little dog wagged her tail, and looked up at the clergyman with her large eyes full of soft gratitude and love, as by that reflex action, which a dog’s eyes have without moving, they took in, and told their intense delight in that vigilant nurse, and sweet comrade, Nicie.

“Oh, she is so proud,” Miss Waldron said, looking twice as proud herself; “this is the first time that she has had the privilege of going upon three legs without anybody’s hand; and she does think so much of herself! Jess, go and show Uncle Penniloe what she can do now her health is coming back. Jess, go and cut a little caper,—very steadily, you know, for fear of going twisty; and keep her tail up, all the time! Now, Jess, come, and have a pretty kiss, because she has earned it splendidly.

“She takes my breath away, because she is so good,” continued Nicie, leaning over her. “I have

studied her character for six weeks now, and there is not a flaw to be found in it, unless it is a noble sort of jealousy. *Pixie*,"— here Jess uttered a sharp small growl, and showed a few teeth as good as ever—"I must not mention his name again, because it won't do to excite her; but he is out in the cold altogether, because he has never shown any heroism. No, no, he sha'n't come, Jesse; he is locked up for want of chivalry. Oh, Uncle Penniloe, there is one question I have long been wanting to ask you. Do you think it possible for even God to forgive the man,—the brute I mean—who slashed this little dear like that, for being so loving and so true?"

"My dear child," Mr. Penniloe replied, "I have just been saying to myself, how like your dear father you are growing,—in goodness and kindness of face, I mean. But when you look like that, the resemblance is quite lost. I should never have thought you capable of such a ferocious aspect."

"Ah, that is because you don't know what I can do." But as she spoke, her arched brows were relaxing, and her flashing eyes filled with their usual soft gleam. "You forget that I am half a Spaniard still, or at any rate a quarter one, and therefore I can be very terrible sometimes. Ah, you should have seen me the other day; I let somebody know who I am! He thought perhaps that butter wouldn't melt in my mouth. Did not I astonish him, the impertinent low wretch?"

"Why, Niece, this is not at all like you! I always quote you as a model of sweet temper. Who can have aroused your angry passions thus?"

"Oh, never mind. I should like to tell you, and I want to tell you very much; but I am not permitted, though I don't know why. My mother has begged me particularly not to speak of that man who came,—gentleman, I suppose he would call himself—but there, I am telling you

all about him! And mother is so different, and so much more humble now. If she were still as unfair as she was, I should not be so particular. But she seems to be so sad, and so mysterious now, without accusing any one. And so I will not say a word against her orders. You would not wish it, Uncle Penniloe, I am sure."

"Certainly not, my dear; I will not ask another question. I have noticed that your mother is quite different myself. I hope she is not falling into really bad health."

"No, I don't think that; but into frightfully low spirits. We have enough to account for that, haven't we, Uncle Penniloe? To think of my dear father, all this time! What can I do? I am so wretchedly helpless. I try to trust in God, and to say to myself—'What does the earthly part matter, after all? When the soul is with the Lord, or only waiting for His time, and perhaps rewarded all the better—because—because of wicked treatment here.' But oh, it won't do, Uncle Penniloe, it won't, when I think how noble and how good he was, and to be treated in that way! And then I fall away, and cry, and sob, and there comes such a pain—such a pain in my heart, that I have no breath left, and can only lie down, and pray that God would take me to my father. Is it wicked? I suppose it is; but how am I to help it?"

"No, my dear, it is not wicked to give way sometimes." The parson's voice was tremulous at sight of her distress, and remembrance of his own not so very long ago. "Sorrow is sent to all of us, and doubtless for our good; and if we did not feel it, how could we be at all improved by it? But you have borne it well, my child; and so has your good mother, considering how the first sad blow has been doubled and prolonged so strangely. But now it will be better for you, ever so much better, Niece, with your dear brother home again."

"But when will that be? Perhaps

not for years. We do not even know where he is. They were not likely to stay long in Malta; he may be at the Cape of Good Hope by this time, if the ship has had long enough to get there. Everything seems to be so much against us."

"Are you sure that you are right, my dear?" Mr. Penniloe asked with no little surprise. "From what your mother said just now, I hoped that I should see my old pupil very soon."

"I am afraid not, Uncle Penniloe. My dear mother seems to confuse things a little, or not quite to understand them; through her late illness, no doubt it is. We have not had a word from Tom, since that letter which had such a wonderful effect, as I told you, when you were gone to London. And then, if you remember, he had no idea how long they were to be at Valetta. And he said nothing about their future movements very clearly; so full of his duties, no doubt, that he had no time to write long particulars. Even now he may never have heard of,—of what has happened, and our sad condition. They may have been at sea, ever since he wrote; soldiers can never tell where they may have to be."

"That has always been so, and is a part of discipline;" the parson was thinking of the centurion and his men. "But even if your letter should have gone astray, they must have seen some English newspapers, I should think."

"Tom is very clever, as you know, Uncle Penniloe; but he never reads a word when he can help it. And besides that, it is only fair to remember that he is under Government. And the Government never neglects an opportunity of turning right into left, and the rest upside down. If all the baggage intended for their draft was sent to the West Indies, because they were ordered to the East, it ought to follow that their letters would go too. But the worst of it is that one cannot be sure they

will stick to a mistake, after making it."

"It is most probable that they would; especially if it were pointed out to them. Your dear father told me that they never forgive anybody for correcting them. But how then could your mother feel so sure about Tom's coming home almost immediately?"

"It puzzles me, until I have time to think," answered Nicie, looking down. "She has never said a word to me about it, beyond praying and hoping for Tom to come home. Oh, I know, or at least I can guess, how! She may have had a dream; she believes firmly in her dreams, and she has not had time to tell me yet."

Mr. Penniloe had no right to seek further, and no inclination so to do. The meanest and most sneaking understrapper of that recent addition to our liberal institutions, the "Private Enquiry Firm," could never have suspected Nicie Waldron, after looking at her, of any of those subterfuges, which he (like a slack-skinned worm) wriggles into. But on the other hand who could suppose that Lady Waldron would endeavour to mislead her own man of business by a trumpery deceit? And yet who was that strange visitor, of whom her daughter was not allowed to speak?

Unable to understand these things, the curate shortly took his leave, being resolved, like a wise man, to think as little as he could about them, until Time, that mighty locksmith at whom even Love rarely wins the latest laugh, should bring his skeleton key to bear on the wards of this enigma. What else can a busy man do, when puzzled even by his own affairs? And how much more must it be so in the business of other persons, which he doubts his right to meddle with? Perhaps it would have been difficult to find any male member of our race more deeply moved by the haps and mishaps of

his fellow-creatures than this parson of Perlycross; and yet he could take a rosier view for most of them than they took for themselves. So when he left the grounds of Walderscourt, he buttoned up his spencer, and stepped out bravely, swinging his stick vigorously, and trusting in the Lord.

"What did 'e hat me vor, like that?" cried a voice of complaint from a brambled ditch, outside a thick copse known as Puddicombe Wood. Mr. Penniloe had not got his glasses on, and was grieved to feel rather than to see, although he was at the right end of his stick, that he had brought it down (with strong emphasis of a passage in his coming sermon) on the head of a croucher in that tangled ditch. "Oh, I beg your pardon! I am so sorry; I had not the least idea there was anybody there. I was thinking of the sower, and the tares that choke the seed. But get up, and let me see what I have done. What made you hide yourself down there? I am not the gamekeeper. Why, it is Sam Speccotty! Poaching again, I am afraid, Sam. But I hope I have not hurt you so very much."

"Bruk' my head in two, that's what you have done, Passon. Oh, you can't goo to tell on me, after hatting me on the brains with club-stick! Ooh, ooh, ooh! I be gooing to die I be."

"Speccotty, no lies, and no shamming!" Mr. Penniloe put on his spectacles, for he knew his customer well enough,—a notorious poacher, but very seldom punished, because he was considered "a natural." "This is no club-stick, but a light walking-stick; and between it and your head there was a thick briar, as well as this vast mop of hair. Let me see what you have got under that tree-root."

Sam had been vainly endeavouring to lead his minister away from his own little buried napkin, or rather sack of hidden treasure. "Turn it

out," commanded the parson surprised at his own austerity. "A brace of cock-pheasants, a couple of wood-cocks, two couple of rabbits, and a leash of hares! Oh Sam, Sam, what have you done? Speccotty, I am ashamed of you!"

"Bain't no oother chap within ten maile," said Speccotty, regarding the subject from a different point of view, "as could a' dooded that since dree o'clock this marnin'; now Passon, do 'e know of wan?"

"I am happy to say that I do not, neither do I wish for his acquaintance. Give up your gun, Sam. Even if I let you off, I insist upon your tools, as well as all your plunder."

"Han't a got no goon," replied the poacher, looking slyly at the parson, through the rough shock of his hair. "Never vired a goon, for none on 'un; knows how to vang 'un wi'out thickey."

"I can well believe that." Mr. Penniloe knew not a little of poachers from his boyish days, and was not without that secret vein of sympathy for them which every sportsman has, so long as they elude and do not defy the law. "But I must consider what I shall do. Send all this to my house to-night, that I may return it to the proper owners. Unless you do that, you will be locked up to-morrow."

"Oh Passon, you might let me have the roberts, to make a few broth for my old mooter."

"Not a hair, nor a feather shall you keep. Your mother shall have some honest broth,—but none of your stolen rabbits, Speccotty. You take it so lightly, that I fear you must be punished."

"Oh don't 'e give me up, sir. Oh, my poor head do go round so! Don't 'e give me up, for God's sake, Passon. Two or dree things I can tell 'e, as 'e 'd give the buttons off thy coat to know on. Do 'e mind when the Devil was seen on Hagdon Hill, the day avore the good lady varled all down the Harseshoe?"

"I do remember hearing some

foolish story, Sam, and silly people being frightened by some strange appearances, very easily explained, no doubt."

"You volk, as don't zee things, can make 'un any colour to your own liking. But I tell 'e old Nick goosed into the body of a girt wild cat up there; and to this side of the valley, her be toorned to a black dog. Zayeth so in the Baible, don't 'un?"

"I cannot recall any passage, Sam, to that effect; though I am often surprised by the knowledge of those who use Holy Scripture for argument much more freely than for guidance. And I fear that is the case with you."

"Whuther a' doosed it, or whuther a' did not, I be the ekal of 'un, that I be. When her coom to me a gapin'

and a yawnin', I up wi' bill-hook, and I g'ied 'un zummat. If 'tis gone back to hell 'a harth, a' wun't coom out again, I reckon, wi'out Sam Spec-cotty's mark on 'un. 'Twill zave 'e a lot of sarmons, Passon. Her 'on't want no more knocking on the head this zide of Yester, to my reckoning. Hor! Passon be gone a'ready; a' don't want to hear of that. Taketh of his trade away. Ah, I could tell 'un zomethin', if a' wadn't such a softie."

Mr. Penniloe had hastened on, and no longer swung his holly-stick; not through fear of knocking any more skulking poachers on the head, but from the sadness which always fell upon him at thought of the dark and deadly blow the Lord had been pleased to inflict on him.

(To be continued.)

THE PORTRAIT OF A MOONSHEE.

"A MOONSHEE wishes for an interview," the messenger said.

"Does he have a chair?"

"He has never been before; but doubtless he does not have one."

"Show him in."

The place was the ancient Hindoo city of Muttra, and the time was early November. French windows opened into the garden, and a sweet scent came in from the white trumpet-shaped flowers of two lofty *Millingtonias* (a genus of *bignonia*) then just in bloom.

A man of middle height entered, rather strongly built, but not portly. He wore on his head a small, compact turban, and was plainly dressed in white, with a dark buckram jacket underneath, for the mornings were fresh. His rosary of a hundred beads hung from his side, tucked into his waistband. He was very modest, too much so indeed, putting a single finger to his lip instead of "no," speaking softly, and lifting the hem of his linen coat to his mouth if a smile overtook him. On enquiring into his antecedents, I found that he had been a Moonshee to one or two officers, especially to a certain Colonel Allgood, but had lately kept a school with little pecuniary success. And, having heard that the person he was calling upon had a taste for picking up old customs, adages, proverbs, &c., he had paid his visit to enquire whether he could be of any service. The answer was that as Muttra was such a renowned place among the Hindoos, and in the heart of the country especially connected with the myth of Krishna (the district of the twenty-four woods), it seemed advisable to use the opportunity for collecting Hindoo folk-lore, and it was feared such information would not interest him. He replied

that certainly the absurdities of idol-worshippers had not engaged his attention, but in the particular of proverbs he would be able to supply materials, and highly pleased to do so. As it was found he did not want anything, he was asked to take a chair, but shook his head deprecatingly; and, at length, under friendly pressure, sat down cross-legged on the carpet. When his face came thus more completely in view, it was observed that his features were of the modified Afghan type, which indicates some connection with the Islam of foreign origin.

The time at which this intercourse commenced may be roughly designated as before the Mutiny. That tremendous outbreak is still the epoch by which dates are fixed by the illiterate—before the Mutiny, or some ten years after the Mutiny, and so on; and the siege of Bhurtpore in 1826 had, in that part of India, previously served a similar purpose. This method of reckoning seems to have been always Oriental. The prophet Amos, when specifying the period of his first divine impulse, says that it was two years before the Earthquake.

The Moonshee's name was Kumr-ood-Deen, which being interpreted signifies the Moon of the Faith, the faith, that is, of Islam; and it may be at once admitted that he knew nothing about the religion, literature, or philosophy of his compatriots, the Hindoos; nor, indeed, was he willing to allow that anything existed among them worth the attention of intelligent students. It seemed useless, therefore, to employ his aid in collecting the information then in view. However, his scale of remuneration was so modest, and his programme of instruction so easy and enticing, that

terms were eventually agreed upon, and he took his place in the household as a familiar figure. He was a correct Persian scholar and well versed in the higher Oordoo, but very slightly acquainted with Arabic. He had been taught, however, to read the sacred language aloud, with the proper pronunciation, but without understanding it at all. The blind are often trained to become reciters of the Koran, and will complete it during Ramazan, within a given time. Such practices draw near the prayer-wheel of Thibet.

In mentioning the plan of study proposed by Kumr-ood-Deen, it must not be supposed that its merely dilettante character escaped notice. There is no primrose path to learning; but the idea rose out of confessions freely made. The disposal of time did not admit of much leisure. First, there was the daily task, next, a curiosity after customs and habits, and lastly a portion of the day distinctly claimed for folly. "Never forget Folly (*Nicht ohne Narrheit*)" had been a motto adopted from Mr. Merryman in the Prologue for the Theatre, with a view to the health both of mind and body.

The Moonshee's proposal then was, that he should read certain Oordoo books, almost entirely of a poetical kind, and cull out of them the effective passages. There was to be a short lesson before breakfast, in which the general character of the book should be described with illustrative anecdotes of the writer. The full meaning of the extracts was to be pointed out, and if anything of force or beauty came to light, it was to be copied into a commonplace book. It may be mentioned here that the assistance in proverbs did not come to much; the selector introduced many which were found to be translations from the Arabic, and more confusing than useful.

Kumr-ood-Deen's curriculum was an effeminate one. The student was to be nurtured on anthology; no solid food in the diet, only whipped creams.

But the old man held his post for years, and the unscholarlike sipping went on too; and though much was speedily forgotten, some little superficial knowledge must have been attained. Elderly would be a fitter term than old, for my tutor was not fifty when he first appeared; but his profession of schoolmaster and his shaven head gave him an occasional aspect of gravity befitting a veteran.

It would be out of place to dwell on treasures discovered during the studies, but two brief specimens may be given, where both thought and form appeal in some degree to Western taste. Both, it is believed, are from the pen of Mahommed Ruffee of Lucknow, whose poetical name was Souda, or Madness, and who flourished between 1710 and 1780.

Betimes.

Create, if so you can,
When youth is bright;
Long is the revel's plan,
And swift the night.

The translation is quite literal; the following, though a little more free, preserves the refrain exactly.

Transience.

The bubble on the flowing stream
Stays, stays, but does not stay;
Dew on the rose in morning's beam
Stays, stays, but does not stay.
Ah! precious life, so thy sweet dream
Stays, stays, but does not stay.

It was soon found that Kumr-ood-Deen had received impressions from the aforesaid Colonel Allgood (the name has been altered) which were never likely to pass away. The Moonshee had been a sort of secretary to the Colonel *sahib*, and had written letters for him in his pursuit of knowledge, for he was an archæologist especially addicted to old coins. The secretary thought this passion frivolous. There might be interest in the coins of Mahomedan kings, but what money the idol-worshippers may have struck before the coming of Mustapha seemed a matter of profound indifference. It was not, how

ever, the Colonel's curiosity which excited admiration, but his firmness, his decision and bravery, above all, his justice.

"He begged a coolie's pardon one day," exclaimed his eulogist, with raised eyebrows, "when he had wrongly accused him through misinformation!"

It has always seemed encouraging to think that the desire of integrity need not perish, that it may drop seed and propagate itself; and that, perhaps, a good life does as much to consolidate the British power as prowess in arms. It is really true that though the Colonel was dead before the call at Muttra, Kumr-ood-Deen guided himself very much by his former patron, and, as shall be shown directly, was kept out of trouble during the Mutiny by the recollection of his character.

News of the studies having spread among the educated curious in the city, visits were paid by Mahomedan officials, pleaders, and others, of whose poetical achievements no suspicion had ever previously existed. Conversation on ordinary topics would proceed, and then suddenly the morning caller would look shy, and with some confusion disclose that he was *Lion*, or *Witness*, or *Spark*, or some other of the strange appellations the rhyming brotherhood assume when they put on their singing-robcs. Some poems were still in manuscript, and a desire was shown to recite them; others had reached lithography and were collected in a Deewan. One gentleman edited a magazine in prose, with a healthy circulation of thirty-five, and invited contributions. With the aid of the Moonsee's pen one was sent on the electric telegraph, and appeared next to an article on Seth the third son of Adam, who, it was stated, had received no less than fifty short revelations from the Supreme Being. Thus strangely do the centuries clash in the circumstances of our position in India. The tolerable, or intolerable, poetry of my visitors imitated Persian forms, and

made use of Sooffee extravagances about the beloved one, the cup-bearer, the tavern-keeper, and all the rest of it, but appeared wholly insincere and inanimate.

Kumr-ood-Deen, when he had laid aside his modesty, was by no means free from some theatrical affectations. One morning he came in obviously excited and disturbed; he frequently covered his mouth, and shook as with intellectual effervescence. As he clearly wished to be asked what was the matter, the question was put, and it turned out that he had been perusing the writings of Jafur Zuttullee, or Jafur the buffoon, whose extreme facetiousness was the cause of this pantomime; and, indeed, he mentioned that the recital of portions of this humourist in a party of friends was apt to produce rolling and convulsions, not without danger of internal rupture. As Jafur, however, took a broader view of life than is considered admissible at the present epoch, he need not be quoted, nor would his name have been mentioned, except for one circumstance. M. Garcin de Tassy, in his *History of Hindoostanee Literature*, does not mention Jafur's macaronics. It may contribute an item to the biography of that curious description of composition, to record that Jafur (who wrote in the time of our Queen Anne and the First George) concocted a mixture of Persian and Oordoo exactly on the lines of the piece which commences *Trumpeter unus erat qui coatum scarlet habebat*.

The Moonsee has been shown in his assumed mood of merriment; once or twice he offered an extraordinary imitation of juvenility. On a certain occasion he entered with his youth renewed like that of the eagle. The henna on his beard was replaced by a deep blue dye; his eyes were surrounded by rims of *soorma*, his cheeks were slightly raddled, and he had supplied a prominent gap with the oddest false tooth ever beheld. It was far smaller than the two between which it was most imperfectly suspended by

a string, and oscillated with every word spoken, like a child in a swing. His mood was to babble of erotic verse; and the schoolmaster turned dandy evidently thought that his appearance would do mischief among susceptible hearts, and that he should not escape significant glances from the jealousies.

Seeing me at times desirous of keeping up my classics, the Moonshee was curious about Greek. He could scarcely believe that sane histories and artistic poetry still remained as relics of the Ionians, and was more disposed to view their country as Wonderland. For the Arabians have done for Greek history, especially the period of Alexander, what Geoffrey of Monmouth did for that of Britain; they have filled it with myth and magic and incongruities. And as Colonel Allgood did not appear to have kept up his Greek, Kumr-ood-Deen looked on the strange characters of my Sophocles as decidedly dubious, and concluded that the Colonel would not have received them. Iflaton (Plato) and others had been heard of certainly, but were now considered to exist only in the world of anecdote.

The conversation often turned on religion, though not in the way of controversy. The Moonshee was very desirous that it should be understood that Islam accepted Jesus, and ranked him among the six prophets to whom special titles had been given. As Adam was called the Chosen of God and Abraham His friend, and so on, in like manner Jesus was the Spirit of God.

A celebrated Mahomedan divine having come to Agra (which was our home after Muttra), it was announced that he would preach weekly in the large mosque. Kumr-ood-Deen was asked to attend on the first Friday, and to take notes of the sermon. The discourse proved to treat chiefly of the character of Jesus, of whom a singular anecdote was given. The Son of Mary, so the legend ran, was wandering in the desert, when a light

shone around Him, and a voice from the heavens asked "Hast thou perfect trust in Me?" The answer was, "Perfect trust in Thee, my Father and my Guide." Three times in all was this question put, and three times the same answer was returned. Then the voice enquired, "What is that in the hem of thy garment?" "A needle, Lord," was the reply. "For what purpose?" "To mend the garment, should it become frayed or torn." "And I," said the voice, "on whom all animate creatures wait for their simplest needs, could not I mend thy garment or guard it from injury?" On this story (so curiously misrepresenting our Lord's real teaching) the preacher made the comment that though Jesus was a prominent link in the chain of the prophets, he could not be the last. One more was wanted, and Mustapha came.

Kumr-ood-Deen, though anxious to admit his English fellow-student to a certain degree of brotherhood, as belonging to the "people of the book," that is, to those who recognise revelation, still, in his heart (as was natural) he set him down as a reprobate and an infidel for not receiving the Koran. He was reminded one day that the Colonel *sahib* was probably also an unbeliever. His reply was that the Colonel never spoke on religious subjects, but that doubtless so powerful a mind would have accepted the whole truth had it been presented to him, and not a part only.

Surprise was once expressed that I should know anything at all about Moslem history, and on my showing the Moulavee Ockley's work on the Saracens as one of the sources of information, he observed that the restlessness of the foreign mind was unparalleled. Unfortunately, in displaying the book I pointed out the engraving of Mahommed which served as frontispiece. It is mentioned in the Traditions that the Prophet cursed painters of the human form, and portraits are therefore held unlawful. When I looked to see how the likeness

was admired, the Moonshee had covered his eyes with his hands, and was undergoing a moral shock.

He declared frankly one day that he never could profess Christianity, on account of its containing a strictly forbidden doctrine. This was found to be Participation, or the sharing in divine attributes, which is of course admitted in the doctrine of the Trinity. He had the curiosity also to ask whether the divinity of Jesus was an absolutely indispensable belief. Hearing that it was considered the corner-stone of the whole fabric, he lowered his eyes and remained silent.

The Moonshee grew very gloomy sometimes over the end of the world. There is a division in the Koran, which had been expounded to him, entitled the Chapter of the Inevitable, in which both heaven and hell are described; and again from tradition and theological treatises may be gathered many terrifying signs which are to precede the Day of Account. One which had particularly seized on the Moonshee's mind was a sweeping wind which was to blow over the earth for many days, and which no heart but one largely endowed with faith could bear up against; one of our biting east winds in March might give some notion of it. The Moonshee said that, when he thought that this bleak blast might come in his days, he felt disposed to rush into the wilds, and tear his clothes in madness and despair.

Once he gave way to an extraordinary outburst of fanaticism. We had been speaking of the place of torment, and the remark was made with regard to the millions of idol-worshippers, that a merciful God would doubtless make some gracious allowance for their ignorance of the truth. At this observation Kumer-ood-Deen was roused into unusual animation. "Why should they be spared?" he cried. "They have had thousands of prophets sent them, and more than three hundred apostles, and over a century of revelations, small

and great; and yet they have not repented or believed. Most justly, and without a shadow of a doubt, they will all be precipitated into the Fire." One could not but recollect the calm stage-direction in an old miracle-play of the Ten Virgins, preparatory to a closing scene of glory: *The foolish virgins are swept into the abyss.*

The Night of Power occurs in Ramazan, after sunset of one of five days towards the end, but which of them is not known. For one second in that night the brute creation and the vegetable kingdom bow in recognition of their Maker, and the salt water of the sea becomes sweet. As only the Prophet and some of his companions were entrusted with the exact date, it is a night of mystery as well as of power. Kumer-ood-Deen related that his father, some years back, had only just missed witnessing the act of recognition. The last ten days of the month, as pious people are wont to do, he passed in retreat, and was alone at midnight in a little court where there was a solitary Melia tree. The old sheikh had hung his linen coat on a branch, before kneeling in prayer. The night was still, and the devotion long; some natural weariness was felt, when suddenly a slender sound was heard. The devotee turned, and saw his coat on the ground. The tree had bowed to the power of God, and had dislodged the garment. Oh that he had turned sooner! He would have witnessed that beautiful courtesy of obeisance which so many had desired to see, and had not seen.

Sometimes we touched on science, and an attempt was made to give some rough idea of the great discoveries of the age, and the changes they had brought about. They did not greatly impress the Moonshee, nor do they impress Mahomedans generally; partly from that belief in the unconditioned power of God which is at the root of their fatalism, and partly because the contemplative mind of the East looks beyond mere physical im-

provements. Kumr-ood-Deen received my realistic fairy-tales with the acquiescent remark that God was omnipotent; who were we that we should wonder at His caprice or His capacity? But he further observed that the leading contingencies of life were not affected by material progress. People were still led away by love or covetousness, were still subject to accidents and illness, and were still finally destroyed by death, in the most splendid cities as well as in the desert. And then, to the best men, the dervish and the saint, what was fast travelling, or the telegraph, or luxury, or comfort? The contemplation of the Supreme Being had no need of these things. Occasionally the argument about the Divine Power was used to turn the tables against the repudiation of wonders. For the Moonshee was a firm supporter of alchemy and the transmutation of metals, an art which is neither recognised nor prohibited by the expounders of the sacred code. During an exposition of this mysterious craft, incredulity was perhaps observable on the countenance of the hearer, for the Moonshee cried out: "Why should not such a science exist? With God all things are possible." The answer was given that it was not the impossibility of the fact, but the imperfections of the evidence which created the stumbling-block. To this the disputant replied that, having repeatedly witnessed the alchemistic experiments carried to a successful issue, he was not at liberty to reject the theory, and that even among the most advanced Franks the evidence of the senses would probably still be received.

So these readings and talkings were continued through a long period of time and at various places, and indeed in special circumstances on journeys. A tour was made one winter to enquire into the condition of certain canal-lands which had been affected by an efflorescence of salts, and the Moonshee accompanied. The road lay north of Delhi and took us through

Paniput, where the shrine of the celebrated saint was an object of great interest, though his recorded exploits and eccentricities a little ruffled the Moonshee's equanimity. He had a small tent of his own, a pony and a boy to look after it, and this youth was a source of much amusement. His faculty of misunderstanding and gift for blundering were quite abnormal. Wullee was his name (not connected with the Scotch abbreviation of William), and some notes were put on paper of his adventures. He would take the pony away from the river to water it in the jungle, and return long after with his mission still unaccomplished from not having been able to come upon a tank. Scores of miles did that lad unnecessarily walk, from starting originally in a wrong direction. There was no article which, in its turn, had not been left behind by him. Lastly, gazing at a flight of birds, he was precipitated into a bullock-run, in a field where irrigation was going on. When the Moonshee was told that a similar accident had befallen a Greek philosopher who, too intent on astronomy, had stepped into a well, he was greatly delighted with the anecdote, and booked it at once for frequent reproduction.

At last the Mutiny came upon us, and for a long time we were entirely separated; but when matters settled again, Kumr-ood-Deen returned to me. He had been in Rohilkhund, and he declared that the imbecility of the rebel leaders had convinced him that nothing could be done against the English. When he considered that the resource and self-confidence of one single Colonel Allgood would have been more than a match for a durbar of these bewildered authorities, he determined quietly to await the end. The race that produced Allgoods would not be easily worsted. He lived in a little house in retirement, and his next door neighbours, a man and wife, were quarrelling one day, when the

husband was heard to say very impolitely: "You had better take care. I can crack your skull and throw you into a hole now. There is no British Government to ask questions."

The Mutiny was an endless source of regret to the old man. "The former state of things will never return," he said. It never has done so. He related that a gentleman, with whom we were both acquainted, had turned ferocious during the disturbances from sleeping on a tiger's skin; that he barked occasionally, committed murders, and was not to be tamed. This dangerous animal still haunts the Oriental Club in Hanover Square, and does not seem to be the object of the least alarm to the porter.

Books and manuscripts had all been burnt or buried in the ground by the insurgents; our slipshod studies, however, were gradually resumed on much the same lines. But Kumr-ood-Deen was getting past his time. He was growing weary and uninterested; and at length an arrangement was made by which his son was to have some employment and himself occasional pecuniary aid, and he retired to Muttra where we had first met. The paper currency (which seemed to him

a transparent fraud), the agricultural exhibitions (in his view feasts of the Barmecides), rationalism among his co-religionists, sanitation, female education,—all these degenerate subjects perplexed and saddened the old school-master's mind, and he was not sorry to reach home, and to spread his prayer-carpet on the platform of the little mosque near which he lived.

He did not last long. The Mahomedan grave-yards are often by the way-side, rough, untended enclosures shadowed by a few wan trees. It is the custom to put a rudely-sculptured pen-case on the tombs of the learned. Beneath the emblem of his life's employment, Kumr-ood-Deen now awaits explanations.

On my table lie some Oordoo verses copied in his choice calligraphy. Their quotation will not leave a wrong impression, for it is certainly to be believed that the sentiments which most readily touch the Moslem heart bear on them the sorrowful hues of pessimism. The lines are by Souda, and may be thus rendered:

One spot in the desolate world
Alone can be counted as blest,
Where those who have spoken are still,
And those who have striven at rest.

J. W. SHERER.

SOME THOUGHTS ON ST. FRANCIS.

AN English poet (we were told not long ago), on being asked by a friend, "What is it in Dante's face that is wanting in Goethe's?" answered, "The divine."

When we look at the commonplace portraits in an exhibition of modern paintings, what a consolation to turn from them, and see again, with the eye of the mind, such a face as St. Bonaventure's in the *Disputa* of Raphael, or the noble head of St. Dominic as it has come to us through the art of Angelico. It is because these faces bear the stamp of the divine that the remembrance of them is always a solace. In like manner, after reading the biography of any ordinary man who has succeeded in the world (there is certainly no dearth of such biographies), how soothing to let one's thoughts wander to St. Charles Borromeo or St. Francis of Assisi! And it is not morbid nor sentimental; it is merely a natural reaction in the presence of a narrow type. With the material triumphs, the complexity of life, the hurry and deafening noise of our age, what a distance are we from St. Francis; how far from us those modest graces of the spirit which were dear to him! Was he, this Umbrian vision of sanctity, only a foolish dreamer or a madman? And are we on the way to a better resting place for the spirit, by means of the mastery we are gaining over the forces of nature? Forty years ago the men of science believed so; even they however at last are losing hope. Is it possible after all that the day of the saints is coming?

We will not attempt to read the future; let us be content to look at the past or the present, in so far as St. Francis is concerned.

It cannot be ill to follow in this

place the example of a reverend Franciscan, who begins his life of the saint by quoting this fine passage from Dante:

Between Tupino, and the wave that falls
From blest Ubaldo's chosen hill, there
hangs
Rich slope of mountain high, whence heat
and cold
Are wafted through Perugia's eastern gate:
And Nocera with Gualdo in its rear,
Mourn for their heavy yoke. Upon that
side,
Where it doth break its steepness most,
arose
A sun upon the world, as duly this
From Ganges doth: therefore let none
who speak
Of that place, say Ascesi; for its name
Were lamely so delivered; but the East,
To call things rightly, be it henceforth
styled.¹

The name of his family is usually given as Bernardoni; but the afore-said Franciscan calls it Moriconi. The father of Francis, he says, "Pietro Bernardo Moriconi, better known under the name of Pietro Bernardoni, was a rich merchant from Lucca, who had recently settled in Assisi; he did a large trade with France. The mother of Francis was Pica, of the noble Provençal family of Bourlemont; and by her piety she was worthy to be the mother of a saint. Pica had two children, Francis and Angelo; the latter married, and members of the family of Moriconi were living at Assisi in the first half of the fifteenth century."² It is likely that the only schoolmasters of Francis were the humble priests of the neighbourhood; his purely intellectual discipline was always slender, but it was not in this sphere that his victories were to be

¹ *Paradise*; canto xi., in Cary's translation.

² *Saint François d'Assise*. Paris, 1885.

won. Some of his biographers have said that his youth was irregular, given up to rioting and mad pleasure; while St. Bonaventure on the other hand makes out that Francis was called by the divine grace from his birth. The truth is with neither; Francis in his youth was a virtuous lover of pleasure, with the soul of a poet, full of tenderness and charity. He had, however, no capacity for business, and he was lavish in his expenditure, which gave offence to his thrifty father. The father has suffered a great deal of abuse, but there is no evidence that he merited it; the man of business in such a case is as likely to take a right view as the saint.

In Italy at that day town armed itself against town and village against village, for the titled ruffians were ever at war with one another; in one of these civil broils Francis was taken prisoner and remained in captivity about a year. His vocation was not yet clear to him, and for a while after his release we find him following the profession of arms, without any apparent zest in the calling. He returned at length to Assisi, and was to help his father there. The story of their last quarrel will show what sort of a man of business Francis was likely to make. He had a vision in which he was told it was the will of God that he should rebuild the church of St. Damian, then in decay. Going at this time with merchandise to a neighbouring place, he called at St. Damian's on the way home, and begged the priest to accept, towards rebuilding the church, all the money he had received for the goods. The priest wisely refused the gift, but Francis left the money in the church, or within the precincts. The father of Francis was enraged at this strange conduct, and demanded that his son should publicly forswear all claim upon his estate. It was a harsh measure, yet it helped Francis to discover his true vocation. The youth appeared before the bishop of Assisi to forego his inheritance. "As soon,"

says Bonaventure, "as he came into the presence of the bishop, instantly, without speaking a word or waiting for his father's demand, he took off his clothes and returned them to his father. Then it was seen that the saintly youth under his fair garment wore a coarse hair-shirt. With wonderful fervour he turned to his father, and in presence of all thus addressed him: 'Until now I have called you my earthly father; from this day I may in truth say, "Our Father which art in heaven," in whom is all my treasure, all my trust and hope.'"

The bishop presented some clothes to the young enthusiast, and gave him also for a time work of one sort or another. After this Francis wandered abroad, depending upon the alms of the pious, or living as a hermit in the wilds. We find him nursing the lepers or tending the sick, always full of charity, always a brother to the whole race of men. Nor does he forget the words which he heard in the vision, commanding him to restore the fallen sanctuary. Other churches are built through his zeal, one of them being that of the Portiuncula (St. Mary of the Angels), destined forever to be associated with his name. One day in this place listening to the words, "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves," he believes the divine voice bids him carry out to the letter this commandment of the Master. Then he took a coarse gray habit which he tied round with a cord, and this he accepted as the dress he should wear through life; he soon gained disciples, and in a few years the plain garment was known throughout Christendom.¹

¹ "The true dress of St. Francis was a cloak of the meanest material, of the colour of ashes, to which was attached a hood made in the form of a bag. . . . The dress of the Capuchins is the one which comes nearest to that of St. Francis; they have only enlarged the hood, and lengthened it, giving it a pyramidal shape."—*History of the Monastic Orders*. Paris, 1718.

Francis took to himself poverty as a bride; and to him, and to the simple and brave men who followed him, this bride was not gaunt nor grim, but holy and beautiful. They retired into the woods, to devote themselves to penance and contemplation. But to seek after perfection only from within was not a life full enough for Francis; he thought moreover that the mission had been laid upon him to proclaim to the whole race the beauty and sanctity of this strange Franciscan bride. He and his followers went therefore to Rome, to seek the Pope's permission to found a new order. That journey to Rome is not a thing to be passed over lightly: it is a great event in the history of the world. Pope Innocent the Third, at that time greatest and proudest of rulers, at first repulsed the coarsely-clad stranger who had come to ask the pontiff's sanction for a work seemingly impossible. In the end wiser counsels prevailed, and the desired permission was in part secured. The Order did not indeed receive the full papal sanction for several years, but this was freely given so soon as the success of the work was certain.

And thus began the Order of the Franciscans, which grew rapidly and soon became a great power in Europe. The friars took the usual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience; and the first of these they made their own. It was their concern to give spiritual direction everywhere, but above all in the street, in the fields, and in the hovel. They told the poor, the outcast, the downtrodden, that poverty need not kill the soul; and they told of a life of poverty in Galilee twelve hundred years ago, which had since gone far to transform the world. What a wealth of spiritual emotion was scattered broadcast in Europe by those wandering friars, sworn to poverty and practising it so literally!

We do not propose to give in detail the facts of the founder's later life; an outline, however, is necessary,

else one's work may seem to be a mass of fragments, without a single quality that belongs to a picture.

Francis sent many of his friars abroad as missionaries, and he himself went to the East in 1219, hoping to win over some of the Saracens to Christianity. He won respect for himself, and this was all. Returning to Assisi he performed the duties of spiritual director¹ of his Order with ardour and with good sense, for this mystic and enthusiast was no dreamer; nay, in his own way (surely the best way in so far as the things of the spirit are concerned) he was a true man of action, clear of vision, steadfast, and of inexhaustible patience. Great were the needs to which he ministered and astonishing was the result of his work. In the religious sentiment of that day, before he set himself to renew it, there was a want of joy and freedom; and who so much as Francis gave new wings to the spirit?

The devotion, the fervour of this great soul exhausted the body, and his intense meditation upon the Passion of Our Lord left its mark on the flesh. It is said that his body bore the *stigmata*, the wounds in the side, on hands, and feet, which were borne by the Crucified One. M. Renan, in his delightful article on St. Francis, states his belief that the *stigmata* were the invention of Brother Elias, who at the time of the saint's death was General of the Order. M. Renan is intent upon proving a theory and sees only that side of the case which best fits in with this theory. The evidence for the *stigmata* is sufficient and assuring. It is the alleged element of miracle that displeased M. Renan; but if we put this element aside, there is in the legend nothing physically improbable. So ardent and sensitive a spirit as Francis, ever meditating upon the Passion of Christ, might work

¹ Francis was not himself (in name at least) General of the Order; this post was filled by Brother Elias.

through flesh, and pierce feet and hands and side, just as the legend tells us. The men of science who have tried to explain away so much in the religious sphere, have given us no help towards the solution of our difficulties; and, in spite of science, religion in the end will have its due. For men will surely see that by the very constitution of things the natural and the supernatural cannot be at war.

To show how rapidly the Order grew, we quote the following passage from a work of reference not likely to err in favour of clericalism: "Forty-two years after the death of its founder the Order numbered two hundred thousand members, and possessed eight thousand religious houses, which were scattered over twenty-three provinces." This outward success is in itself no proof of Francis's sanctity; but we have evidence of other kinds, abundant evidence, that Francis was a saint; we know too that the charm of his personality was wonderful, indescribable. So overpowering was the effect of his preaching, that the whole population of a town in Italy offered to give up their way of life in order to carry out the Franciscan doctrine of poverty in its severest form. Francis was too wise a man to permit this, for he knew that the entire work of the human race cannot be performed by monks and nuns. He met these cases, not by receiving the candidates into his own Order, but by founding a third one adapted to the needs of such as live in the world. The second Order we have not mentioned; it is that of the nuns, the Poor Clares; the third, better known as the Order of the Tertiaries, or Penitent Brethren, is not severe in its methods, but is open to all; it is for those who do their work in the ordinary paths of the world, who yet are willing to accept a rule of life, and to impose upon themselves some conditions as to their pleasures and diet, their daily habits and style of dress. Who can fulfil the law of the spirit with such a natural ease that a rule

of life is unnecessary to him? He who says so, and speaks the truth, is greater than the saints.

Francis himself at any rate felt such a need, and he claimed no indulgence by virtue of his position, nor because of his physical ailments. That slight frame, wasted by toil, fasting, and prayer, by the pains of the *stigmata*, and by meditation on the holy mysteries, was the abode of a spirit of heroic fortitude. However great his bodily weakness in the last years of his life, however keen his sufferings, his joyousness and enthusiasm never left him; and his poet's heart was true to the last, delighting in the beauties of earth and sky, and full of affection for the whole animate world. Such a depth of charity, so divine a tenderness had not been seen upon earth since the time when the fishermen of Galilee went forth to bind the world with the "cords of love."

He was forty-four years old at his death, which took place at Assisi on the 4th of October, 1226.

Let us go first to Milman for a testimony to the simple goodness of St. Francis, remembering that, whatever may have been the bias of that learned historian, it was not in favour of the exponents of Latin Christianity. "Of all saints," he says, "St. Francis was the most blameless and gentle. . . . Francis was emphatically the saint of the people, of a poetic people like the Italians. Those who were hereafter to chant the *Paradise* of Dante, or the softer stanzas of Tasso, might well be enamoured of the ruder devotional strains in the poetry of the whole life of St. Francis. The lowest of the low might find consolation, a kind of pride, in the self-abasement of St. Francis even beneath the meanest. The very name of his disciples, the Friar Minors, implied their humility. In his own eyes (says his most pious successor) he was but a sinner, while in truth he was the mirror and splendour of holiness."¹

¹ *History of Latin Christianity*; book ix. chap. 10.

St. Bonaventure (the "most pious successor" to St. Francis) could hardly have praised the founder of his Order more warmly than this. Let us go now for a testimony to a member of Francis's own Church, to Migne: "Who can measure the effect upon the manners of his time of this saint's partiality for all that was then esteemed low and base? To-day we can hardly form a just idea of the European chaos at the beginning of the thirteenth century. No settled government, no safeguards, no security for property or life. Sovereignty was derived from property; and those in power,—great in number, and independent of each other—recognised neither measure nor restraint. In a word it was the triumph of wealth and brute force, the systematic oppression of the poor and the weak; such was in that day the social condition of Europe. To this picture already so gloomy must be added all the disorders inseparable from endless and universal war; we shall then have an idea of the society to which St. Francis dared to preach of peace and brotherhood, and of detachment from worldly things. Think of the effect which would be produced by means of the triumph of these holy doctrines among a population brutalised by the excesses of the feudal system! In those barbarous times preaching had an immense importance. It will be enough to mention the case of John of Vicenza, who, by the power of his preaching, established peace for a time in most of those towns in Italy which had long been torn by civil war."¹

In Francis indeed there was none of the feudal hardness. When it was suggested to him that he should punish some of the friars for contumacy, he made this answer: "My power is a purely spiritual one. If I rule the brethren, and correct their vices, it is by spiritual means alone. For if I cannot correct them by word of mouth,

by counsel and example, at least I will not be an executioner, to punish and scourge them, as the secular powers of this age would do." That little speech shows us the purely human side of St. Francis. If we would see the religious and poetical side of his nature, we shall find its best expression in his exquisite *Song of the Creatures*. It is difficult to think that anyone can understand Francis who does not know this canticle; while surely those who do know it can never feel that "sweet St. Francis" is a stranger to them. M. Renan has said that it is, "after the Gospels, the finest instance of religious poetry, the most perfect expression given by the modern world of its feeling for religion." It was the poet in Francis that made him call the swallows his "little sisters," and led him to personify the elements; this was certainly no mere use of the rhetorician's figure *prosopopœia*, for Francis had probably never heard that unpleasant word. "The thought of the common origin of created things," says St. Bonaventure, "filled Francis with great tenderness; and he called all creatures his brothers and sisters, because they had this common origin with himself." This will perhaps make it easier to understand the imagery in the following canticle. We will follow the examples of M. Renan and Mr. Matthew Arnold, and give our translation in prose.

The Creatures' Song.

Oh Lord Most High, omnipotent good Lord, to whom is all praise, all glory, honour and blessing,—the source of everything art Thou, and none is worthy to pronounce Thy name.

Praise unto Thee, Lord God, for all Thy creatures, above all for Brother Sun, who gives us his light, who gives us the day; beautiful is he, radiant with great splendour; and he is an image of Thy glory, oh Lord!

For Sister Moon and for the Stars do we give Thee praise, which in the heavens Thou hast formed, so bright and fair.

Praise unto Thee for Brother Wind, for

¹ Migne's *Third Theological Encyclopedia*, vol. liv.

Air and Clouds, for Storm and Fair Weather; for by these are Thy creatures kept, oh Lord!

We do praise Thee for Sister Water, which is so useful to us, and humble, and precious, and so chaste.

For Brother Fire, oh Lord, we give Thee praise; by him Thou dost light up the night, and he is beautiful, friendly, and strong.

And for Mother Earth we praise Thee,—for the mother who rules over us and sustains us, who gives us many fruits, grass, and flowers of every hue.

Praised art Thou, oh Lord God, by all who through love of Thee forgive the wrong, by all who are long-suffering, and patient in tribulation, seekers after peace: in the heavens, oh Lord Most High, by Thee shall these be crowned!

And even for our Sister Death do we give Thee praise, oh Lord,—Death, from whom naught living shall escape. She bringeth woe to those who die in mortal sin! Blessed, thrice blessed, are they who die in conformity with Thy holy will; for them the second death has no terrors.

Praise ye the Lord, bless Him most thankfully; with deep humility serve ye the Lord.

The soul of St. Francis is in this canticle; joy and enthusiasm, poetry and exalted peace, humility and burning charity, all are here. Has he on the other hand any of the failings which are common to professors of religion? "Religious people nearly always think too much about themselves," says Mr. Ruskin, with whom it is pleasant to find ourselves in agreement. This is true alike of the ordinary men who live in society, and of the saints who live in solitude; and in truth nothing does so much to discredit religion in the minds of unthinking persons, as the narrowness, the pusillanimity, the overweening self-importance of too many professors of it. In St. Francis we find none of these failings; he is quite without spiritual pride; he is free from unhealthy self-consciousness, and he is humble with that unaffected humility which is so rare a virtue.

All we have quoted so far has been in favour of the saint; if he has had

detractors, we have taken too little heed of them. It is seldom we hear the note of disparagement; men of all shades of opinion join in their praises of him, and none (not even the Franciscans themselves) can claim him exclusively as their own. He has of course been called a fanatic, as Gordon was called by the hard-headed men who dwell in Philistia; need we make an ill-use of words by dealing with such a charge? The hardest saying about St. Francis which we remember to have read, described him as a mere noisy friar, a compound of Peter the Hermit and the Flagellants. The writer, we think, was an American, of Boston; is it not possible that the ideas of respectability which prevail in that city may have influenced him unduly? An apostle of respectability and culture Francis certainly was not; he was only one of the world's great and original men. Yet even if we judge him by the standard which applies to the civic functionary, Francis would stand the test, in so far as it is worth anything. He was a man of gracious manners, of knightly courtesy, whose life was without guile; is not *this* respectable? But then he paid his tailor so little!

We have said that the Franciscans took the usual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience; it was to the first of these vows that they gave a new significance. The great Order of the Jesuits would in a later day interpret anew the vow of obedience; and the other vow (that of chastity), which is so distinctly personal a thing, had already by many saints been carried to its utmost limit. The mark of the founder of the Order is seen most clearly in the Franciscan order of poverty; it is to this that he gave the genius of his individuality. No doubt it is an extreme doctrine, like the obedience which is prescribed by the Jesuits; and with the educated and uneducated world of to-day extreme forms of religious teaching are less in favour than ever. But what a depth

of meaning there is in the Franciscan view of poverty. Not because the good St. Francis was apt to regard all property as possessing some dangerous quality of unholiness; not because he despised all the comforts of life; but because, holding this doctrine and carrying it out so inflexibly, he yet lived within the sphere of heroic virtue, of heroic sanctity. After such a life, can it be said with justice that poverty must be a hindrance to the growth of the spirit?

And it is here, it seems to us, that we should seek the message of Francis to our own time. In that narrative of the saint and his first followers, with their enthusiasm and purity, their romance, their poverty and joyousness, is there not a lesson for us? To the politician, with his millennium of cakes and ale; to the man of science, with his millennium of intellect, what a better way is shown by the saint of Assisi! For it is not by means of the ballot-box, nor by a knowledge of physical laws, that you will help men to reach that land of our dreams, that home of the saints, which is the "City of God."

To preach in these days such a doctrine as that of St. Francis upon the subject of poverty, were to risk the charge of belonging to a secret society, intent upon gaining all power for the rich in order to enslave the poor. But if we look at the facts openly and fearlessly, what is it in truth that we see? Can we, by daily experience of life in human society, by the light of history, by politics or science, bring ourselves to believe that in the future course of things riches can ever be for all? Even if wealth were the only good, is it not evident the majority can never attain it? Then is it becoming, is it human to tell the poor man by way of consolation that, by cultivating the instinct of self-preservation, he too may gain riches? At the best it is only one in a hundred (in reality it is less) that can possibly reach the goal of the

moderately rich man; what will you say to all the ninety-and-nine who do not reach it? The hundredth man, who if self-made usually merits the description Heine gives of him, would have the ninety-nine find solace in meditating upon his achievements; but the humane man has other objects of veneration. His thoughts are rather with the humble souls who do not reach the goal, and he has no pride in the triumph of the one; it is after all such a paltry triumph.

Then is there in St. Francis's teaching a side which we may call modern? We need not attempt to carry out as he did the injunction: "Take nothing for your journey, neither staves, nor scrip, neither bread, neither money; neither have two coats apiece." Francis himself only required it of those who had taken the vow of poverty; he had the wisdom to see that such teaching cannot be carried out by all. But it is not in this way we should approach the question, for it is not thus we shall find the message of the saints to the poor. Let us find ground that is solid, where we need fear neither the economist, the politician, nor the worldling. If then St. Francis, having made poverty his bride, having forsworn all luxury and selfish pleasure, could even in this find an extra means of quickening that life of the spirit in which the riddle of the world is solved; if thus he could spend a life so exalted, yet so full of meekness and affection, as to gain for himself an everlasting place among the comforters and helpers of the human family; if indeed this be true (and it is true), who shall say there is in the story of such a life no meaning for a generation like ours? In that tale of sanctity, what a reproach for all those among us (and great is the number of them) who are filled with envy and discontent, who cry out for luxury and vulgar pleasures, and in their despair flee for comfort to the demagogue,—in whom is no comfort. Poor trusting

souls, that give your pence to the agitator, what is your reward? Foolish talk, and vain promises, and fresh fuel for your discontent. Not through these passionate men will peace come to you; the peace you long for is the secret of the saints.

Now the controversies which to-day give an occupation and an advertisement to the leaders of the poor are, even to the poor themselves, of little more than ephemeral importance. Violent speeches in Hyde Park, and Acts of Parliament multiplied to infinity, will not go far to solve our social problems; for these problems have their origin not so much in the difficulties of our warfare with nature, as in the average man's weakness of character, the impotence of his thought, and his unwillingness to burn incense to anything better than his lower self. If you give him a vote, and tell him that he is worthy to be king of the world, you will not in reality have helped him, and you will have said what is untrue.

Does St. Francis show us a better way? Does he speak to us clearly through the centuries, in words and acts that have for us a vital meaning? In any case the story of this life, sustained at such an altitude, must ever have an interest so long as men believe there is in the world a principle higher than appetite. We may, however, feel a vague interest in him without making him a "member of our body," without bringing home to ourselves the true import of his spiritual message. The saints of the Middle Ages come to us in a haze which their modern biographers have done little to dispel; everything we read of them is dressed in phrase and imagery which once were but are no longer the vesture of living thought. In trying then to portray such a man as St. Francis, we should make a change in the garment of his own and his biographers' thought; and, unless the thought is unsound, it will stand the change. So far we have endeavoured to do this, and we will do it further

in answer to the final question, what is the message of St. Francis to the poor? For the answer is not one that can be put into a maxim, but must be sought in the spirit of his life.

Try then to see, through the mists of seven centuries, that saintly worker as he lived in Assisi. The outward man is depicted by many artists, whose portraits, faithful to the Franciscan tradition, may in a wide sense be accepted as true; there are several of them in those portions of our National Gallery which are devoted to the Italian schools of painting. The face is not one of great power, like Dante's; the features are small and perfectly regular, the eyes large and full of tenderness, the expression of the face suggestive of great meekness; it is of Tasso's type rather than Dante's. He is dressed in the coarse garb which is still worn by some of the Franciscans. Such was he outwardly; what was his way of life? His consuming desire was to shape his life by the divine pattern of the Gospels, in all things to carry out the commandments of his Master. What other saint has come so near as Francis to that condition of perfect peace and all-embracing love, that pure life of the spirit, which is to the Christian the final aim of human development?

He has forsworn luxury and pleasure, and he lives on the humblest fare; no mendicant is more sparsely fed, more coarsely clad than he. Yet in the usual sense of the word he is not an ascetic; he is light-hearted, joyous, without a touch of the gloom that overshadows so many of the spiritual sons of the great Bishop of Hippo. Francis has the lightness of soul and the soundness of feeling which belonged to the men of Galilee, and which remained a heritage in the Church, in spite of persecution, until the metaphysical spirit took possession of the province of religion. He sees things with the poets, not with the metaphysicians, and so it is well with him. For the poet sees the world of

men as it is, throbbing and alive, the other sees it only in embryo ; and Francis is a poet, for he takes part with adequate emotion in the drama of human life. It is this poetic vision which gives him so unique a place ; to feel with the poets and share their gift of expression, while you act with the saints, is to combine the highest and rarest of human qualities.

The victories of mind and will which are the aim of the stoic, Francis has left far behind ; indeed he has never known them after Cato's manner. It is in a quite different order of thought and feeling that the spiritual life has its beginnings. The stoic has too much pride in his victory over the body ; he regards it as an end in itself, and does not build thereon a house of beauty in which the spirit may dwell and rejoice. Francis has built such a spiritual temple, and adorned it with every Christian virtue ; this too he has done under conditions in which a smaller man would have lost all simplicity of character. The praise which he received in his lifetime was in truth not far from worship ; yet he never posed, never showed a trace of vanity. Is there a better test of a man's simple greatness of soul than this, that he shall be praised by all the world, and remain modest, humble in spite of it ? Francis was great also by his constructive genius, for he brought about a religious revolution, but gave the world something better than he took away. Now all this was a personal work ; he was not in any large sense the creature of his environment ; indeed he was greatly above his age, and entirely opposed to its spirit. The lusts of feudalism were not con-

fined to the knightly class ; the whole social fabric was tainted by them. Is it possible for us to realise what it meant in that day to stand alone against the feudal world ? A hundred tyrants no doubt had the wish and the power to take his head, and were restrained only by a vague awe of the unseen. The preacher of penance, charity, and brotherhood, of gentleness and forgiveness, was not a worker on the side of feudalism ; and the opposition which he had to face was a more formidable thing than the capricious public opinion of our own day.

In such a time to take the part of the poor and the oppressed, to seek them out and offer them the consolations of religion, was a better work than making war on the Saracens. Think, well that Francis had no exterior aids ; he could not help the poor with money, for he was poorer than any of them ; he was penniless as he went from one place to another, and dependent upon alms for his bread from day to day. But he had need of little ; the daily wage of the match-maker would have kept him for a week. He did not, like the modern demagogue, play with the passions of the poor, and live at his ease upon the money he has wheedled out of them ; for the saint of Assisi had clear moral perceptions, and knew that robbery if veiled does not alter its nature. How then did Francis influence the poor ? By preaching to them the life of the spirit, and by this only. Trade-disputes are things of a day ; like fevers and agitators they pass away and are forgotten ; but the life of the spirit remains, and is the one thing in the world that has an infinite value.

THE STORY OF THE INSCRIPTIONS.

THERE can be, in literature at least, few greater monuments of human industry and patience than are afforded by the huge volumes containing the Greek and Latin Inscriptions. Since the middle of the sixteenth century successive generations of scholars have girded themselves to the task of accurate copying and careful editing. Each one has improved on the fruits of his predecessor's toil, and the net result is a portly pile of volumes which, it is to be hoped, contain comparatively few inaccuracies. The labour has been long and much of it tedious as well as toilsome. For a great many of the inscriptions are absolutely without interest, and the task of reading them must have been weary work even for the most enthusiastic antiquary. Even Dr. Dryasdust or his esteemed kinsman in the spirit, Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, might have recoiled from the list of the Archons at Athens or from the *Fasti Consulares*. And then the task is an almost unending one. Fresh inscriptions are continually being discovered, and the proud title of *Corpus* which points to some fair degree of completeness, is always premature. Thus, to take the Greek Inscriptions only, Boeck's great work, published by the Berlin Academy, was begun in 1828 and not finished till 1877 (one is pleased to think that the great scholar saw the end of it), by which time the digging and transcribing of recent years had made the four big folios only a partial record. It was calculated that not half the existing inscriptions were contained in Boeck's *Corpus*, and the Berlin Academy, with true Teutonic patience and stoutness of heart, decided that the whole work was to be done over again. Some volumes have appeared, but he would be a

bold man who would predict with confidence the year in the next century which will see the last one.

How much our knowledge of antiquity has gained by what has been done in this way every scholar is aware. Some of those who are not scholars will perhaps be pleased to learn that one result has been to throw serious discredit on many of the ancient historians. Tacitus, for example, puts a speech of his own composition (a very fine speech too) into the mouth of Claudius, when he could easily have set down what the Emperor actually did say; and Livy is shown over and over again to have been as careless of his facts (though not of his style) as the newest disciple of the New Journalism. But in this paper we do not propose to trouble our readers with any historical or antiquarian disquisitions, but merely, to select from these many volumes, what may fairly be expected to interest people who are neither philologists nor antiquaries.

One of the first impressions one gets from a general view of the *Corpus Inscriptionum* is how much more conspicuous a part religion played in those bygone ages than it does now. A very large number both of public and private inscriptions have to do directly or indirectly with the service of the gods. In the case of one or two temples, lists of their portable property have come down to us in a more or less complete state, and we see how immensely rich they were and what a variety of artistic treasures they contained. We see how carefully the property of the gods was guarded and what precautions were taken against embezzlement on the part of the temple

officials. Sometimes the god appears as a money-lender ; the civic authorities were occasionally hard pressed and forced to borrow from the convenient treasures of their temple, and in these cases it is interesting to note the careful arrangements for repayment and the customary exaction of interest.

Other inscriptions make us acquainted with the details of the sacred economy and the elaborate ritual and the various orders of priesthood. One curious analogy between ancient and modern times presents itself in the fact that many of these sacred offices were purchaseable, though it is to be noted that the advowsons of these pagan livings were sold at a much cheaper rate than their modern counterparts.

One very interesting feature of this branch of the subject is the large number of votive offerings. Faith was strong in these Pagans ; they cried to the gods in their distress, and when things turned out well they believed that they saw the answer to their prayer. Hence the temples were filled with thank-offerings of all sorts and shapes, from the great statue down to the humble plate or spoon which sufficed to express the poor man's gratitude. On most of these *ἀναθήματα*, as they were called, nothing was inscribed but the name of the man who gave and of the god who was to receive the offering ; but the more elaborate works of art often bore also the maker's name and in many cases the reason for making the dedication. Mementoes of some famous historic events have even come down to us, telling in their way their own tale. The most interesting of these is the threefold bronze serpent which was part of the votive offering intended to commemorate the mighty victory of Plataea. These poor snakes (for there are, or rather were, three) have suffered dreadfully ; their heads are gone, and when Sir Charles Newton discovered them in 1855 they were half buried in the earth of the hippo-

drome at Constantinople. But the inscription is perfectly legible, and will in due course enrich the new edition of the Greek *Corpus*.

A very interesting and very well-preserved specimen of these thank-offerings was found at Apollonia in Phrygia. It records the grateful piety of a man named Sagaris, who, when a great famine was raging in Phrygia, went with all his household into Galatia, where he contrived to keep alive his oxen and also "the good husbandmen, the fair tillers of the soil." For these and other benefits he dedicated an altar with two marble oxen. "Not a great gift," he says, "for who could bring a meet offering to the divine king ?"

Of the private inscriptions a great many refer to the victories at the athletic contests. One wonders whether vanity or gratitude to the gods was the motive which prompted the more explicit legend.

One curious inscription has an additional interest because it is with a fair show of probability attributed to the Emperor Hadrian. It signalises an exploit ; he had with his own hand killed a bear which he had met accidentally while out riding. The dedication is to the "bowman boy of the clear-voiced Aphrodite," and Hadrian begs the "wise" Eros to "breathe on him the favour of the heavenly Aphrodite." One understands the request, but its connection with the killing of a bear is not so easy to make out.

Sometimes this gratitude took a more elaborate shape than the simple offering of a single gift, however costly. Wealthy donors could build a temple or establish an endowment. An interesting instance of the latter method is to be seen in an inscription which records a certain decree of the senate of Stratonicea in Caria. "Zeus and Hecate," it begun, "have saved our city from many great dangers ; we ought to let slip no occasion of showing our piety and our duteous service." After a rather long preamble the decree arranges for the selection of

thirty boys to be chosen from the best families in the city to form a choir. Every day, clothed in white, wreathed with foliage, and with a laurel branch in their hands, they are to repair to the senate-house and there to sing hymns in honour of Zeus and of Hecate, the tutelary deities of the city. Elaborate regulations are laid down for the training of these boys, for securing a proper performance of their duties, and for filling up what vacancies might be caused by death or illness.

In connection with this choir-practice may be mentioned the fact that several of the hymns actually used in the service of the gods are contained in the *Corpus*. The longest of these is a hymn to Isis inscribed on four columns, of which two have come down to us in a good state of preservation. Another was apparently for a special occasion, a severe and lasting epidemic at Athens. It begins with an address to Asclepius, the god of healing, who is, perhaps a little bluntly, requested to wake up: "Shake the slumber from thy eyelids and hear the prayers of thy creatures." Most of these productions, though not without a certain rough fervour, are very poor literature and contrast very unfavourably with the hymns preserved to us in Greek literature. Perhaps in ancient as in modern times a certain degree of badness was as a rule considered a recommendation for poetry which was to be used in public worship.

Among the most interesting of the curiosities of the bygone faith we may place the list of miraculous cures which Asclepius, or his father Apollo, was believed to have effected at Epidaurus. These were engraven on *στῆλαι*, or slabs of stone. Pausanias tells us that there were six of these remaining in his time (the latter half of the second century of our era), but that there had been a greater number. Two of these *στῆλαι* were, less than ten years ago, discovered by Monsieur Kabbadias, whom the Archæological

Society of Athens had commissioned to find what he could by digging. These columns date from about the third century before our era, but there is reason to believe that they are duplicates of a formerly existing record. However that may be, they bear unmistakable witness to the strong faith of early times. We will quote a few specimens, beginning with one which at least has a comic side. An invalid fell asleep and dreamed that the god (Asclepius) opened his chest with a knife and took out a number of leeches. These he placed in the man's hands and then sewed up his chest again. In the morning the man went out of doors with his hand still full of the leeches, and from that moment he was perfectly cured. His illness was owing to the treachery of his mother-in-law, who had been putting leeches into the wine and honey which the unfortunate man drank. Still more remarkable perhaps is the story of Pandarus and Echidorus. The former had on his forehead some objectionable spots, and the god, appearing to him in a vision, put a bandage round these spots and told Pandarus to take off the bandage in the morning and to place it as a gift in the temple. He did so, and found that the spots had been transferred from his forehead to the bandage. This is curious enough, but the story does not end here. For Pandarus some time afterward gave to a friend named Echidorus, who also was troubled by these unpleasant spots and was going to Epidaurus on his own account, some money with which he was to make an offering to the god on Pandarus' behalf. Echidorus however appropriates the money, and when, in nightly vision the god appears to him and makes inquiry, he denies having received it, but promises an inscribed image if he too recovers. The god places on his forehead the bandage which Pandarus had formerly worn and enjoins him to remove it in the morning, to wash in the spring, and to look at his own image in the water. He does so and finds, first that the spots

have disappeared from the bandage, and next that they have been transferred to his own face.

The questions asked of oracles and the answers given form a closely allied division of the subject. Boeck's *Corpus* contains only a few specimens, but some of the most interesting have been discovered since the publication of that monumental work. Among these one may note particularly those dug up at Dodona by M. Carapanos. Dodona was the oldest and one of the most famous of all the oracular seats, and M. Carapanos was fortunate enough to bring to light a few very interesting inquiries. They were all written on thin sheets of lead, and in many cases the inscription has become in whole or in part illegible, but there are a few which are almost or quite perfect. In many cases the inquirers are anxious to know what they are to do to please the gods, or which gods they are to try to please particularly. A woman asks to which god she is to sacrifice in order that she may recover from some unnamed illness; Eubandros and his wife want to know "to what gods, heroes, or divinities they are to pray and sacrifice in order that they and their household may do well now and for all time." Then there are parents who want to know what they can do for the health of their child; another pair who ask if they are going to have other children than the one they are already favoured with; while in one or two instances putative fathers inquired whether the honour of paternity is not being improperly thrust upon them. Perhaps the most curious of all those which M. Carapanos has given us is an inquiry from a man called Agis. He is anxious to find out whether some missing pillows and bed-clothes were stolen, or whether he had lost them himself. The answers to these interesting inquiries have not come down to us, but we have a few specimens of oracular responses; one, in a woefully imperfect state, dating from the third century B.C., while an-

other, fairly well preserved, may probably be referred to the times of Antoninus. The occasion of it was a pestilence at Pergamos, "the metropolis of Asia," and the injunctions of the god were by the command of the town-council engraved on marble slabs and set up in the market-place. One notices that a good deal of sacrifice is enjoined, and it is probable that the priests at Pergamos at least were very well satisfied with the oracle's reply.

More curious than these are the general answers framed to suit all comers. Two inscriptions have been found, one in Lydia and another in Pisidia, each consisting of twenty-four single lines of iambic verse. The first of these verses or lines begins with alpha, the next with beta, and so on through the alphabet down to omega. They are considered (for the matter is not quite certain) to be oracular replies, and it is conjectured with much plausibility that the first drew a letter from an urn and then had the corresponding line handed to him by the officiating priest. One notices that good fortune is generally promised. For instance the first, or alpha line is, "You will accomplish all things prosperously," a very gratifying response indeed. But we note, too, a tendency to moral reflections and an unsatisfactory vagueness; and it is very likely that those who drew xi and were told that "It is not possible to get fruit from withered boughs," or who under eta were informed that "The shining sun, which sees everything, sees you," may have felt a little disappointed.

A somewhat more elaborate system of responses is shown in a series of inscriptions found near Attalia in Pamphylia, a town which some readers may remember best through its having been visited by St. Paul. In this case a large number of answers were always ready, and the particular one to be selected for any given individual was decided by the throw of dice. These were not the ordinary cubes of ivory, but knuckle-bones

marked on four sides only, the rounded ends where the numbers five and two would have been placed being left vacant. Five of these knuckle-bones were used, and in consequence there were twenty-four different scores, the lowest being five (five aces), and the highest thirty (five sixes). Owing to the absence of the numbers two and five there was no possible score either of six or twenty-nine. But it will be obvious that the same score could be arrived at in different ways; twenty-two could be made up of three sixes, three, and an ace, or of four fours and a six, or again of one four, two threes, and two sixes. The reader who works out the whole problem will find that there are fifty-four possible combinations, and it seems that for each one of these was an answer of the oracle ready marked not only with the sum total of the throw, but also with the different numbers of which that total was made up. Thus the inquirer would have only to throw the dice and the appropriate response would be handed to him. Only ten of these answers have come down to us, and the last of them is in a very fragmentary condition. Some are very gloomy predictions; the oracle was evidently not like the phrenologists of to-day who prophesy smooth things to everybody. Let us take for example an answer which corresponds to the score of twenty-two made up of four fours and one six. It seems to have been specially intended for authors, for it runs thus: "To cast seed on the sea and to write writings are both a vain and useless toil. Being mortal, force not the divinity lest he hurt thee." One or two however are more cheerful; twenty-five, for example, made up of four sixes and an ace, is almost ferocious in its promise of success: "As wolves seize lambs and mighty lions slow-pacing oxen, even so shalt thou have mastery of all these (things or persons), and thou shalt have all thou askest for and thou" a word or two is missing at the end.

Somewhat similar to these were the

Roman *sortes*. Our best examples of these are to be found in Nos. 1438, 1454 of the Latin *Corpus Inscriptionum*. These are short sentences, each forming a rough hexameter verse. They were inscribed on small rectangular discs of metal, which however have been lost since their first discovery. As they were perforated in the right-hand corner, it is probable they were fastened together with a string, though it is not known exactly how they were used. These certainly show a marked tendency to be very oracular in language, and at times to fall back on platitudes. "Many men are deceitful, don't believe them," hardly seems a very satisfactory answer to one who perhaps had inquired if his wife, or mother-in-law, would recover from sickness; and the statement that "The horse is beautiful, but you can't ride him," besides being somewhat uncomplimentary is certainly not so clear as might be wished. Then several of them (we have only seventeen specimens in all) coolly inform the inquirer that he ought to have come earlier: "Do you ask me now, consult me now? The time is gone." Probably dissatisfaction was at times openly expressed; the man felt he was paying his fee (one may be sure there was a fee) for nothing, for we find the response: "We are not deceitful as you said; you consult us foolishly." However it is reassuring to know that there was one entirely satisfactory answer: "Gladly, willingly seek, it will be granted; you will always rejoice."

But let us come to another class of inscription, to what we may call the minatory or maledictory order. A great deal of vehement cursing was expended in guarding or attempting to guard the sanctity of the tomb. Many epitaphs contain the most vigorous imprecation on those who disturb the remains in their last resting-place, or who should offend against the order and decency of the sepulchre. This style of cursing, it may be observed, continued in full

vigour in Christian times, often harmonising ill with our modern notions of Christianity. Some are almost horrible in their ferocity, as when the violator of the tomb is told that "He will be accursed of God for ever," or that "He will give account to God, Who will judge the quick and the dead." There is one which perhaps will rather provoke a smile. The offender is threatened with the curse of all the Fathers of the Nicene Council; "He that throws rubbish in this enclosure," the inscription runs, "has the anathema from the three hundred and eighteen Fathers, as an enemy of God." Sidney Smith once alluded to a forty-parson power (of preaching if we remember aright); but the anathematising ability of three hundred and eighteen Nicene Fathers is a much more appalling idea, and there is a ludicrous contrast between this terrible but vague penalty and the very prosaic and familiar offence.

But besides this prospective cursing there was another kind of malediction invoked not on those who might hereafter do something objectionable, but on those who had actually offended, the names of the guilty persons being very often given. These imprecations on particular persons the Romans called *devotiones*, and as, with the Greeks, they were included among votive offerings, they have given to the word *anathema* its present unfavourable significance. These were written on thin sheets of lead, and several of them have come down to us in a more or less perfect condition. The most important of them were discovered by Sir Charles Newton at Cnidus,¹ which are dated from about the third or fourth century of our era. They were found within the limits of the temple of Demeter, and as each plaque of lead has holes in the four corners, it is probable they were affixed to the walls of the temple. They are very interesting, even if it be rather mournful (except for the

¹ In Sir Charles Newton's opinion they may possibly be later than B.C. 100.

professed cynic) to read this pitiful record of petty hatred and vindictiveness; it is certainly curious to notice the commonplace offences which called down such fiery imprecations. For the cursing is very hearty, the offending person was devoted to the Infernal Powers,—“to Demeter and Persephone, Pluto and all the gods and goddesses with Demeter,” so that punishments might not come upon him only in this life, but also in the world to come. The reasons given are very various, and sometimes hardly appear adequate. We can understand the wife who, being abandoned with her children, calls down the divine vengeance not only on her husband's paramour but also on the persons who received him in hospitality, and we notice with some interest that no malediction whatever is invoked on the faithless spouse himself; another woman denounces those who had accused her of poisoning her husband; a man curses those who bound and scourged him, and those who instigated the outrage. In these cases one can understand the thirst for vengeance, but in others one wonders how anybody can have taken so much trouble for so small an offence. A lady imprecates those who had cheated her by using false weights; another has lost a drinking-cup. The offended persons were generally ladies and it was some missing article of attire which most commonly moved their wrath. One long inscription only partly decipherable begins thus: “Artemis devotes to Demeter, Persephone and all the gods with Demeter, him (or her) who, when I asked for the garments I had left, did not return them.” The force of this lady's feelings leads her to an almost indelicate enumeration of the objects in question, and a good deal of the rest of the inscription is illegible. Sometimes the authors of the imprecation put in the proviso that the guilty persons are to be exempt if they return the missing article, and in most cases they pray that they may not involve themselves

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But let us come to another class of inscription, to what we may call the minatory or maledictory order. A great deal of vehement cursing was expended in guarding or attempting to guard the sanctity of the tomb. Many epitaphs contain the most vigorous imprecation on those who disturb the remains in their last resting-place, or who should offend against the order and decency of the sepulchre. This style of cursing, it may be observed, continued in full

vigour in Christian times, often harmonising ill with our modern notions of Christianity. Some are almost horrible in their ferocity, as when the violator of the tomb is told that "He will be accursed of God for ever," or that "He will give account to God, Who will judge the quick and the dead." There is one which perhaps will rather provoke a smile. The offender is threatened with the curse of all the Fathers of the Nicene Council; "He that throws rubbish in this enclosure," the inscription runs, "has the anathema from the three hundred and eighteen Fathers, as an enemy of God." Sidney Smith once alluded to a forty-parson power (of preaching if we remember aright); but the anathematising ability of three hundred and eighteen Nicene Fathers is a much more appalling idea, and there is a ludicrous contrast between this terrible but vague penalty and the very prosaic and familiar offence.

But besides this prospective cursing there was another kind of malediction invoked not on those who might hereafter do something objectionable, but on those who had actually offended, the names of the guilty persons being very often given. These imprecations on particular persons the Romans called *devotiones*, and as, with the Greeks, they were included among votive offerings, they have given to the word *anathema* its present unfavourable significance. These were written on thin sheets of lead, and several of them have come down to us in a more or less perfect condition. The most important of them were discovered by Sir Charles Newton at Cnidus,¹ which are dated from about the third or fourth century of our era. They were found within the limits of the temple of Demeter, and as each plaque of lead has holes in the four corners, it is probable they were affixed to the walls of the temple. They are very interesting, even if it be rather mournful (except for the

¹ In Sir Charles Newton's opinion they may possibly be later than B.C. 100.

professed cynic) to read this pitiful record of petty hatred and vindictiveness; it is certainly curious to notice the commonplace offences which called down such fiery imprecations. For the cursing is very hearty, the offending person was devoted to the Infernal Powers,—“to Demeter and Persephone, Pluto and all the gods and goddesses with Demeter,” so that punishments might not come upon him only in this life, but also in the world to come. The reasons given are very various, and sometimes hardly appear adequate. We can understand the wife who, being abandoned with her children, calls down the divine vengeance not only on her husband's paramour but also on the persons who received him in hospitality, and we notice with some interest that no malediction whatever is invoked on the faithless spouse himself; another woman denounces those who had accused her of poisoning her husband; a man curses those who bound and scourged him, and those who instigated the outrage. In these cases one can understand the thirst for vengeance, but in others one wonders how anybody can have taken so much trouble for so small an offence. A lady imprecates those who had cheated her by using false weights; another has lost a drinking-cup. The offended persons were generally ladies and it was some missing article of attire which most commonly moved their wrath. One long inscription only partly decipherable begins thus: “Artemis devotes to Demeter, Persephone and all the gods with Demeter, him (or her) who, when I asked for the garments I had left, did not return them.” The force of this lady's feelings leads her to an almost indelicate enumeration of the objects in question, and a good deal of the rest of the inscription is illegible. Sometimes the authors of the imprecation put in the proviso that the guilty persons are to be exempt if they return the missing article, and in most cases they pray that they may not involve themselves

in the penalty of the curse. "May it be lawful for us," one of them concludes, "to go to the bath with the accursed person, to enter the same roof, to sit at the same table," which looks as if the vengeful lady still meant to keep up an appearance of friendship.

But there was another way of imprecating curses on your enemy's head. In this case the leaden tablets inscribed with the malevolent wishes were placed in the inside of tombs. They were not affixed to the walls of the sepulchre but were folded over, or sometimes rolled up. One of the specimens was found not only rolled up but fastened round with iron wire. In some of these the name of the person denounced is written upside down and reversed, evidently as an evil charm, sometimes inscribed three times over. Two interesting examples come from the neighbourhood of Athens and may be roughly dated about B.C. 100. Here is a Latin specimen, probably a century later: "As the dead man who is buried here can neither speak nor converse, so may Rhodine, who lives at M. Licinius Faustus's, be dead and neither able to speak nor converse. Just as the dead man is neither pleasing to gods nor men, so may Rhodine, who lives at M. Licinius's, be pleasing, and be just as much worth as the dead who is buried here. Father Pluto, I commend Rhodine to you that she may be hateful to M. Licinius Crassus." The writing on these anathematising tablets is bad and the grammar worse. Probably only slaves, and chiefly female slaves, found a passing gratification in the thought of securing vengeance in this way. In one inscription where curses are denounced on "Danae, the maid-servant recently bought by Capito," the writer of the tablet indicates her belief that a previous *devotio* had not missed its mark. Probably in this case, and in that of "Rhodine who is at M. Licinius's" jealousy was the moving motive. It is the fury of a displaced

favourite that we get a glimpse of across all the intervening centuries.

Now that we are on Italian ground and dealing with curses, we may find space to refer to the inscribed bullets which have been picked up chiefly in two or three particular places and have added their brief legend to the miscellaneous harvest of the *Corpus Inscriptionum*. Leaden bullets sharpened a little at each end and so called "acorns" were much used in ancient warfare, especially in sieges; hurled by skilled slingers they could prove very deadly weapons. As a rule nothing was marked on these bullets; the principal exceptions are interesting as throwing a ray or two of very lurid light upon some gloomy scenes of history. For these inscribed bullets found their deadly employment in no ordinary war, but in those savage struggles which marked the closing century of the Roman Republic. Some found near Henna and Leontinum commemorate the ferocity of the Servile War. Many have been in comparatively recent times picked up near Ascoli (the ancient Asculum), and these remind us of the final stage in the last grand hopeless struggle which the Italian towns waged against the over-mastering tyranny of Rome. In this case we have inscribed bullets of both sides. "*Feri Pomp. (Pompeium), Strike Pompeius,*" expresses the wishes of the besieged, Cn. Pompeius Strabo being the general in charge of the siege; while the Roman assurance of coming victory was expressed by "*Fugitivi peristis, You runaway slaves are ruined.*" Again, fifty years later, when Mark Antony and Octavius were contending for the mastery of the Roman world, the siege of Perugia, where the "sharp-tongued" Fulvia and the Triumvir's brother Lucius were holding out against the forces of the future Augustus, gave occasion to the use of these inscribed bullets. "Hit Octavius," "Hit Antonius," we read; the most undignified portion of the human anatomy being in each case indicated for the blow. Then Lucius

is reproached with his scanty hair: "You are ruined, bald-headed Antony, the victory is Cæsar's," we read on one bullet. A higher degree of tragic interest attaches to another inscription. Perugia was reduced by the slow process of famine, which reached such a pitch of intensity that "*Perusina fames*, Perugian hunger," became a proverbial expression. We read with horror that the brutal Antonius denied all rations to the large number of slaves shut up in the beleaguered city, and at the same time refused to permit them to leave, lest the besiegers should know the true state of things inside. But a bullet that has been found shows us that this callous brutality missed its mark, for we read, "*Esureis et me celas*, You are hungry and you are hiding it from me."

Passing from maledictory inscriptions, let us take a brief glance at a few such small things as cups and plates and gems. On these nothing much could be written, and in fact they were more often than not left without any inscription at all. Sometimes, however, when the cup or drinking vase was something of a work of art, it bore the name of the maker. Some were probably sent as presents, and bear a name which we may suppose to be either that of the giver or receiver. Some bear the inscription, so-and-so "is beautiful;" some in general, "The boy, or the girl is beautiful." These are perhaps analogous to the mugs one sees in the Lowther Arcade marked "For a good boy," or are possibly the presents of lovers.

The inscriptions on cups are generally of a bacchanalian order, "Drink me," "Good luck and drink me," "Drink well," and so on. One bears the inscription "I am thirsty," which is evidently meant to be the language of the cup asking to be refilled; another has the motto "Mix," and I suppose belonged to some more frugal or more temperate individual. We have one specimen, however, which bears an inscription which might harrow up the

feelings of a teetotaller. It is this: "Mogea gives the cup as a gift to Eucharis, the wife of Eutrepheantus, that she may learn to drink it all off without stopping." The cup in question holds about as much as the modern tumbler. On a certain plate of great value, being made of jasper and set about with gems, is this quaint inscription, "Ambrosia to one, poison to all others."

The engraved gems are occasionally dedicated to some god or carved with a prayer, as "Oh great Zeus, save Seleucia;" but more often they talk the language of lovers, and there is something a little pathetic in the pretty speeches which have survived while all other memory of the enamoured fair has perished. "The flower of nature" we read on one; "Theano is my light," on another. Some bear a longer legend, as (an inscription often repeated), "They say what they like. Let them say. I care not. Love me. 'Tis well for you." This may perhaps be a dialogue between the two lovers. In one instance we easily discern two speakers, though the exact drift is not so easy to catch. "If you love me, follow. No. I love you. Don't make a mistake. I see it and I laugh." The reader's imagination may be exercised over this. If the $\sigma\upsilon$ of the inscription is joined with the $\phi\iota\lambda\omega$, then we might interpret: "If you love me, follow." "I don't love you, don't make a mistake" (i.e. "don't think I do"). "I see it, &c." (i.e. "I know you don't, and I don't care a straw"). Another, an emerald, gives us a glimpse at "the pangs of love despised." The carving represents Cupid bound to a pillar on which a vulture stands, and for legend there is only the one word, "Justly." In explanation Boeck very aptly quotes from the Anthology a little poem in which some unsuccessful lover consoles himself by imagining a similar punishment for the mischievous god. The last couplet of this little lyric goes something like this: "Eros, the pains of mortals

were your laughter; you suffer for your crimes; the punishment is just."

A very curious class of inscriptions may still be seen on the statue of Memnon at Thebes. This mutilated colossus excited a great deal of interest in the days of the early Roman Empire, from the time of Nero to that of Septimus Severus. It was then that the story of the music at sunrise was in most vigorous circulation; people came to hear and be convinced, and then in the most ungrateful way they carved their versified record of the fact on the statue itself, carefully introducing their own names and stating the precise day and hour of the performance. Among the most distinguished visitors was the Emperor Hadrian. He came several times and brought his wife Sabina with him. In her suite there was a lady called Julia Balbilla, who had a turn for poetry and has left two of her effusions upon Memnon's left foot and one on his right thigh. On one occasion the colossus, it seems, was obstinately dumb; Sabina was much disappointed, and her friend Balbilla indignantly warns the statue not to make the emperor angry, "for keeping his revered wife waiting so long." However, on another occasion Memnon was especially obliging, recognised Hadrian "the universal monarch," and gave three separate exhibitions of his powers. Everybody was pleased, and Julia Balbilla produced some of her very best verses, and there they are on the left leg of the great statue.

The wealthy Romans seem to have made up family parties to visit the wonderful sight; one man records that he came with his wife, another with his wife and children. Both of these produce Greek verse, though the names of the visitors are Roman. The first one is reminded of the wonders he was taught to believe in when a boy; "Of the talking Argos and the talking beech-tree of Pelagic Zeus, but now I see,—see with my own eyes—that you speak, and what

sort of sound you utter," which is a curious way of putting it. We get a kindly touch of nature in the inscription of Cæcilia Trebulla, who, when she heard the sacred voice of Memnon, longed for her mother and prayed that she might hear it too. Trebulla came afterwards with some friends (we don't know whether the mother was of the party) and records that Memnon greeted them on this second visit as old acquaintances. Trebulla was a lady of some pretences to culture and liberal views, for though she alluded to Memnon as the son of Eos and Tithonus, she concluded with the inquiry: "Did Nature, the artificer of the universe, give to a stone perception and a voice?" In a third effusion, carved like the other two on Memnon's left leg, she suggests that the noise is due to grief, grief at the thought of the injuries which "that great Persian conqueror, Cambyzes," had done to the statue. There were evidently sceptics as well as believers, for while one, in language borrowed from Homer, declares that there is "some god within," another is content to admire "the cleverness of the thing." One inscription gives us a glimpse of the unintelligent tourist of those days; a certain Beras writes up in one of the underground passages at Thebes that he was astonished at all the catacombs, especially Memnon's. But enough of this statue and its morning music.

Another curiosity, but of a different sort, also comes from Egypt. It is a schoolboy's dictation, or perhaps an attempt at original composition: "The vine drinking water from its master gives him back unmixed wine, a twofold return." Then there is appended the moral, which, however, hardly seems to fit; it is, "Work hard," and one wonders whether the young gentleman who wrote that exercise so many years ago was not asked to find a moral for himself and so took the one he heard most frequently.

Among the Latin inscriptions the

advertisements of tradesmen form an interesting class. Here is one found near Rome: "If you want inscriptions made, or have any need of marble-work, you'll get it here." Another enterprising man at Bologna announces, "A bath in town style and every convenience." A similar notice meets us only eight miles from Rome, where of course most of the customers would be able to know whether they really had "town style" or not. A curious example comes from Lyons which may be paraphrased thus: "Here Mercury promises profit, Apollo safety, and Septumanus bed and breakfast. He who has been here before will be treated all the better a second time. Stranger, settle on your lodging beforehand." A more independent tone is taken by another inn-keeper, who doesn't hesitate to declare that his house is not intended for people of only moderate means. "If you live in good style, here's the house for you; if in poor fashion, I'll put up with you, but I shall be ashamed of having you." There are a good many modern hotels conducted on this principle, but the proprietors are not as a rule quite so frank in expressing their sentiments.

A number of these business announcements are to be found at Pompeii, that brisk little city to whose daily life the energy of Vesuvius has lent a kind of immortality. Here we get a large number of miscellaneous inscriptions dealing with matters of daily life, announcements of forthcoming gladiatorial games, edicts of magistrates, wine-sellers' attempts to captivate customers, rewards for lost or stolen property, houses for sale or to be let, and other things of that sort. We learn from one announcement that a glass of wine could be got for one *as* (about three farthings), while for four *asses* one could drink real Falernian. Another inscription informs us that a *denarius* (about 7½*d.*) was paid for washing a tunic, and the date, the thirteenth of April, is carefully re-

corded by the writer. Whether she was the laundress or the owner of the tunic must be left undecided, but it seems at least that she was in the habit of marking up her washing-account on the walls of her house. There are several such inscriptions on the same wall of this particular house, all dated; the twentieth of April a tunic and a pallium, on the seventh of May an article which need not be particularised, while on the day following two tunics are scored.

Again, there are such announcements as, "This is not the place for idle people; loafer, be off!" or the well-known "*Cave canem*, beware of the dog." In this connection may be mentioned two inscriptions, though they don't belong to Pompeii. Both are on dogs' collars, and the wearer of the first seems to have been a ferocious animal, at any rate in the eyes of his owner, for his collar bears this legend: "Don't hold me, it will not be good for you." The other collar was probably worn by a pet dog, for it is of silver and the inscription shows that the owner was afraid of losing him: "I have run away. Hold me. When you've brought me back to my master Zosimus you'll get a *solidum*" (a coin about equal in value to an English sovereign).

To return to Pompeii, there are many specimens of the *καρκίνοι*, the "crab-verses" as they were called, lines which can be read either backwards or forwards with the same result. We can only recollect one in English, the well-known sentence referring to Napoleon, "Able was I ere I saw Elba"; but there are more than a dozen preserved in the Anthology of Planudes, and it is one of these, a little altered, that some one thought fit to paint up on the wall of his house at Pompeii. What little meaning it has refers to the exploits of Diomedes in the Iliad: "Ἦδη μοι Διὸς ἄρ' ἀπάρα παρὰ σοι, Διομήδης. Even those who are altogether innocent of Greek will see that this can run both ways equally well.

These scribblings form an important class of the *Parietariæ Pompeianæ*. Many of them are very sorry specimens indeed, and quotation even in the semi-obscurity of the Latin tongue is quite impossible. Yet there is something striking in the reflection that Time, which has taken away so much, which has robbed us of the comedies of Menander and the lyrics of Sappho, has let these poor trivial obscurities live; it is mournful to think that the idle scribblings of shameless lads and wanton women have outlasted some of the mightiest monuments of human genius. One can't help wondering, too, what these scribblers would have felt if they had been told that their scurrilities were destined to leap to light centuries after all other memory of themselves had vanished, and to be carefully collected and copied by learned men, and to stand in one big volume as a permanent record against them. Seriously, one might say that some of the ample pages of the fourth volume of the *Berlin Corpus*, with their pitiless register of idle words, look like a leaf from the black book of the Recording Angel. It must be remembered, however, in justice to antiquity, that these performances were the work of "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort" only; decent people were very properly disgusted. One distich scrawled up in three different parts of the town expresses contemporary sentiment: "I wonder, O wall, that you haven't fallen in pieces since you endure the stupidities of so many writers."

Yet there are some small scribblings which are curious without being offensive. One is from a man called Zosimus who found a difficulty in writing, for he made two unsuccessful attempts to get the word "Victoria" set down, the name of the person he was addressing. Then he asks for help: "If you think that I haven't a cent," he says; the rest of his scribble has faded into illegibility, and we can't tell why Zosimus took this particular way of attracting Victoria's

attention. Equally curious is the inscription of one Pyrrhus, who sends greeting to his colleague Chius, and then continues: "I am sorry to have heard that you are dead. And so, farewell." Whether this was seriously meant as a sort of epitaph on the defunct Chius, or whether Chius was still alive and this was meant for a mild pleasantry (like his who at Rome wrote up in Greek that he had written nothing) we will not attempt to decide.

Two literary curiosities may close this paper. One is a curious mnemonic intended to show how many days there were in each month. It consists of twelve lines of verse, each of which contains exactly the same number of letters as the corresponding month had days. It must have cost the composer a world of trouble, for it is also an acrostic, the initial of each line giving, "Μένιππος εὔρε, Menippus invented (this)." The verses are fairly good at the beginning, but one is not surprised to find them falling off very much toward the close; and one fancies that Menippus himself was glad enough to get the task completed. His friends would be certain to tell him that his labour was all in vain, and that it would be quite as much trouble to remember his verses as to recollect the days of the month.

An equally futile expenditure of energy is shown in a double acrostic which comes to us from the island of Philæ in the Nile. It records the sentiments of a Roman traveller who visited Egypt a little before the Christian era. He had had enough, he says to the cataracts, of rocks and mountains; he meant to say a long good-bye to Philæ and to go home and write his book of travels. This epigram is a double acrostic; but the author was not content to surmount the difficulties which this kind of composition necessitates, and made the matter harder still by introducing a fresh refinement. For the second letters of each verse and the last are in every case (except with the last

verse, for the final of which there was no letter left) the same, so that the acrostic could be read in two ways. It is hardly necessary to add that these initials and finals (or second letters) give us the name of the author of the epigram, Catilius the son of Nicanor, possibly the Nicanor whose father was the old tutor of the Emperor Augustus. At any rate Catilius put up in the temple at Philæ a marble slab on which Augustus is lauded in very extravagant style. In a third inscription, now only partly legible, he sings the praises of piety. This is all we hear of him ; if he got back home again and wrote his book of travels describing all the wonders of Egypt, it has perished without leaving any trace of its existence.

But with Catilius' ingenious rhymings our selections from the *Corpus* must close. Many more specimens of equal curiosity and interest might be given, but the capacity of magazines and the patience of readers have their limits. Enough has been selected to enable the English reader to judge of the abundant material which has come down to us in stone and bronze, in brass and ivory, and enough, we will hope, to show what value there is for us in it. The big volumes might easily be classed in Lamb's list of books that are no books, and even the handier compilations of Kaibel or Wilmanns have no very entertaining look. Yet in reality the hours one

may spend in turning over the greater or the smaller pages have a peculiar interest. In these disjointed scraps something of the past seems to live again, of the old far-off Pagan past so different from the present we know. Pictures of the days of long ago "flash upon the inward eye" as we turn from stone to bronze, from marble slab to leaden tablet. We see the priest at the altar, the athlete at the games, the soldier on the march, the noisy ecclesia and the grave senate. One comes too to recognise more fully how elaborate and complex was the old civilisation, how wonderful and in how many ways admirable, and how "advanced." And we can hardly help thinking of the loss that humanity sustained when it was bereft of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," and musing on the many centuries it took to build up a new order of things out of the ruins of the old. For if we are now "wiser than all the ancients," if there is more culture, knowledge, better security for life and property, more of the comforts and conveniences of life to-day than there were in the time of the early Cæsars, it is well perhaps to remember that the advantage has not been with us moderns for so very long. Could we maintain, for example, that the world was as a whole better off at the beginning of the seventeenth century after Christ than it was at the close of the first?

AN OXFORD IDYLL.

I.

"I WISH they hadn't asked me!" said Christopher Craik, the Logic Tutor of St. Mary's, as he looked down at the party in the old secluded college garden. "I wonder," he added, glancing at the reflection of his red tie in the glass, his new tie and black coat, his young and scholarly face, "I wonder,—but no, it isn't too red; they wear them red," he continued, with attempted cheerfulness. "No——" but hearing the laughter of ladies below his window, he scuttled back hastily. His rooms were high up in the garden tower, almost up among the topmost boughs of the high college elms, and when, after a moment, he returned to his window and peered down, he could see through the green of the trees patches of white and pink colour, the dresses of many ladies, dappling the lawn, and moving and meeting on the college paths. Among the summer leaves the summer wind was breathing; it blew in at the window now and then, laden with scents from the garden, and the faint stir and hum of human voices; and Christopher Craik, or the Corn-Craik, as the undergraduates called him, felt his heart beating high with an unwonted emotion of youth and excitement.

The early philosophers of Asia Minor were very remarkable and suggestive men, but now that he had finished and published his book about them, he meant to enjoy himself a little. And what shallow wisdom it was moreover to live in the almost solitary way he had been living all the winter. All the winter! All his life really; spending his youth among books and almost shut out from everything that is light and amiable in experience. Why, the greenest of

his undergraduate pupils might easily know more of modern life than he did! "Oh, don't harp so on modern life!" his friend Ranken, the junior Dean of St. John's, often said to him in his acrid way. "Do for pity's sake leave it alone, and stick to your Asia Minor." But then Ranken was absurdly cynical. Craik remembered how often, on their way home in the winter evenings from their regular Sunday walks, his friend would pause opposite an uncurtained window and make bitter merriment over the domestic picture they saw in the golden light within, a family at tea very likely, or an academic parent romping with his children.

As he looked down now, it was agreeable to him to see so many ladies in the old garden, and he could not believe that Ranken had very authentic grounds for his narrow prejudice. For Ranken would have liked to shut ladies out of Oxford altogether, would have liked to keep it as it used to be, a tranquil home of learning and celibacy, before the Royal Commission had granted the Fellows the liberty of marrying. For that unblest liberty, he maintained, by filling the University with frivolity and ladies, had so destroyed the old character of the place that now, as was notorious, the whole of the summer term, with a good part of the rest of the academic year, was given over to dances and picnics and parties and other silly and deteriorating trifles. Craik had not been able to contradict his friend, for hitherto the sounds and echoes of the social dissipation had hardly reached him in his retired corner, save as he had heard them reverberating through the gloomy caverns of Ranken's imagination. But he could not quite believe,—here Craik began to laugh,

for his eye at that moment was caught by the gargoyle just above him, which was also leaning over and looking into the garden. For four hundred years that weather-beaten creature had sat there making faces, but now its visage seemed more than ever twisted with a look of Gothic cynicism. As Craik lingered, looking out, himself almost like a second gargoyle, he thought he could see in the garden below two ladies of his acquaintance, Mrs. Cotton and Mrs. Trotter. How ridiculous Ranken was in his views, almost grotesque as the gargoyle! Craik took his hat and stick, and started down stairs for the garden. He would see for himself.

II.

It was very worldly and brilliant in the garden. Besides a crowd of ladies and young men, three Professors and two Heads of Houses had already arrived, and others were expected. Mr. White, Mr. Long, and Mr. Maple Feters, the young unmarried Fellows who were giving the party, kept glancing toward the gateway over the shoulders of their arriving guests, all smiles however as they greeted their friends with apposite remarks. On tables under the trees white cloths were spread, looking almost blue in the vivid green, and on them were plates of red strawberries, ancient silver bowls of sugar, rows of shining spoons, cakes, and dewy jugs of amber-coloured lemonade. Sounds of discreet gaiety, voices and laughter and the tinkling of glasses, quickened the sleepy silence of the garden, while from beneath a high and fleecy cloud the rays of the westering sun brightened the tree-tops and walls, lingering on the ladies' dresses and streaking with blue shadows the green old lawn. It put Craik in mind of old French coloured prints he had seen, or the courtly fêtes he had read of; he thought too of the garden party in *Love's Cottage*, a pretty novel he had looked at lately, the party

where Miss Molyneux first meets Pastorel the poet.

He kept smiling as he moved about, but he really felt rather shy and alien; if he only knew more people, and could be seen laughing and talking and moving his hands, like the other young men! But soon he met his friend Mrs. Cotton, the wife of Professor Cotton, and he begged to be allowed to get her an ice or some other refreshment. He noticed a brilliant purple feather conspicuously waving from the top of Mrs. Cotton's bonnet, and was glad that his tie was so bright. How pleasant it was, on a summer day, how pleasant and harmless to play brilliantly at life! And did not Aristotle himself place magnificence high among the virtues?

But the Junior Fellows still had their anxious eyes fixed on the garden entrance. "Miss Lamb, has Miss Lamb come?" Craik heard voices murmuring about him. "No, not yet, but she's coming. Just heard Maple Feters telling some one"—"Long says he can't understand it. In her note she said—" "So quiet, so different"—"They say in London—" "Oh yes, and here everybody, Professors, Heads of Houses; it's too amusing—" "Well, she says she wants to study all the types." "Ah look, there she comes!"—Craik turned with the others, and saw Miss Lamb coming in through the Gothic archway. Her face was shaded with a large white hat, and her white dress, falling in long plain lines to her feet, swayed a little as she walked slowly over the grass out of the shadow of the building.

Long and Maple Feters started forward, and escorted Miss Lamb and her aunt across the lawn. They drew near to Craik and Mrs. Cotton. "Oh, there is Mrs. Cotton," Miss Lamb exclaimed, and turned towards them. "Dear Mrs. Cotton," she said, "I was so hoping I should see you here!" Craik looked at Miss Lamb. She rested her eyes on him for a second, then pressing Mrs. Cotton's hand, she stooped down

with a graceful impulse, and kissed the fat old thing. Craik overheard Mrs. Lyon, the wife of the President of All Saints, talking to the Warden of St. Simon's. "Dear Miss Lamb!" she said, in a deep and sentimental voice, "she is just as nice to women as she is to men." "She is much nicer, surely," the ancient Warden replied with a cackling laugh. "She never kisses us!"

Again Craik walked about alone, smiling and conspicuous, and although he tried to think that he was enjoying himself, he really wished very much to be back in his tower again, up there in its pleasant green shade and solitude. That after all was his place, the only place he was fit for, and he had better stick to it, and stick to his books, and not cast again the gloom of his presence on the social enjoyment of other more fortunate people. Thus resignedly musing, he retreated into the near shade of a laburnum tree, and, ceasing to smile in his fixed and weary way, he watched through the flowering branches the shining colours and placid agitation of the garden party. All the men, except himself, were moving among the groups of ladies, weaving darker threads into the brilliant pattern. Young Cobbe he saw, the captain of the college boat-club, walking with Miss Lamb, walking and talking pleasantly; and he sighed, for although he was Cobbe's tutor and well versed in his stupidity, he could not help envying the easy manners of the undergraduate.

But the picture ceased to be a mere picture to him, and the placid current of his thoughts grew quite agitated, when he noticed that Miss Lamb and her companion were coming directly to his tree. Could he manage to slip away without being seen? She was coming probably to pick a spray of the yellow flower, to put in her white dress, or carry away perhaps as a memory of the party. And if he were found standing there, like a policeman, it would be so awkward!

Miss Lamb fortunately met Maple Fetters, and stopping herself, seemed to be sending him on to the tree alone. When he reached it he pushed aside the branches and said with a smile, "Come along, Craik, I want to introduce you to Miss Lamb." "Me?" "Yes, you. We saw you here; she wants to meet you." "Wants to meet *me*?" "Yes, *you*. Come along." Craik came out from beneath the tree. "Miss Lamb,—does she live in Oxford?" "You don't mean to tell me you've never heard of Miss Lamb!" Fetters paused in astonishment. "You must be the only man in Oxford then who has not. Miss Lamb is an American." "An American?" Craik had heard that American ladies were so brilliant.

"Miss Lamb, let me introduce Mr. Craik, our philosopher."

"Mr. Craik, I am glad to meet you."

Craik bowed; then he saw that Miss Lamb had put out her hand; he tried to take it, but it was too late. The American young lady however smiled, and put out her hand again, and gave it to him frankly, almost as if it were a present. "We ought to shake hands, oughtn't we? It's the English way, isn't it?" Craik stifled a guffaw, and his awkward sensations began to go.

"Mr. Cobbe, would you mind getting me an ice?" Cobbe's face wore an odd expression as he bowed and disappeared. Maple Fetters fluttered off, like a fat butterfly, to other occupations. Craik and Miss Lamb were left alone and they began to walk with vague steps, and, on the lady's part, vague, unfinished scraps of conversation, along the garden path. Then stopping, and resting her hands on her parasol and looking at her companion, as she leaned a little towards him, she said, as if they were old friends already: "I wonder—would you take me into your old college cloisters! I have heard so much about them, and it wouldn't be wrong for us to run away from the

party for just a few minutes. I do so want to—you won't mind?" "Oh dear, no!" Craik exclaimed. "Certainly we can go. It's through the quadrangle. But Mr. Cobbe,—will he find you?" "Oh, he'll know where I am; and if he don't, it's no matter. Come!" They went under the garden tower, and through the little old quadrangle, into the entrance of the cloisters. Of the history and traditions of the place, and of the whole college, Craik spoke almost with eloquence, while Miss Lamb listened with murmurs and interruptions of enthusiastic interest. The cloisters, as he explained, were once the cloisters of a monastery; the tower was the monastery tower; and the bell that hung there, and twice a day rang the college into chapel, was the bell that once sounded for the matins and vespers of the monks.

"What! monks? Did monks really once live here? Oh, how I should have liked to have seen it then!" "Ah, but you couldn't, you know. They never allowed ladies inside the gates." "How silly!" "Yes," Craik said smiling, "wasn't it silly?"

They walked with slow steps around the shadowed cloisters, and Miss Lamb talked idly of the party. It was such a pretty party, so amusing. Did he often go to garden-parties? No? How odd! She did—to ever so many. Then suddenly she cried, in a changed voice, "But how frivolous I am, Mr. Craik! I can see that you are quite shocked." "Shocked! oh no, not a bit." "Well, then, you ought to be. Imagine being so frivolous in a solemn place like this. Tell me, you study philosophy, don't you? It must be splendid; I do envy you so! When I am in a place like Oxford I feel so frivolous, somehow, and ignorant. Why I feel afraid—" Then, after a moment's charming hesitation, "Yes, quite afraid to talk to clever people. You mustn't mind what I say, will you?" "But I'm not clever!" he exclaimed. "Why—" "Oh, but Mr. Craik! Why you've written a

book!" "But that's nothing. And it's only a sort of study, nothing really." "I wish I could read it." "Oh no! don't try; it's a stupid thing, only meant for students."

Miss Lamb paused, and turning her eyes to Craik with a look filled with reproach, she said, "Ah, you are like the others, you don't think I am serious; you think I would not understand it!" "Oh no; not that!" Craik urged, in quick distress. "You would understand it of course, what there is to understand. I only meant," he stammered, "I only meant that it was not well written, not on interesting,—not really worth reading, I mean." "Oh, I'm sure it is worth reading, and I hear it's so clever. It is about Asia Minor, isn't it? I wish you would tell me something about it, and about your work. Do you like it here? Of course you do. Have you been in Oxford long?"

For a third time they passed around the cloister square, moving with slow footsteps that scarcely waked the old echoes of the stones and arches, and Craik, talking with an unreserve that was intimate and sudden, and yet somehow seemed quite natural to him, told about his work and the writing of his book. Then, in answer to a question of Miss Lamb's, he described his quiet bringing-up, in an obsolete old town where his parents were tradespeople; his early schooling, how he had come to Oxford on a scholarship, and how he had stayed there ever since, living in the same college, his parents having died, and the Logic Tutorship being offered to him just when he had taken his degree. So he seemed to have lived a long while there, in that sleepy old college, with its high walls and buildings: as an undergraduate first, busy and almost solitary save for a few friends similar to himself; then as a tutor, still more busy with his work and still more solitary; and above all, during the last few years, when all his thought and leisure had been given to his book on Ionic philosophers. How many years was it altogether? Eight,

no, ten—And then, as she seemed to be really interested, he gave a sketch, half humorous and half serious, of his life in college. A bare monastic life it seemed to himself when he came to describe it, a monotonous life and empty. So little to tell of, in so many years; but then how long ago it seemed! “But dear me!” Craik exclaimed at last, with a blush, “I don’t think I have ever talked so much of myself before. It sounds rather dull, I’m afraid.”

Miss Lamb stopped for a moment. “Dull! Mr. Craik!” she cried. “Oh, no, I think it is noble! To have achieved so much, already. You don’t know how I have been interested! Only it is so,—I mean it makes me seem so—so— I suppose you hate women.” “Oh no—*no!*” “I mean, look down on them, despise them.” “No! why I—” “I’m afraid you really do, only you’re too polite to say so. You don’t think, do you, that they could understand philosophy?” “Of course they can, quite as well as we do, if they would only try.” “Do you think it would be any use my trying? Really, do you really? I should so love to, if it would be of any use. You know, I have always wanted to understand about it, and there is hardly any one in the world I admire so much as the philosophers. They are the real leaders of the world, Socrates and Emerson and Carlyle. And a frivolous life like mine seems sometimes so— But then people will never believe I am in earnest, and they all make fun of me, and discourage me so. Perhaps they are right; but I have never had any one to help me.” “Oh, I am sure they are wrong!” Craik cried. “If you would only try. Do you think I could,—could help you?” “Oh, you are too kind! And perhaps, if you wouldn’t mind coming to see me some afternoon, to talk to me about it. And maybe you would bring your book; I should so love to see it. And then if you would let me look at one or two of your lectures, those you have for just the stupidest of your pupils.

No! don’t tell me I am not stupid, for I am, I assure you. And I have no right to ask you to come; you are so busy.” “Oh, but I should be only too delighted! If I may; if you don’t think I should be a—with ladies you know, I am always so afraid of being a bore.” She smiled at him. “Ah, you do yourself injustice, Mr. Craik. Indeed you do! But come,” she added suddenly, “we must be going back to the garden. How I hate to leave this dear old cloister!” “Must we really go?” “Yes, we really must. Isn’t it horrid, when you have had such an interesting talk, to have to go back and say stupid and silly things to stupid and silly people?”

They left the cloisters, and crossing the quadrangle, they stopped for a moment before entering the garden, and looked at the blue picture set in an archway of gray walls, the blue picture of the afternoon light and air in the depth and distance of the garden. “How pretty! It’s like,—what is it like?” “Like standing in the past, and looking into the present?” Craik suggested. “Yes, it’s like that. But I mean the people, the way they look so far off and blue, as if they were under water. There’s something else it reminds me of.” “A tank at an aquarium, when you look through the plate-glass.” “Yes, it is like that, really!” “With Professors and Heads of Houses swimming about like old fat carp.” “Oh, Mr. Craik, how can you, for shame!” Miss Lamb seemed in high spirits now that they were in sight of the garden-party, and her voice was full of laughter.

She paused again when she got through the archway. “Tell me, Mr. Craik,” she said, “is this the tower you live in? And the gargoyle you told me about? I should so like to see him. He must be charming. That face up there, peering over the roof? Oh yes, I see. How too delightful! My! isn’t that quaint? Just think, he looks back on the past, and on the present, and on the town; and—it symbolizes—

symbolizes—life, doesn't it?" "Yes, —perhaps it does," Craik said rather dubiously.

"He hasn't exactly a kind expression," Miss Lamb said, looking up again. "No," Craik answered looking up himself, and laughing. "That's his way. Then to-day he's shocked at seeing so many ladies here. He doesn't appreciate ladies, you know." "How horrid of him! Why, what harm can we do here?" "Harm! Why, Miss Lamb," Craik said with quaint politeness, "your visits are our greatest blessings!"

Craik knew the old garden well he thought, and he had certainly been in it in all weathers. But to-day it came over him that he had never seen the place before looking so oddly bright and green and shining. Certainly, when he and Ranken had walked there—. Poor Ranken! Craik smiled a little.

"What are you smiling at?" Miss Lamb asked. "Smiling?" Craik said in embarrassment. "Why, was I smiling?" "Certainly you were. It is strange, really it is, how much you are like a friend of mine in America. The way you smile reminds me so much of him. Really it is quite funny, the resemblance. But perhaps you don't like to be told you look like other people?" "Oh yes, I do." Then he added after a pause, with desperate and awkward courage, "if they are friends of yours!"

Miss Lamb did not seem to notice either his compliment or his blush. "How odd you should know Mr. Ranken," she said musingly. "I've not seen him lately. Is he as sentimental as ever?" "Ranken of St. John's! Why, he's not sentimental. It must be some one else." "He used to be, then; I'm sure it is Mr. Ranken of St. John's. I used to meet him last summer at picnics. I was here then. But Mr. Craik," she added, laughing, "really this garden is like paradise! The undergraduates must fancy they have got back into the garden of Eden." "Indeed you would think so

from the way they avoid the tree of knowledge! They are so much wiser than Adam."

They were in the midst of the party now, and Craik was proud, though somewhat embarrassed, with the attention they attracted, and Mrs. Cotton's smiles of obvious encouragement. Indeed he was almost glad when Cobbe joined them, and planting himself in front of Miss Lamb exclaimed, "Well, Miss Lamb, well! Here I've been waiting half an hour with this ice; it's melted into soup." "I am so sorry," Miss Lamb cried; "come, let's get another." Then her voice changed as she turned her eyes to Craik and said, giving him her hand in her friendly manner, "Good-bye, Mr. Craik; good-bye; you won't forget? To-morrow, isn't it?"

III.

CRAIK took off his hat, wiped his forehead, tried to get some of the dust off his boots and then he rang the bell. "Is Miss Lamb at home?" "Yes, sir; Miss Lamb is in the garden."

Entering, Craik saw a number of hats and sticks in the hall. Miss Lamb, he thought, must have several brothers. He put down his stick, and the book with it, after a moment's hesitation; that was better, he would leave it there, and would come and fetch it when the conversation turned that way. Then, buttoning up his black coat over the lecture-notes that filled his pocket, he followed the servant through the house out into the little garden. It was full of strong sunlight, and seemed full of undergraduates too, but when he stopped blinking he saw there were only four. One was up in a tree, sitting there and swinging his legs; Cobbe lay in a hammock smoking, and two other of Craik's pupils lay on the grass at Miss Lamb's feet, rolling lemons. He stopped for a moment.

"Oh, Mr. Corn—Mr. Craik I mean,"

Miss Lamb called out, "I am so glad to see you." Craik advanced with an awkward smile, and Miss Lamb reached out her right hand most cordially. In her left she held a lemon-squeezer. "How good of you to come! And isn't it hot? Exactly like America, I've been saying. We've just come out into the garden without our hats. Won't you sit down on that rug, if you don't mind? Oh, I nearly forgot; let me introduce you to my aunt, Mrs. Stacey. I guess you know everybody else."

Craik shook hands with a lady who was sitting and knitting in an arbour. Then he settled down on a rug in the sunshine. How he wished that he had not decided at the last moment to wear a tall hat and a long coat! The undergraduates were all in flannels.

Miss Lamb spoke of the garden-party. "Your lovely college! It is too ideal; it is like a dream. And that funny gargoyle! I've been telling auntie all about it. And the cloisters too! You don't know how solemn it made me feel. Now, you needn't laugh, Mr. Cobbe, I really did feel solemn—more solemn, I guess, than you have ever been. Gracious, it is hot!" she added, with a sudden change of subject. "Mr. Craik, let me give you some of this lemon-squash; I made it myself."

"Thanks! I shall be most pleased to have some." Craik's voice seemed to himself to be formal, and his phrase pedantic.

"Oh, but what was I saying?" Miss Lamb went on, looking at the company generally. "You were telling us how solemn you were," Cobbe suggested. "Wasn't it rather a new experience?" "Now, Mr. Cobbe, what a mean thing to say," she replied, with great good-nature. "You're his tutor, Mr. Craik, aren't you? Well, next time you have a chance, I hope you will set him some real horrid work to do. I'm sure he needs it." Miss Lamb said this casually, with a pleasant laugh, as she fanned herself.

No one answered; Craik and even Cobbe coloured, and the undergraduate in the tree suppressed a titter. But Mrs. Stacey at this moment asked by happy chance some question of Craik, addressing him as "Professor Craik," in her high American voice, and he hastened to answer her with effusion.

"Oh, I say!" one of the undergraduates interrupted, "that was a splendid score of yours, Miss Lamb, off the Warden. Perhaps you've not heard it, Mr. Craik, the joke about the garden of Eden?" he said, turning to Craik, who had come to an end of his conversation with Mrs. Stacey. "The Warden was showing Miss Lamb the garden, when she said to him, 'Why it is like the garden of Eden here, Mr. Warden; only I suppose you are wiser than Adam, and don't disturb the tree of knowledge.'"

"My dear," Mrs. Stacey cried, "you didn't really speak so to the sweet old Warden?"

"But I say," Cobbe exclaimed, "how's this, Miss Lamb? Long and Maple Fetters tell that story as having been got off on them, and they seemed to think that they rather scored off you." "They didn't a bit; they were only silly!" "Then you did get it off on them?" "No, I didn't."

"Oh, that explains the story," another undergraduate interposed, "that Mrs. Cotton was trying to tell. It seemed, as she told it, to have no point at all. 'Mr. Warden,' she made you say, 'Mr. Warden, you have a lovely garden here, but I am told you never pick the fruit.' 'The Warden, you know, is so particular about his figs,' she added, 'it is quite a joke with all the Fellows.'" Miss Lamb was silent. After a while, however, when a few other current anecdotes of Mrs. Cotton had been told, and they came to the well-known story of that lady and the cow in St. Giles's, she began to smile, and before long was quite consumed with

merriment, for a siphon of soda-water, fizzing off by mistake in her hands, had sprinkled itself over Cobbe. "You did that on purpose, Miss Lamb, I know you did," he cried, jumping out of the hammock and shaking himself. "Indeed, I didn't! Indeed," she said, convulsed with laughter, "I wouldn't for worlds!"

Her attention was then taken by the youth up in the tree who had been throwing down leaves and bits of stick on the heads of the party below. A piece of bark falling into the jug of lemon-squash, Miss Lamb feigned great wrath and indignation. "I wanted to give Mr. Craik some more; but oh, you haven't drunk what you have! Isn't it sweet enough for you?"

"It is just right, thank you," he said, and he took up the glass, warm now from standing in the sun, and was just going to drink the tepid stuff, when the young lady almost shrieked: "Oh, wait a moment please; there's a poor little bug tumbled into it. Dear little thing! Do take it out—oh, be careful! I can't bear to see anything suffer."

Craik fished the insect out of the lemonade with a blade of grass, and Miss Lamb, putting it down on the ground, poked it tenderly to aid it in its moist attempts to crawl away. Ultimately Craik rose from his uncomfortable posture on the ground. It was a long while, it seemed to him, that he had been sitting there, smiling and solemn in the flaming sunshine, and casting about in his mind for an excuse to go, while the others,—the youth perched up in the tree, Miss Lamb fanning herself and squeezing lemons, Cobbe smoking and slowly swinging in the hammock—laughed and lazily talked, as if their life was

one afternoon of endless Arcadian leisure. But Craik had a morbid sense that his shadow, which he glanced at now and then, had been growing almost as if he were swelling, he and his top hat, and casting a larger shade on the little garden.

"Well, I must be going! We college tutors, you know," he said, feeling pretty stiff in body and mind, but attempting nevertheless a little jauntiness of air.

"Oh, but, Mr. Craik, you mustn't go now!" Miss Lamb cried. "Why, we're all going up the river, to have late tea at Godstow and come home by moonlight; and I am going to take my banjo. I hoped you would come with us!" "I'm sorry, but I must be back." "Well, I'm real sorry too. You must come again." She held his hand in hers for a second, and there was a touch of embarrassment in her manner. "Now you will come again, won't you? It is—it is rather hot just to-day for philosophy, isn't it?" she added, her face brightening with a friendly and apologetic smile.

Craik found his hat and stick, but not his book, in the hall. "I've left a book here," he said to the maid.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I thought it was for Miss Lamb, so I put it on the shelf where she puts the other university gentlemen's books that they sends. I'll go and bring it, sir."

"Is this it?" she called from a neighbouring room—"Elements of Pishcology"?

"No," said Craik hurriedly; "it's about Asia Minor. 'Life and Thought in—'"

"In hearly Asia Minor, sir?"

"Yes, that's mine," Craik answered, in a voice that was not without a touch of melancholy.

ON MODERN TRAVELLING.

THERE is one charming impression peculiar to railway travelling, that of the twilight hour in the train; but the charm is greater on a short journey, when one is not tired and has not the sense of being uprooted, than on a long one. The movement of the train seems after sunset, particularly in the South where nightfall is rapid, to take a quality of mystery. It glides through a landscape of which the smaller details are effaced, as are likewise effaced the details of the railway itself. And that rapid gliding brings home to one the instability of the hour, of the changing light, the obliterating form. It makes one feel that everything is, as it were, a mere vision: bends of poplared river with sunset redness in their gray swirls; big towered houses of other days; the spectral white fruit trees in the dark fields; the pine tops round, separate, yet intangible, against the sky of unearthly blue; the darkness not descending, as foolish people say it does, from the skies to the earth, but rising slowly from the earth where it has gathered fold upon fold, an emanation thereof, into the sky still pale and luminous, turning its colour to white, its whiteness to gray, till the stars, mere little white specks before, kindle one by one.

Dante, who had travelled so much, and so much against his will, described this hour as turning backwards the wayfarer's longing, and making the heart grow soft of them who had that day bid their friends adieu. It is an hour of bitterness, the crueller for mingled sweetness, to the exile; and in those days when distances were difficult to overcome, every traveller must in a sense have been somewhat of an exile. But to us, who have not necessarily left our friends, who may

be returning to them, to us accustomed to coming and going, to us hurried along in dreamy swiftness, it is the hour also when the earth seems full of peace and goodwill; and our pensiveness is only just sad enough to be sweet, not sad enough to be bitter. For every hamlet we pass seems somehow the place where we ought to tarry all our days; every room or kitchen, a red square of light in the dimness with dark figures moving before the window, seems full of people who might be friends; and the hills we have never beheld before, the bends of river, the screen of trees, seem familiar as if we had lived among them in distant days which we think of with longing.

This is the best that can be said, it seems to me, for modern modes of travel. But then, although I have been jolted about a good deal from country to country, and slept in trains on my nurse's knees, and watched all my possessions, from my cardboard donkey and my wax doll to my manuscripts and proof-sheets, overhauled on custom-house counters; but then, despite all this, I have never made a great journey. I have never been to the United States, nor to Egypt, nor to Russia; and it may well be that I shall see the Eleusinian gods, Persephone and whoever else imparts knowledge in ghostland, without ever having set foot in Greece. My remarks are therefore meant for the less fortunate freight of railways and steamers; though do I really envy those who see the wonderful places of the earth before they have dreamed of them, the dreamland of other men revealed to them for the first time in the solid reality of Cook and Gaze?

I would not for the world be misunderstood; I have not the faintest

prejudice against Gaze or Cook. I fervently desire that these gentlemen may ever quicken trains and cheapen hotels; I am ready to be jostled in Alpine valleys and Venetian canals by any number of vociferous tourists, for the sake of the one, schoolmistress, or clerk, or artisan; or curate, who may by this means have reached at last the land east of the sun and west of the moon, the St. Brandan's Isle of his or her longings. What I object to are the well-mannered, well-dressed, often well-informed persons who, having turned Scotland into a sort of Hurlingham, are apparently making Egypt, the Holy Land, Japan, into *succursales* and *dépendances* (I like the good Swiss names evoking couriers and waiters) of their own particularly dull portion of London and Paris and New York. Less externally presentable certainly, but how much more really venerable is the mysterious class of dwellers in obscure pensions; curious beings who migrate without perceiving any change of landscape and people, but only change of fare, from the cheap boarding-house in Dresden to the cheap boarding-house in Florence, Prague, Seville, Rouen, or Bruges. It is a class whom one of nature's ingenious provisions, intended doubtless to maintain a balance of habited and inhabited, directs unconsciously, automatically rather, to the great cities of the past than to those of the present; so that they sit in what were once palaces, castles, princely pleasure-houses, discussing over the stony pears and apples the pleasures and drawbacks, the prices and fares, the dark staircase against the Sunday ices, of other boarding-houses in other parts of Europe. A quaint race it is, neither marrying nor giving in marriage, and renewed by natural selection among the poor in purse and poor in spirit; but among whom the sentimental traveller, did he still exist, might pick up many droll and melancholy and perhaps chivalrous stories. My main contention then is merely that, before

visiting countries and towns in the body, we ought to have visited them in the spirit; otherwise I fear we might as well sit still at home. I do not mean that we should read about them; some persons I know affect to extract a kind of pleasure from it; but to me it seems dull work. One wants to visit unknown lands in company, not with other men's descriptions, but with one's own wishes and fancies. And very curious such wishes and fancies are, or rather the countries and cities they conjure up, having no existence on any part of the earth's surface, but a very vivid one in one's own mind. Surely most of us, arriving in any interesting place, are already furnished with a tolerable picture or plan thereof; the cathedral on a slant or a rising ground, the streets running uphill or somewhat in a circle, the river here or there, the lie of the land, colour of the houses, nay, the whole complexion of the town, so and so. The reality, so far as my own experience goes, never once tallies with the fancy; but the town of our building is so compact and clear that it often remains in our memory alongside of the town of stone and brick, only gradually dissolving, and then leaving sometimes airy splendours of itself hanging to the solid structures of its prosaic rival.

Another curious thing to note is how certain real scenes will sometimes get associated in our minds with places we have never beheld, to such a point that the charm of the known is actually enhanced by that of the unknown. I remember a little dell and hilltop in the High Alps, which, with its huge larches and mountain pines, its tufts of bee-haunted heather and thyme among the mossy boulders, its overlooking peak and glimpses of far down lakes, became dear to me much less for its own sake than because it always brought to my mind the word *Thrace*, and with it a vague fleeting image of satyrs and mœnads, a bar of the music of Orpheus. And

less explicable than this, a certain rolling table-land, not more remote than the high road to Rome, used at one time to impress me with a mysterious consciousness of the plains of Central Asia; a ruined byre, a heap of white-washed stones, among the thistles and stubbles of a Fife hillside, had for me once a fascination due to the sense that it must be like Algeria.

Has any painter ever fixed on canvas such visions, distinct and haunting, of lands he had never seen, Claude or Turner, or the Flemish people who painted the little towered and domed celestial Jerusalem? I know not. The nearest thing of the kind was a wonderful erection of brown paper and (apparently) ingeniously arranged shavings, built up in rock-like fashion, covered with little green toy-box trees, and dotted here and there with bits of mirror glass and cardboard houses, which once puzzled me considerably in the parlour of a cottage. "Do tell me what that is?" at last rose to my lips. "That," answered my hostess very slowly, "that is a work of my late 'usband; a representation of the Halps as close as 'e could imagine it, for 'e never was abroad." I often think of that man "who never was abroad," and of his representation of the Alps; of the hours of poetic vision, of actual creation perhaps from sheer strength of longing, which resulted in that quaint work of art. As close as he could imagine them! He had read, then, about the Alps, read perhaps in Byron or some Radcliffian novel on a stall; and he had wondered and wondered till the vision had come, ready for pasteboard and toy-trees and glue and broken mirror to embody it! And meanwhile I, who am obliged to cross those very Alps twice every year, I try to do so at night, to rumble and rattle up and down their gorges in a sleeping-car! There seems something wrong in this; something wrong in the world's adjustments, not really in me, for I swear it is respect for the Alps

which makes me thus avoid their sight.

And here is the moment for stating my plea against our modern, rapid travelling: there is to decent minds a certain element of humiliation therein, as I suspect there is in every *royal road*. There is something almost superhumanly selfish in this rushing across countries without giving them a thought, indeed with no thoughts in us save of our convenience, inconvenience, food, sleep, weariness. The whole of Central Europe is thus reduced, for our feelings, to an arrangement of buffets and custom-houses, its acres checked off on our sensorium as so many jolts. For it is not often that respectable people spend a couple of days, or even three, so utterly engrossed in themselves, so without intellectual relation or responsibility to their surroundings, living in a moral stratum not above ordinary life, but below it. Perhaps it is this suspending of connexion with all interests which makes such travelling restful to very busy persons, and agreeable to very foolish ones. But to decent, active folk it is, I maintain, humiliating, humiliating to become so much by comparison in one's own consciousness; and I suspect that the vague sense of self-disgust attendant on days thus spent is a sample of the self-disgust we feel very slightly (and ought to feel very strongly) whenever our wretched little self is allowed to occupy the whole stage of our perceptions. There is in M. Zola's *Bête Humaine* a curious picture of a train, one train after another, full of eager modern life, being whirled from Paris to Havre through the empty fields, before cottages and old-world houses miles remote from any town. But in reality is not the train the empty thing, and are not those solitary houses and pastures that which is filled with life? The Roman express thus rushes to Naples, Egypt, India, the far East, the great Austral islands, cutting in two the cypress

avenue of a country house of the Val d'Arno, Neptune with his conch, a huge figure of the seventeenth century, looking on from an artificial grotto. What to him is this miserable little swish past of to-day? There is only one circumstance when this vacuity, this suspension of all real life, is in its place; when one is hurrying to some dreadful goal, a deathbed or perhaps a fresh-made grave. The soul is precipitated forward to one object, one moment, and cannot exist meanwhile; *ruit* not *hora*, but *anima*; emptiness suits passion and suffering, for they empty out the world.

Be this as it may, it will be a great pity if we lose a certain sense of wonder at distance overcome, a certain emotion of change of place. This emotion,—paid for no doubt by much impatience and weariness where the plains were wide, the mountains high, or the roads persistently straight—must have been one of the great charms of the old mode of travelling. You savoured the fact of each change in the lie of the land, of each variation in climate and province, the difference between the chestnut and the beech zones, for instance, in the south, of the fir and the larch in the Alps; the various types of window, roof, chimney, or well, nay, the different fold of the cap or kerchief of the market women. One inn, one square, one town-hall or church, introduced you gradually to its neighbour. We feel this in the talk of old people, those who can remember buying their team at Calais, of elderly ones who chartered their *vetturino* at Marseilles or Nice; in certain scraps in the novels even of Thackeray, giving the sense of this gradual occupation of the continent by relays. One of Mr. Ruskin's drawings at Oxford evokes it strongly in me. On what railway journey would he have come across that little town of Rheinfelden (where is Rheinfelden?), would he have wandered round those quaint towered walls, over that bridge, along that grassy walk?

I can remember, in my childhood, the Alps before they had railways; the enormous remoteness of Italy, the sense of its lying down there, far, far away in its southern sea; the immense length of this straight road from Bellinzona to the lake, the endlessness of the winding valleys. Now, as I said in relation to that effigy of the Alps by the man who had never been abroad, I get into my bunk at Milan, and waking up, see, in the early morning crispness, the glass green Reuss tear past, and the petticoated turrets of Lucerne. Once also (and I hope not once and never again) I made an immense journey through Italy in a pony cart. We seemed to traverse all countries and climates: lush, stifling valleys with ripening maize and grapes; oak-woods where rows of cypress showed roads long gone, and crosses told of murders; desolate heaths high on hill tops, and stony gorges full of myrtle; green irrigated meadows with plashing water-wheels, and gray olive groves, so that in the evening we felt homesick for that distant, distant morning: yet we had only covered as much ground as from London to Dover! And how immensely far off from Florence did we not feel when, four hours after leaving its walls, we arrived in utter darkness at the friendly mountain farm, and sat down to supper in the big bare room, where high-backed chairs and the plates above the immense chimney-piece loomed and glimmered in the half-light; feeling, as if in a dream, the cool night air still in our throats, the jingle of cart-bells and chirp of wayside crickets still in our ears! Where was Florence then? As a fact it was just sixteen miles off.

To travel in this way one should, however, as old John Evelyn advises, "diet with the natives." Our ancestors (for one takes for granted of course that one's ancestors were *milords*) were always plentifully furnished, I observe, with letters of introduction. They were necessary

when persons of distinction carried their bedding on mules and rode in coaches escorted by blanderbusses, like John Evelyn himself. It is this dieting with the natives which brings one fully in contact with a country's reality. At the tables of one's friends, while being strolled through the gardens or driven across country, one learns all about the life, thoughts, feelings of the people; the very gossip of the neighbourhood becomes instructive, and you touch the past through traditions of the family. Here the French put up the maypole in 1796; there the beautiful abbess met her lover; that old bowed man was the one who struck the Austrian colonel at Milan before 1859. 'Tis the mode of travelling that constituted the delight and matured the genius of Stendhal, king of cosmopolitans and grand master of the psychologic novel. To my kind friends wherever I have any, but most perhaps in Northern Italy, is due among other kinds of gratitude, gratitude for having travelled in this way.

But there is another way of travelling, more suitable methinks to the poet. For what does the poet want with details of reality when he possesses its universal essence, or with local manners and historic tradition, seeing that his work is for all times and all men? Mr. Browning, I was told last year by his dear friends at Asolo, first came upon the kingdom of Kate the Queen by accident, perhaps not having heard its name or not remembering it, in the course of a long walking tour from Venice to the Alps. It was the first time he was in Italy, nay, abroad, and he had come from London to Venice by sea. That village of palaces on the hill top, with the Lombard plain at its feet and the great Alps at its back, with its legends of the queen of Cyprus, was therefore one of the first impressions of mainland Italy which the poet could have received. And one can understand *Pippa Passes* resulting therefrom, better than from his years of familiarity with Florence.

Pippa, Sebald, Ottima, Jules, his bride, the Bishop, the Spy, nay, even Queen Kate and her page, are all born of that sort of misinterpretation of places, times, and stories which is so fruitful in poetry, because it means the begetting of things in the image of the poet's own soul, rather than the fashioning them to match something outside it. Even without being a poet you may profit in an especial manner by travelling in a country where you know no one, provided you have in you that scrap of poetic fibre without which poets and poetry are caviare to you. There is no doubt that wandering about in the haunts of the past undisturbed by the knowledge of the present is marvellously favourable to the historic, the poetical emotion. The American fresh from the States thinks of Johnson and Dickens in Fleet Street; at Oxford or Cambridge he has raptures (are any raptures like these?) into which, like notes in a chord and overtones in a note, there enters the deliciousness, the poignancy of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Turner. The Oxford or Cambridge man, on the other hand, will have similar raptures in some boarding-house at Venice or Florence; raptures rapturous in proportion almost to his ignorance of the language and the people. Do not let us smile, dear friends who have lived in Rome till you are Romans, dear friends who are Romans yourselves, at the foreigner with his Baedeker, turning his back to the Colosseum in his anxiety to reach it, and ashamed as well as unable to ask his way. That Goth or Vandal, very likely, is in the act of possessing Rome, of making its wonder and glory his own, consubstantial to his soul; Rome is his for the moment. Is it ours? Alas!

Nature, Fate, I know not whether the mother or the daughter, they are so like each other, looks with benignity upon these poor ignorant, solitary tourists, and gives them what she denies to those who have more leisure and opportunity. I cannot explain by any other reason a fact which is

beyond all possibility of doubt, and patent to the meanest observer; namely that it is always during our first sojourn in a place, during its earlier part, and more particularly when we are living prosaically at inns and boarding-houses, that something happens,—a procession, a serenade, a street-fight, a fair or a pilgrimage—which shows the place in a particularly characteristic light, and which never occurs again. The very elements are desired to perform for the benefit of the stranger. I remember a thunderstorm, the second night I was ever at Venice, lighting up St. George's, the Salute, the whole lagoon as I have never seen it since. I can testify to having seen the Alhambra under snow, a sparkling whiteness lying soft on the myrtle hedges, and the reflexion of arches and domes waving, with the drip of melted snow from the roofs, in the long stagnant tanks. If I lived in Grenada, or went back there, should I ever see this wonder again? It was ordered merely because I had just come, and was lodging at an inn.

Yes, Fate is friendly to those who travel rarely, who go abroad to see abroad, not to be warm or cold, or to meet the people they may meet anywhere

else. Honour the tourist; he walks in a halo of romance. The cosmopolitan abroad desists from flannel shirts because he is always at home; and he knows to a nicety hours and places which require a high hat. But does that compensate? There is yet another mystery connected with travelling, but 'tis too subtle almost for words. All I can ask is, do you know what it is to meet, say in some college room, or on the staircase of an English country house, or even close behind the front door in Bloomsbury, the photograph of some Florentine relief or French cathedral, the black, gaunt Piranesi print of some Roman ruin, and to feel suddenly Florence, Rouen, Reims, or Rome, the whole of their presence distilled, as it were, into one essence of emotion?

What does it mean? That in this solid world only delusion is worth having? Nay; but that nothing can come into the presence of that capricious despot, our fancy, which has not dwelt six months and six in the purlieus of its palace, steeped, like the candidates for Ahasuerus's favour, in sweet odours and myrrh.

VERNON LEE.

THE PARTRIDGE.

PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING, says the law, ends on the first day of February. We only wish it did. So soon as the pairing season begins it is the turn of the village loafer, who usually chooses Sunday morning for his amusement, and sauntering along the footpaths or under the hedges with his gun in his pocket shoots the birds, which are then quite tame, either as they crouch on the ground, where he can easily see them, or as they get up under his feet and offer him the easiest of all possible shots. In a country church you may often during the lessons or the prayers catch the sound of a distant gun, which tells you that the villain is at work. When the birds are bagged he either eats them himself without any of Mr. Saintsbury's sauce, or drinks them out at the public-house, where they are consumed by the landlord, a man probably not very fastidious about age or flavour. But, in spite of all his enemies, in fur, feather, or fustian, the partridge still flourishes, and in the first volume of a new series, *Fur and Feather*, we have an exhaustive work upon him, embracing his whole career from the shell to the stubble, from the stubble to the game-bag, and from the game-bag to the dinner-table.¹

One might have supposed that the Badminton Library, taken together with all the other books on the same subject which have recently been written, would, for the present at least, have satisfied the public appetite for this species of literature. Such, however, seems not to be the case. Works on

shooting of every kind, from an elephant to a jacksnipe, appear to grow in popularity every day. *Fur and Feather* (as it has already amply proved) is offered to no glutted market or jaded taste; and the phenomena is one to be taken into consideration in calculating the future of the game-laws and the prospects of field-sports. It may fairly be inferred that those who like to read about shooting would also like to shoot if the opportunity were offered them; while as a corollary to this proposition it may further be concluded that many of the objections to field-sports, which at one time used to be swallowed wholesale by those who knew nothing about them, have vanished in the light of knowledge supplied by competent authorities. Since sportsmen have taken up the pen themselves, and educated gentlemen, combining practical experience with literary ability, have begun to write upon the subject, it has come to be generally understood that hunting and shooting are not only consistent with refinement and humanity, but that they have a real and very necessary work to do in an age of over-worked brains and keen intellectual competition like our own.

Regarded exclusively from this point of view birds and beasts of game assume a new character as important sanitary agents; and on the whole I think it may be said that the partridge heads the list. The grouse and the red deer may give us harder walking. To the snipe, the woodcock, and the wild duck may belong the special charm, which all true sportsmen appreciate, of thorough wildness. The pheasant may demand a cooler head and a stronger nerve, but the sport supplied by all of them is limited to a comparatively short time, and to a

¹ THE FUR AND FEATHER SERIES. *The Partridge*, by the Rev. H. A. Macpherson, A. J. Stuart-Wortley, and George Saintsbury; with illustrations by A. J. Stuart-Wortley, A. Thorburn, and C. Whympere. London, 1894.

smaller number of persons than partridge-shooting. A sufficient number of birds for ordinary sport can be preserved at a very trifling cost. They are always within reasonable distance of us, and they can be shot comfortably during the whole three months of September, October, and November, and with some additional difficulty to the end of the season. In former times, when wild pheasants were scattered over a rough country abounding in copses, shaws, furze, and heather, and men went out prepared to be satisfied with five or six brace, as much or even more might have been said of pheasant-shooting. But nowadays all our pheasants are kept up in close coverts, and sportsmen anxious to make up the large bags which are now in fashion cannot shoot through the same woods more than about twice a year. On the tendency at the present day to conduct partridge-shooting on a similar principle I shall have something more to say presently. But even when smaller numbers are killed, and the woods are shot oftener, standing in a ride, or sauntering slowly alongside the beaters, is not the same thing as a continuous walk of twelve or fifteen miles over an open country. To the partridge, therefore, precedence is rightly awarded in this series. In the volume devoted to him the department of natural history is undertaken by the Rev. H. A. Macpherson, the sporting one by Mr. Archibald Stuart-Wortley, and the culinary by Mr. George Saintsbury. All are masters in Israel; but Mr. Saintsbury's receipts are sprinkled with a delicate humour which adds greatly to their piquancy.

The partridge is a citizen of the world, and is found in one shape or another in all quarters of the globe, though the American partridge, or Virginian quail, is not allowed by Yarrell to be a true partridge. He must have been a bird familiar to the Jews, for we find him used as an illustration when many other birds would apparently have done just as well had

their habits been equally well known. In the Book of Samuel he is hunted on the mountains; in Jeremiah he or she, as the reader chooses, is sitting upon stolen eggs; in Ecclesiastes he is a decoy bird. The comparisons in which he figures are not very savoury ones. In one place some analogy is sought to be established between a partridge and a flea; in another he is likened to a man brooding over ill-gotten gains, which come to no good; in a third to a spy. The passage referring to eggs which the partridge has stolen from another bird's nest is specially interesting from the fact recorded by Yarrell that a partridge has been known to carry off a whole nest of pheasant's eggs when her own had been destroyed. This, however, could hardly be called larceny, as the old pheasant was dead; nor was it followed by the retribution which awaited the dishonest act imputed to the bird by Jeremiah. Yarrell's partridge hatched the eggs and brought up the young ones. Let us hope, therefore, that the charge was due to some misunderstanding on the prophet's part; but it shows, at all events, that the partridge must have been a bird whose habits were carefully observed by Jewish naturalists. The third passage above quoted shows also that the son of Sirach was acquainted with the mode of taking partridges, which, as it is also described by both Aristotle and Pliny (we sportsmen like to show off a bit of scholarship now and then), may be presumed to have been general among the ancients. In Aristotle's history of animals we have a very circumstantial account of the partridge decoy, the call-bird being styled *ὁ θηρευτής*. He says that he has heard from experts that when the wild bird has once been attracted by the call, he makes signs to the caged bird to hold her noise, for fear of attracting other suitors with whom he should be obliged to fight.

In Italy both the partridge and the pheasant seem to have been kept in

the poultry-yard, and Martial places them in company with the peacock, the goose, the guinea-fowl, the flamingo, and the game-fowls which were brought from Rhodes. The partridge he calls *picta perdix*, which some commentators suppose to mean the red-leg. But if it does it refers, I should say, rather to the plumage of that bird than to his shanks; for he does remind one rather of a painted bird, which the gray partridge never does. The red-leg has acquired an evil reputation among English sportsmen from his habit of running instead of flying before his pursuers, thereby trying the patience of pointers beyond all endurance, and often going near to spoil them. This, however, is rather a virtue than a vice in these days of driving, and I only mention it because it is curious that the habit does not seem to characterise them everywhere. I have been told (but I do not vouch for the truth of the assertion) that the red-legged partridge of Greece will lie just as well to dogs as the English bird; but whether the Greek partridge is the French or the Barbary variety I know not. Most of the sport, however, which Englishmen have enjoyed in France has been with the gray-breasts, as the red-legs are not everywhere predominant in that country; and in Brittany we are told by that good sportsman Mr. Horlock that he has shot over ground swarming with English birds.

As the partridge is found in all countries, so is he found in all situations; rock and valley, stubble and heather, bog and pasture, are all frequented in turn by him. I have often found coveys in Anglesey on swamps which it was difficult to walk over. They are fond of lying among the stones on the sea-beach, and in fields which have been manured with seaweed; and when driven from these will often disappear over the edge of the cliff, leading the inexperienced shooter to wonder what can have become of them. They have not flown out to sea, that is certain. The

keeper knows where they are; they have dropped down among the boulders three hundred feet below you, where they set man, dog, and gun alike at defiance.

Whether partridges are migratory or not is still a moot point among naturalists. Mr. Macpherson thinks that continental partridges move from one country to another across rivers and mountains, but that neither these nor the English partridge would ever take so long a flight as across the Channel. "It is perfectly true," he says, "that from time to time a covey of partridges lands in a more or less exhausted state upon the beach of our eastern or southern coast, under circumstances which render the hypothesis of a covey of French or Belgian partridges crossing the German Ocean perfectly tenable. But however plausible such a suggestion may appear, we should, on the whole, shrink from accepting it as proven upon any but the strongest evidence. It would be more safe to surmise that, though the birds in question may have flown in from sea, they had previously left some neighbouring point of our own coast, and had deflected from their course to catch up the land again." Yarrell rather favours the theory of migration; and he points out that red-legs have been shot on the Dorsetshire coast where none had ever been turned down, and thinks it quite probable that they had come across from the Channel Islands. Why, then, if these came, did not more come? Red-legs were unknown in this country in the middle of the last century, but they abounded in France. It is odd that, if migratory, they should never have thought of taking a trip to England of their own accord till about thirty years ago. As for their being found in Dorsetshire, we need not have recourse to Yarrell's conjecture to account for this. After they had once been established in any part of England, the eggs might easily have got mixed by

the London egg-sellers, for we presume these gentry existed at the date named by Yarrell. I myself have seen a single red-legged partridge shot in Leicestershire about twenty years ago where none had been seen before, and which, at that distance inland, could hardly have been an immigrant.

And now to turn to another branch of our subject, full of very thorny questions which have been debated with considerable warmth by rival schools of sport, and are even now at times the source of very bitter controversy. It may have been observed that when called upon to give an opinion on any business, profession, or occupation regarding some point which is not quite clear to him, a prudent man is fond of taking refuge in the assertion that the system is in "a transition state." If I do not make use of this convenient formula on the present occasion, it is partly because most things are always in a transition state, partly because there is no mystery about the changes which time and progress have wrought in the art of shooting game as practised throughout the British Islands. Whether the change is likely to go still further, or whether the future conditions of English agriculture and proprietorship may not, contrary to general expectation, have a tendency to arrest it, are inquiries too extensive for the present paper. What we have here to consider is the fact that partridge-shooting has, during the last fifty years, been losing more and more of its old character as a branch of field sports in which the art of finding and following up game stood upon a level with the art of killing it, and has been acquiring more and more the character of an exercise in which, by the great majority of those who engage in it, regard is paid to marksmanship only. Yet the old system, from which the altered face of the country has made some departure inevitable, still holds its ground so tenaciously, and is looked back

upon with a longing, lingering eye by so many good sportsmen and good shots who are the greatest proficient in the new, that both must be considered equally entitled to the attention of writers on the partridge. Which of the two affords the better sport is a matter of taste whereon nobody has a right to dogmatise, and it depends, moreover, a good deal on the meaning attached to the word sport. On this point even doctors disagree, and some of the best known shots in England, who will on an average kill nineteen driven birds out of twenty, may be found willing to allow that shooting over dogs was better sport if only it were any longer possible.

The change in partridge-shooting is due partly to necessity and partly to choice; what was begun by the first has been continued and extended by the second. I cannot undertake to say exactly how many years ago it is since the sickle fell into general disuse, and the wheat crop began to be shorn off close to the ground; at a rough guess the interval might cover about one generation. It must have been after the repeal of the Corn Laws that a gradual change began to take place in English farming, it being found necessary both to reduce the cost and increase the yield of corn-growing if free-trade was to be weathered. Hedgerows were either grubbed up or confined within narrower limits; weeds and rubbish, thorns and thistles, were got rid of; turnips were more generally drilled, and more swedes were sown in proportion to white turnips. Then, when finally the old wheat stubbles disappeared, sportsmen began to find out that in the most highly cultivated parts of England at all events partridge-shooting was no longer what it had been. But it was a long time before the change became general, and even to this day it is by no means universal. There are districts quite unsuitable for driving where two men might get their thirty brace a

day over dogs, who would hardly get ten brace without them. Whether this is to be regarded as an enviable or a contemptible survival my sporting readers must determine for themselves.

What the man who shoots over dogs considers real sport is to watch them hunting turnips, stubbles, or large grass fields crossing each other and quartering the ground at full speed and with beautiful precision, then suddenly stopping short as they wind their quarry, and presently hardening to stone as they become quite sure of its proximity. If only one dog has found, then to see the other back him is one of the chief delights of such a day. Such a sight will repay the partridge-shooter for many miles of bad sport. But what he likes still better, perhaps, after he has walked up to Don or Sancho and got his right and left out of the whirring covey which spread out all round him, is to follow it up till it is thoroughly broken and dispersed, and then to pick up the odd birds by ones and twos, here out of a hedge-row there out of a patch of rushes in the middle of a badly-drained pasture, now one from the brook side, now another from the straggling bits of gorse which have sprung up in the grass field lying between the turnips and the fox-covert. These, most likely, will all be found by the dogs, and after five or six lovely points, followed by as many successful shots, our friend will feel himself in the seventh heaven. But it is quite clear that for the full enjoyment of this kind of shooting the bits of gorse and the badly-drained pastures and the rushes and the hedgerows must all be there, and in many parts of England we may look for them in vain. Thistles and brambles, and all the odds and ends of rubbish in which single birds took refuge when the covey was broken, only remain now in sheltered situations; and if we would find ground where setters can be worked to the greatest advantage, we need not look for it in the metropolis of partridge-

shooting. Even in Norfolk and Suffolk there is room for dogs; but it is not in these countries that all the pleasure can be got out of them which they are capable of affording.

It will be seen that the shooter over dogs has been engaged during a good part of the day in finding birds, for which purpose it is necessary that he should be acquainted with the habits of the partridge, and with the likeliest places in which to find him according to the season, the weather, and the time of day. Add to this that he must understand the art of getting round the birds so as to drive them in the right direction, and we have an assemblage of qualities the exercise of which in the eyes of this class of sportsman is of the essence of the business. The finding and the pursuit of game, he would say, was the differential element in his own definition of sport. There was probably never a better and truer sportsman in the best sense of the term than Lord Althorpe. He said, in his last years that it had been "the passion of his life to see sporting dogs hunt," whether pointers or fox-hounds. This was *his* idea of sport, and some will still agree with him.

This is one kind of partridge-shooting. The other is described by Mr. Stuart-Wortley in a passage which deserves to remain for ever the *locus classicus* on the subject. It is too long to quote, but the whole scene is brought before us with an artist's hand. The hopes and fears which throng the moments of suspense, not unlike the sensations of a man waiting at the covert-side for the first whimper of the hounds; then the shouts, the rush of pinions, the kills and the misses, the stifled pangs with which a man feels that "his eye has been wiped": all this is described with rare truth and power. But after all, the pleasure afforded by the drive seems to consist almost exclusively in the shooting, and the question is whether, considering the shooting alone, the superiority of driving in this respect is sufficient by itself to

make it preferable to the other method. When, for any reason, there is no choice and driving is absolutely necessary, there is of course no room for argument. It may be granted that in many parts of England the partridge-shooter has no option. But supposing a man to be offered the choice between some first-rate driving-ground in Norfolk, and some first-rate ground for dogs in another county, which of the two would a genuine sportsman select? Mr. Wortley leaves this an open question, as a sensible man should. As much skill, it is said, as much knowledge of the partridge and his ways is required to organise a big drive as to make a good bag over pointers. Possibly; but who are called upon for the display of these qualities? I am supposing, of course, that the man who shoots over dogs works them, or helps to work them, himself, arranges the beat, and follows his own judgment in the pursuit of broken coveys. Now in the case of driving, all this kind of work is necessarily limited to the keepers, with the addition perhaps of the host himself. The row of guns planted along the hedges have no part in it whatever. Their share of the day's sport is limited to knocking over the birds; and if we are told that this is just the same in the modern system of pheasant-shooting, we reply that this undoubted truth makes the matter no better. In fact, it is the growing tendency to assimilate partridge-shooting more and more to pheasant-shooting, which seems to me one great objection to driving. "In these days," says Mr. Wortley, "the demand is not so much for a great number of days' shooting as for good and well managed dogs, quality as to the number of dogs, quality and quantity combined, where possible, as regards the shooting." And it may be gathered from various passages that for driving-purposes the same ground ought only to be beaten once, or at most twice in a season. But setting

aside the question of sport altogether, it is obvious that this kind of shooting is necessarily confined to a comparatively small circle, and has little in common with the "average or popular partridge-shooting," on which the great majority of English sportsmen are dependent; and as it is sport of this description which, by its wide diffusion among all classes, is one of the best guarantees we have for the maintenance of the game-laws, it is only politic on the part of our tutorial gunners to refrain from sneering at it. It is no small part of the praise due to Mr. Wortley that he carefully avoids this error, and gives every man his due. "I am far from saying," he writes, "that a man has not a perfect right, or is not often justified, in subdividing his sport over a large number of days, especially if he lives from week to week at home for the greater part of the year. In this case he will do much more good on and near his own estate than he who is constantly travelling about, racing, or Londonising; but he will be dependent on a different class for his guns."

Justified most assuredly he is. It is these very men living on their estates all the year round and shooting or hunting through the whole season who are the mainstay of field-sports of every kind. How long would fox-hunting flourish if it were limited to Melton, and not supported by thousands of sportsmen living in less favoured districts who regularly hunt from home, and find as much pleasure in seeing hounds work a woodland fox, as others do in flying over the big grass fields from Billesdon Coplow to Carlton Clump?

But Mr. Wortley has something better to say than this on his own early days.

It must also be borne in mind on the side of the "walker" that he can enjoy a number of days of a perfectly charming sort with two or three intimate friends, and without the trouble or expense of a large organised party. . . . I used to

pass many such at different places, and nowhere more pleasantly than with my uncle, the late Lord Wenlock, at Escrick. He and his eldest son (the present Governor of Madras), and I, have shot many a day together, and so well did we know one another's form, and every inch of the 17,000 acres, or thereabouts, which make up that well-known sporting estate, that I verily believe on that ground no three men could have beaten us. My uncle was almost like a boy himself, singularly active and powerful, and an exceptionally fine shot. We understood every wave of his hand or look of his eye, and learnt thoroughly all that can be done by three guns and a few well-trained men on the war-path for partridges, whether in the hot days of early September, when a good-natured tenant of the old-fashioned sort would insist on our walking through his standing barley or beans, or in the late October, when the fields were cleared, and by running, circumventing, half-mooning, and occasional impromptu driving, we managed to get the birds into a scanty field of cold wet swedes or a welcome bit of gorse cover.

This is the poetry of partridge-shooting if you like! Shooting driven birds from behind a hedge is a prosy and mechanical business compared with the beans and the barley and the old-fashioned tenant. Mr. Wortley certainly does all that man could do to make us find poetry in driving; but there is nothing picturesque in it, nothing left to the imagination. That it is full of excitement I readily allow; but after all it must stand or fall by its superiority as a test of marksmanship, by the number of shots which it offers to each man of the party, and by the power which, in common with pheasant-shooting it helps to develop, of keeping our heads where everything combines to make us lose them. Walking up birds, whether with dogs or without, teaches us the same useful lesson; for it is not all at once that either boy or man is able to keep perfectly cool when a huge covey of partridges rise whirring and screaming all round him, and he has to pick out his right and left so as not to interfere with his neighbour. I have seen a man who could cut down wild French

partridges rising singly at forty yards or more without missing one in a dozen, who could not touch a feather if a covey rose just under his feet. But I freely admit that what the old style taught us well the new style teaches us better. Let each then stand upon its own bottom. Speaking only for my own part I think that shooting to dogs is the better sport, and shooting to beaters the better practice; that walking after birds is the better exercise, and standing to receive them the better discipline; that the one sharpens our observation, and the other matures our self-possession; and that on the whole perhaps the balance inclines a little in favour of the old system because of the greater scope which it affords for the exercise of those arts which our ancestors comprehended under the name of woodcraft. "Master hunts to ride, and I ride to hunt," is a saying attributed to Assheton Smith's huntsman; and it very accurately expresses the difference between two different kinds of sportsmen, whether in hunting or shooting. As covers gradually disappear, and there are fewer places where game can lie close till discovered by the dog's nose or the beater's stick, it is only natural that the search for it should gradually lose some of its attractions, and the conception of sport come to be more and more closely associated with the pleasure of killing it. Men who shoot for the sake of shooting, as others hunt for the sake of riding, then become the most conspicuous figures in the world of sport; and this, of course, is what has happened to us in England.

With the change in legitimate partridge-shooting a change (to some extent a corresponding change) has come over the irregular practitioner in the shape of the poacher. There are now but two classes of poachers; the villager who knows how to snare a hare or knock over a partridge in the pairing season, as already described, and the town poacher, who works in gangs and makes a regular

business of it. Formerly, however, there either was, or was supposed to be, an intermediate kind of poacher, who usually worked by himself, though he too looked to poaching for a livelihood as much as the gangs do. He worked chiefly with a gun, and his depredations were mostly committed among pheasants. Such a man as this is described by Captain Marryat in his well-known novel of *The Poacher*, and such a man, I think, must have been in the mind of Mr. Stuart-Wortley himself when he painted his capital picture of *The Poacher's Hut*,—he will forgive me if that is not the exact title. Poachers of this class, however, could only have existed where the population was thin, where preserving was not very strict, and where the country was wild and woody, affording plenty of hiding places for these lawless, if interesting, personages. But such men will scarcely be found now except, perhaps, in parts of the Scottish Highlands where they are said still to linger. The great enemy which the partridge has to fear is quite a different style of man. He goes out at night with three or four companions, and a long net which is dragged over the top of the stubble in a slanting position, and as the birds lie close it can often be dropped over a covey before they have had time to get beyond it. It is to prevent the net from working that the fields should be carefully bushed; that is to say stuck over at short intervals with brambles or branches of thorn set in the ground so lightly that being pulled up by the net they stick in the meshes and effectually disable it. It is seldom that a whole covey is taken at once; but partridges fly very short distances at night, and the birds that escape are usually picked up by twos and threes before the night's work is over. By far the best and most circumstantial account of modern poaching is to be found in an article in *The Quarterly Review* for October, 1891, and as there is nothing

more to be said about partridge-poaching which does not apply equally to rabbits and pheasants, with one parting remark I shall take my leave of the subject. Mr. Wortley says that "bushing must not be confined to grass fields only." Of course it must not; but who, or what, can have made such a warning necessary? At all events, in those parts of England where my own personal experience of these matters has been mainly acquired, the birds lie in the stubbles quite as often as in the grass, if not much oftener; and on some estates that I know I cannot remember to have ever seen a grass field bushed at all. That might have been a great mistake, but it shows what the keepers thought about it.

And now, having considered the partridge from the naturalist's and the sportsman's point of view, let us look at him from the epicure's; and here of course our remarks can be little more than an echo of Mr. Saintsbury's. Whatever you can do with anything, he says, you can do with a partridge. No form of cookery will come amiss to him. But the man who is blessed with a sound mind in a sound body, and has a proper partridge in his larder (a young English bird who has been well fed on ant's eggs), will never do more than one thing with him—that is, simply roast him thoroughly, but not too much, and then eat him with bread sauce and fried potatoes; what remains he will eat cold for breakfast the next morning, with a little cayenne pepper; when unadorned adorned the most. As for all the artificial modes of dressing this delightful bird, the secondary cookery, as Mr. Saintsbury calls it, their name is legion. Among them his high opinion of partridge-pudding has given me the greatest satisfaction. He has even the moral courage to declare that to be laid softly on a bed of steak and encased in a becoming crust is no disgrace to a September bird. *Absit ab illo Dedecus hoc Montanus ait;*

but in point of fact, there is nothing which is dishonoured by being put into a pudding. Woodcock-pudding, snipe-pudding, pigeon-pudding are all excellent things, and there comes a time in the life of a partridge, sooner perhaps than is commonly supposed, when he begins to lose his highest flavour, even while still young and before his legs have turned gray. So soon as this sad change sets in, have no hesitation about popping him under the crust. A great deal depends on the food he is able to get after the fields are cleared. So long as he can pick up grain enough he is all right; but when he has to take to any coarser diet—turnips, for instance, or other roots—he begins to fall off, and then the bread-sauce and the bread-crumbs and the fried potatoes and the vine leaves must be exchanged for beef gravy and a cloak of suet.

With most sportsmen the partridge was the first bird at which they were entered. The first bird of gentle blood that fell to my gun was a snipe; but for all that, the partridge awakes the more affecting reminiscences. That leap out of bed at four o'clock on the morning of "the First"; the delight

with which one hailed the sunrise and saw the promise of a fine day; the hasty preparations; the letting out the dogs; the walk across the meadows glittering with the early dew, and the fresh, cool morning air, enough to make a centenarian of the feeblest of us; then over the stile, on to the rising ground again, where lay our first stubble, the wave of the hand and the "hold up" to our white Welsh setter; the first point, the first bird, the varied fortune of the day, the tramp home at dewy eve, and the eager inquiries after our bag which awaited us, as we sat down to have our boots pulled off, from mother, sister, cook, and kitchen-maid, all at once! Much the same thing may have been experienced in grouse-shooting afterwards, but the partridge came first. Can a girl forget her first love, or a boy his first bird? Does not the very thought of it make a man young again, even when his hair is white? May he who is impervious to such sensations never kill another partridge, and perish miserably on the thirty-first of August!

T. E. KEBBEL.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1894.

PERLYCROSS.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER XXX.

FRANKLY SPEAKING.

SUPPOSING a man to be engaged (as he often must be even now, when the general boast of all things is that they have been done by machinery,) in the useful and interesting work of sinking a well by his own stroke and scoop; and supposing that, when he is up to his hips and has not got a dry thread upon him, but reeks and drips like a sprawling jelly-fish, if at such a time there should drop upon him half a teaspoonful of water from the bucket he has been sending up, surely one might expect that man to accept with a smile that little dribble even if he perceives it. Alas, he does nothing of the kind! He swears, and jumps, as if he were in a shower-bath of vitriol, then he shouts for the ladder, drags his drenched legs up, and ascends for the purpose of thrashing his mate who has dared to let a drop slip down on him. Such is the case; and no ratepayer who has had to delve for his own water (after being robbed by sewage-works) will fail to perceive the force of it.

Even so (if it be lawful to compare small things with great) even so it has been, and must be for ever, with a young man over head and ears in love, and digging in the depths of his own green gault. He throws back

his head and he shovels for his life: he scorns the poor fellows who are looking down upon him; and he sends up bucketfuls of his own spooning, perhaps in the form of gravelly verse. The more he gets waterlogged the deeper is his glow, and the bowels of the earth are as gold-beaters' skin to him; but let anybody cast cold water, though it be but a drop, on his fervid frozen loins, and up he comes with both fists clenched.

These are the truths that must be cited in explanation of the sad affair next to be recorded; the quarrel between two almost equally fine fellows, Dr. Jemmy Fox to wit, and Master Frank Gilham. These two had naturally good liking for each other. There was nothing very marvellous about either of them, although their respective mothers perceived a heavenful of that quality. But they might be regarded as fair specimens of Englishmen, more wonderful perhaps than admirable in the eyes of other races. If it were needful for any one to make choice between them, that choice would be governed more by points of liking than of merit. Both were brave, straightforward, stubborn, sensible, and self-respecting fellows, a little hot-headed sometimes perhaps, but never consciously unjust. It seemed a great pity that such a pair should fall away from friendship,

when there were so many reasons for goodwill and amity, not to mention gratitude, that flower of humanity now extinct, through the number of its cuttings that have all damped off. Jemmy Fox indeed had cherished a small slip of that when Gilham stood by him in his first distress; but unhappily the slightest change of human weather is inevitably fatal to that very miffy plant.

Young as he was Frank Gilham had been to market already too many times to look for offal value in gratitude, and indeed he was too generous to regard it as his due; still his feelings of friendship, and of admiration for the superior powers of the other, were a little aggrieved when he found himself kept at a distance and avoided, for reasons which he understood too well. So when he heard that young Dr. Fox had returned from that visit to his father, he rode up to Old Barn, to call upon him and place things upon a plainer footing. Jemmy received him in a friendly manner, but with his mind made up to put a stop to any nonsense concerning his sister Christie, if Gilham should be fool enough to afford him any opening. And this the young yeoman did without delay, for he saw no good reason why he should be made too little of. "And how did you leave Miss Fox?" he asked, as they took their chairs opposite the great fireplace in the bare room, scientific with a skull or two and artistic with a few of Christie's water-colour sketches.

"I had no difficulty in leaving her," Jemmy answered, with a very poor attempt at wit, which he intended to be exasperating.

"How was she, I mean? I dare say you got away without thinking much of anybody but yourself." Frank Gilham was irritated, as he deserved to be.

"Thank you; well, I think upon the whole." Jemmy Fox drawled out his words, as if his chin were too slack to keep them going, and he

stroked it in a manner which is always hateful. "Yes, I think I may say upon the whole, that she was quite as well as can be expected. I hope you can say the same of your dear mother."

Frank Gilham knew that he was challenged to the combat, and he came forth, as the duty is, and the habit of an Englishman. "This is not the first time you have been rude to me," he said, "and I won't pretend not to know the reason. You think that I have been guilty of some presumption in daring to lift my eyes to your sister."

"To tell you the truth," replied Fox, getting up and meeting his steadfast gaze steadfastly, "you have expressed my opinion better than I could myself have put it."

"It is not the sort of thing one can argue about," said the other, also rising. "I know very well that she is too good for me, and has the right to look ever so much higher; but for all that, I have a perfect right to set my heart upon her; especially considering,—considering that I can't help it. And if I do nothing to annoy her, or even to let her know of my presumption, what right have you to make a grievance of it?"

"I have never made a grievance of it. I simply wish you to understand that I do not approve of it."

"You have a perfect right to disapprove, and to let me know that you do so. Only it would have been more to your credit if you had done it in an open manner and in plain English, instead of cutting me, or at any rate dropping my acquaintance. I don't call that straightforward."

"The man is a jackass. What rot he talks! Look here, my fine fellow; how could I speak to you about it before you acknowledged your infatuation? Could I come up to you in the street, and say,—'Hi there! You are in love with my sister, are you? If you want to keep a sound skin, you'll haul off.' Is that the straightforward course I should have taken?"

"Well, there may be something in the way you put it. But I would leave it to anybody whether you have acted fairly. And why should I haul off, I should like to know? I won't haul off for fifty of you. Because I have got no money, I suppose! How would you like to be ordered to haul off from Miss Waldron, in case you were to lose your money, or anything went against you? Instead of hauling off, I'll hold on,—in my own mind, at any rate. I don't want a farthing of the money of your family. I would rather not have it,—dirty stuff, what good is it? But I tell you what,—if your dear sister would only give me one good word, I would snap my fingers at you and everybody. I know I am nothing at all. However, I am quite as good as you are; though not to be spoken of in the same week with her. I tell you, I don't care twopence for any man, or all the men in the world put together, if only your sister thinks well of me. So now, you know what you may look out for."

"All this is very fine, but it won't do, Gilham." Fox thought he saw his way to settle him. "Surely you are old enough to see the folly of getting so excited. My sister will very soon be married to Sir Henry Haggerstone, a man of influence and large fortune; and you,—well to some lady who can see your value through a ball of glass, as you do. That power is not given to all of us; but on no account would I disparage you. And when this little joke is over, you will come and beg my pardon, and we shall be hearty friends again."

"Sir Henry Haggerstone!" Gilham replied, in a tone of contempt which would justly have astonished that exemplary baronet. "Not she! Why, that's the old codger that has had three wives; fiddles and fiddlesticks, I'm not afraid of him! But just tell me one thing now, upon your honour. Would you object to me, if she liked me and I had a hundred thousand pounds?"

"Well, no, I don't know that I should, Mr. Gilham."

"Then, Dr. Fox, you would sell your sister for a hundred thousand pounds. And if she likes to put a lower price upon herself, what right have you to stop her?"

"I tell you, Gilham, all this is childish talk. If Christie has been fool enough to take a fancy to you, it is your place, as a man of honour, to bear in mind how young she is, and to be very careful that you do nothing to encourage it."

"But there is no chance of such luck. Has it ever seemed likely to you, my dear Jemmy, that she,—that she even had any idea——"

"A great deal too much, I am afraid. At least, I don't mean to say that exactly,—but at any rate,—well, enough to place you on your honour."

"And upon my honour I will be,—not to neglect any shadow of a chance that turns up in my favour. But I can never believe it, Jemmy; she is ever so much too lofty, and too lovely, and too clever—did anybody ever see such fingers, and such eyes, and such a smile, and such a voice? And altogether——"

"Altogether a pack of rubbish. The sooner you order your horse the better. I can't have you raving here, and fetching all the parish up the hill."

"I am a sensible man, Jemmy Fox. I know a noble thing, when I see it; you are too small of nature, and too selfish for such perception. But you may abuse me to your heart's content. You will never get a harsh word in reply, after what you have told me; because there must be good in you, or you would never have such a sister. I shall take my own course now, without the smallest consideration for your crotchets. Now don't make any mistake about that. And as for honour, clearly understand that I shall pitch it to the devil."

"Well, don't come here with any more of your raving; and don't expect

me to encourage you. You have been a good fellow,—I don't mind saying that—until you took this infernal craze."

"Oh, I won't trouble you; never you fear. You are doing what you think right, no doubt; and you are welcome to do your worst. Only there is one thing I must say. I know that you are too much of a man to belie me to your sister, or run me down behind my back. Shake hands, Jemmy, before I go; perhaps we shall never shake hands again."

"Get somebody to leave you that hundred thousand pounds," said Fox, as he complied with this request, "and then we'll shake hands all day long, instead of shaking fists at each other."

"Jem Crow said to his first wife's mother, What right have you to be anybody's brother?"

Gilham responded, being in high spirits, with this quotation from that piece of negro doggerel with which all England was at that time crazed. And thus they parted, with a neutral smile and none the less perhaps, in that each of them perceived that the parting would prove a long one.

"What will Nicie have to say about all this? I shall not be contented until I know," said Fox to himself when his visitor was gone. "I have a great mind to go and get my riding-gaiters. That blessed mother of hers can scarcely growl at me if I call to-day, considering how long I have been away. I seem to knock under to everybody now. I can't think what has come over me."

When a man begins to think that of himself, it shows that he is getting pugnacious and has not found his proper outlet. The finest thing for him is a long ride then, or a long walk if he has only two legs. Fox was shaking down upon his merits, but still a little crusty with himself, and therefore very much so with every

one outside it, when his pretty mare pulled up, to think about the water she was bound to walk through at Priestwell.

This is one of the fairest hamlets to be found in England. There are houses enough to make one think of the other people that live in them, but not so many as to make it certain that a great many people will be nasty. You might expect, if you lived there, to know something about everybody in the place; and yet only to lift up your hands, and smile, when they did a thing you were too wise to do. The critical inhabitant in such a place, unless he is very wicked, must be happy. He falls into a habitude of small smiles; "many a mickle makes a muckle," if that be the right way to quote it, which it isn't; however the result is all the same, he knows what he is about, and it leads him to smile twenty times for one smile he would have had in town.

All these things were producing a fine effect upon the character of Dr. Gronow. By head and shoulders, without standing up for himself for a single moment, he was the biggest man at Priestwell; in knowledge of the world, in acquaintance with books, in power to give good advice, and to help the people who took it, the largest. And after the many hot contentions of his life, and the trouble in being understood (where the game never pays for the candle) here he was taken at his own appraisement after liberal prepayment. He was not a bad man, take him all in all; though inclined by nature to be many-angled, rather than many-sided. And now, as he stood on the plank that goes over the brook where the road goes under it, he was about as happy as the best of men can be. The old doctor in truth was as full of delight, though his countenance never expressed it, as the young doctor was of dejection. And why? For the very noble reason that the wiser man now had his fly-

rod in hand, fly-book in pocket, creel on back, and waterproof boots upon stiff but sturdy legs. And, main point of all, he was just setting forth; his return might be effected perhaps in quite another pair of shoes.

The Priestwell water flows into the Perle from the north, some half-mile higher up than the influx of Susscot brook from the south, and it used to be full of bright stickles and dark hovers peopled with many a bouncing trout. For a trout of a pound is a bouncer there, and a half-pounder even is held a comely fish, and sooth to say, the angler is not so churlish as to fail of finding joy in one of half that size. Not a sign of spring was on the earth as yet, and very little tidings of it in the air; but any amount was in the old man's heart, as he listened to the warbling of the brook, and said to himself that he should catch perhaps a fish. He was going to fish downwards, as he always did, for he never liked to contradict the water. At the elbow of the stream was his own willow-tree at the bottom of his lawn, and there a big fish lived, the Dr. Gronow of the liquid realm, who defied the Dr. Gronow of the dry land. Ha! why not tackle him this very afternoon, and ennoble the opening day thereby? For the miserable floods, and the long snow-time, and the shackling of the stream is over; no water-colour artist could have brought the stickles to a finer fishing tint; and lo there is a trout upon the rise down there, tempted by the quiver of a real iron-blue!

With these thoughts glowing in his heart, and the smoke of his pipe making rings upon the naked alder-twigs, he was giving his flies the last titivating touch—for he always fished with three, though two were one too many—when he heard a voice not too encouraging. “I say, Doctor, if you don't look out, you'll be certain to get bogged, you know.”

“Don't care if I do,” replied the

doctor, whisking his flies around his head, and startling Perle with the flash of his rod.

“You had better go home,” continued Jemmy, “and let the banks dry up a bit, and some of your fish have time to breed again. Why, the floods must have washed them all down into the Perle, and the Perle must have washed them all down into the sea.”

“That shows how much you know about it. I have got a most splendid patent dodge at the bottom of my last meadow. I'll show it to you some fine day, if you are good. It is so constructed that it keeps all my trout from going down into the Perle, and yet it lets all the Perle trout come up to me; and when they are up, they can't get back again of course; and the same thing is reversed at the top of my grounds. I expect to have more fish than pebbles in my brook. And nobody can see it, that's the beauty of it. But mind, you mustn't say a word about it, Jemmy. People are so selfish!”

“Of course I won't; you may trust me. But when you have got everybody else's fish in your water, can you get them out of it? I know nothing at all about it. But to make any hand of angling, is it not the case that you must take to it in early life? Look at Pike, for instance. What a hand he is! Never comes home without a basketful. He'll be here again next week, I believe.” Fox knew well enough that Dr. Gronow hated the very name of Pike.

“I am truly sorry to hear it. I am sure it must be high time for that lad to go to college. Penniloe ought to be sent to prison for keeping such a poacher. But as for myself, if I caught too many, I should not enjoy it half so much, because I should think there was no skill in it.”

“Well now, I never thought of that. And, *pari ratione*, if we save too many of our patients we lay ourselves open to the charge of luck.”

“No fear for you, Jemmy; you are

me to encourage you. You have been a good fellow,—I don't mind saying that—until you took this infernal craze."

"Oh, I won't trouble you; never you fear. You are doing what you think right, no doubt; and you are welcome to do your worst. Only there is one thing I must say. I know that you are too much of a man to belie me to your sister, or run me down behind my back. Shake hands, Jemmy, before I go; perhaps we shall never shake hands again."

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doctor, whisking his flies around his head, and startling Perle with the flash of his rod.

“You had better go home,” continued Jemmy, “and let the banks dry up a bit, and some of your fish have time to breed again. Why, the floods must have washed them all down into the Perle, and the Perle must have washed them all down into the sea.”

“That shows how much you know about it. I have got a most splendid patent dodge at the bottom of my last meadow. I'll show it to you some fine day, if you are good. It is so constructed that it keeps all my trout from going down into the Perle, and yet it lets all the Perle trout come up to me; and when they are up, they can't get back again of course; and the same thing is reversed at the top of my grounds. I expect to have more fish than pebbles in my brook. And nobody can see it, that's the beauty of it. But mind, you mustn't say a word about it, Jemmy. People are so selfish!”

“Of course I won't; you may trust me. But when you have got everybody else's fish in your water, can you get them out of it? I know nothing at all about it. But to make any hand of angling, is it not the case that you must take to it in early life? Look at Pike, for instance. What a hand he is! Never comes home without a basketful. He'll be here again next week, I believe.” Fox knew well enough that Dr. Gronow hated the very name of Pike.

“I am truly sorry to hear it. I am sure it must be high time for that lad to go to college. Penniloe ought to be sent to prison for keeping such a poacher. But as for myself, if I caught too many, I should not enjoy it half so much, because I should think there was no skill in it.”

“Well now, I never thought of that. And, *pari ratione*, if we save too many of our patients we lay ourselves open to the charge of luck.”

“No fear for you, Jemmy; you are

not a lucky fellow. Come in and have a talk with me, by-and-by. I want to hear the last news, if there is any."

"Yes, there is some; but I must tell you now, or never. For I have to ride round through Pumpington, and I came this way on purpose to get the benefit of your opinion."

"But, my dear fellow, it gets dark so soon"—Dr. Gronow looked wistfully at his flies. "Well, if you won't be more than five minutes, I will put an iron-blue on instead of a half-Kingdon. But don't be longer than you can help. You are the only man in the parish I would stop for."

Omitting all description, except of persons, Fox told the elder doctor what he had learned at the mouth of the Mendip mines, and at the *Smoking Limekiln*, as well as what he knew of Harvey Tremlett from Mr. Penniloe's account, reminding him also of Joe Crang's description, and showing how well it tallied.

"My advice can be given in a word, and that is, not a word," answered Gronow, forgetting his flies for the moment; "not a word to any one, but Mockham the magistrate, and not even to him until needful. Shrove-Tuesday, you say, is the date of the Fair. Don't apply for your warrant until that morning, if you can get it then without delay. Only you must make sure that Mockham will be at home to issue it, and you must have Joe Crang there quietly, and gag him somewhere for the rest of the day,—perhaps a little opiate in his beer. You see it is of the first importance that not a word should leak out about your intention of nabbing those fellows at the Fair until you are down upon them; for your birds would never come near the trap. It is perfectly amazing how such things spread, faster than a bird can fly almost; for the whole world seems to be in league against the law. There is plenty of time for us to talk it over between this and then, if you only keep it

close. Of course you have not mentioned it to anybody yet."

"Not to a soul; I had sense enough for that. But I might have done so before long, if I had missed meeting you to-day. Shall I not tell even Penniloe? He has known everything hitherto."

"Certainly not yet. He is quite safe of course, so far as mere intention goes; but he might make a slip, and he is a nervous man. For his own sake he had better not have this upon his mind. And his ideas are so queer; if he were questioned, I feel sure that he would not even tell a white lie, but be frightfully clumsy, and say, 'I refuse to answer.' Better tell the whole truth than do that; for suspicion is shrewder than certainty."

"But I don't like concealing it from him at all. I fear he will be hurt when he comes to know it; because we have acted together throughout, and the matter so closely concerns his parish."

"Have no fear, Jemmy; I'll make that all right. We will tell him about it on the day of action, and let him know that for his own sake only I persuaded you to keep it from him. Why, the fellow's daughter is in his house, and a wonderfully clever imp, they say. And I am not at all sure that he would not preach about it. He thinks so much more of people's souls, than of their parts that are rational."

"Very well then, for his own sake I won't say a word to him about it. You are right; it would make him miserable to have such a shindy so long in prospect. For it will be a rare fight, I can tell you. The fellow is as big as an elephant almost; and my namesake, Jem Kettel, is a stuggy young chap, very likely to prove a tough customer. And then there will be Timberlegs, whoever he may be."

"All right, Jemmy, we will give a good account of them; mind *v.* matter always wins the verdict. But let me congratulate you upon your luck. We must get to the bottom of this

strange affair now, if we can only nab those fellows."

"I should hope so. But how do you think it will prove? Who will be detected as the leading villain? For these rogues have only been hired of course."

"Well I own myself puzzled, Jemmy, worse than ever. Until this last news of yours, I was inclined to think that there had been some strange mistake all through, while the good colonel slept still undisturbed. But now it appears that I must have been wrong. And I hardly like to tell you my last idea, because of your peculiar position."

"I know what you mean, and I thank you for it," Fox replied with a rapid glance. "But to my mind that seems the very reason why I should know everything."

"Well, if you take it so, friend Jemmy, as my first theory is now proved wrong, my second one is that Lady Waldron knows more about this matter than anybody else. She has always shown herself hostile to you, so that my idea cannot shock you as otherwise it might. Are you angry with me?"

"Not in the least, though I cannot believe it, thereby returning good for evil; for she was quick enough to believe it, or feign to do so, about me. There are things that tend towards your conclusion; I am sorry to acknowledge that there are; and yet, until it is positively proved I will not think it possible. She is no great favourite of mine, you know, any more than I am of hers. Also I am well aware that women do things a man never would believe; and some women don't mind doing anything. But I cannot persuade myself that she is one of that sort; she has too much pride to be a hypocrite."

"So I should have thought; but against facts where are you? Shrove Tuesday will tell us a thing or two, however. That is a very nice mare of yours. I know nothing of horses, but judge them by their eyes, though

their legs are the proper study. Good-bye, my boy! Perhaps I shall amaze you with a dish of trout to-morrow; they are always in very fine condition here."

CHAPTER XXXI.

A GREAT PRIZE.

ONE of the beauties of this world is, for the many who are not too good for it, that they never can tell what may turn up next, and need not over-exert themselves in the production of novelty, because somebody will be sure to do it for them. And those especially who have the honour and pleasure of dealing with the gentler sex are certain, without any effort of their own, to encounter plenty of vicissitude. Such was the fortune of Dr. Fox, when he called that day at Walderscourt. He found his sweet Nicie in a sad condition, terribly depressed and anxious, in consequence of a long interview with her mother, which had been as follows.

For the last fortnight or three weeks Lady Waldron had not recovered strength, but fallen away even more, declining into a peculiar and morbid state. Sometimes gloomy, downcast, and listless, secluding herself, taking very little food and no exercise whatever; at other times bewildered, excited, and restless, beginning a sentence and breaking it off, laughing about nothing, and then morose with every one. Pretty Tamar Haddon had a great deal to put up with, and probably would not have shown the needful patience, except for handsome fees lightly earned by reports collected in the village. But Sergeant Jakes being accessible no more (for he had cast off the spell in the abbey on that Sunday) poor Lady Waldron's anxiety was fed with tales of very doubtful authority. And the strange point was that she showed no impatience at the tardiness of the inquiry now, but rather a petulant displeasure at its long continuance.

Now that very morning, while Fox

was on the road to call upon his beloved, she was sent for suddenly by her mother, and hastened with some anxiety to the room which the widow now left so seldom. Inez had long been familiar with the truth that her mother's love for her was not too ardent; and she often tried, but without much success, to believe that the fault was on her part. The mother ascribed it very largely to some defect in her daughter's constitution. "She has not one drop of Spanish blood in her. She is all of English, except perhaps her eyes; and the eyes do not care to see things of Spain." Thus she justified herself, unconscious perhaps that jealousy of the father's love for this pet child had been, beyond doubt, the first cause of her own estrangement.

This terribly harassed and lonely woman (with no one but God to comfort her, and very little sense of any consolation thus) was now forsaken by that support of pride and strength of passion which had enabled her at first to show a resolute front to affliction. Leaning back upon a heavy couch, she was gazing without much interest at the noble ivory crucifix which had once so strongly affected her, but now was merely a work of art, a subject for admiration perhaps, but not for love or enthusiasm. Of these there was no trace in her eyes, only apathy, weariness, despondence.

"Lock the outer door; I want no spies," she said in a low voice which alarmed her daughter. "Now come and sit close to me in this chair. I will speak in my own language; none but you and I understand it here now."

"It is well, my mother," replied her daughter, speaking also in Spanish; "but I wish it were equally well with you."

"It will never be well with me again, and the time will be long before it can be well with you. I have doubted for days about telling you, my child, because I am loth to grieve you. But the silence upon this

matter is very bitter to me; moreover it is needful that you should know, in case of my obtaining the blessed release, that you also be not triumphed over. It is of that unholy outrage I must speak. Long has it been a black mystery to us. But I understand it now—alas, I cannot help understanding it!"

Inez trembled exceedingly; but her mother, though deadly pale, was calm. Both face and voice were under stern control, and there were no dramatic gestures.

"Never admit him within these doors, if I am not here to bar them. Never take his hand, never listen to his voice, never let your eyes rest upon his face. Never give him a crust, though he starve in a ditch; never let him be buried with holy rites. As he has treated my dear husband, so shall God treat him when he is dead. It is for this reason that I tell you. If you loved your father, remember it."

"But who is it, mother? What man is this, who has abandoned his soul to the Evil One? Make me sure of his name, that I may obey you."

"The man who has done it is my own twin-brother, Rodrigo, Count de Varcas; Rodrigo the accursed one!"

The Spanish lady clasped her hands, and fell back against the wall, and dropped her eyes, as if the curse were upon her also for being akin to the miscreant. Her daughter could find no words, and was in doubt of believing her own ears.

"Yes, I know well what I am saying," Lady Waldron began again with some contempt. "I am strong enough. Offer me nothing to smell. Shall I never die? I ought to have died before I knew this, if there were any mercy in Heaven. That my twin-brother, my own twin-brother, the one I have loved and laboured for, and even insulted my own good husband because he would not bow down to him—not for any glory, revenge, or religion, but for the sake of grovel-

ling money—oh Inez, my child, that he should have done this!”

“But how do you know that he has done it? Has he made any confession, mother? Surely it is possible to hope against it, unless he himself has said so.”

“He has not himself said so. He never does. To accuse himself is no part of his habits, but rather to blame every other. And such is his manner that every one thinks he must be right, and his enemies wrong. But to those who have experience of him, the question is often otherwise. You remember that very, very faithful gentleman, who came to us about a month ago?”

“Mother, can you mean that man, arrogant but low, who consumed all my dear father’s boxes of cigars, and called himself Señor José Quevedo, and expected even me to salute him as of kin?”

“Hush, my child! He is your uncle’s foster-brother, and trusted by him in everything. You know that I have in the journals announced my desire to hear from my beloved brother—beloved, alas, too much and vainly. I was long waiting, I was yearning, having my son in the distance and you who went against me in everything, to embrace and be strengthened by my only brother. What other friend had I on earth? And in answer to my anxiety arrives that man, sedate, mysterious, not to be doubted, but regarded as a lofty cavalier. I take him in, I trust him, I treat him highly, I remember him as with my brother always in the milky days of childhood, although but the son of a well-intentioned peasant. And then I find what? That he has come for money,—for money, which has always been the bane of my only and well-born brother, for the very dismal reason that he cannot cling to it, and yet must have both hands filled with it for ever. Inez, do you attend to me?”

“Mother, I am doing so with all my ears, and with all my heart as

well I heed. But these things surprise me much, because I have always heard from you that my Uncle Rodrigo was so noble, so chivalrous, so far above all Englishmen by reason of the grandeur of his spirit.”

“And in that style will he comport himself upon most of life’s occasions wherein money does not act as an impediment. Of that character is he always, while having more than he can spend of it. But let him see the necessity and the compulsion to deny himself too near to him approaching, and he will not possess that loftiness of spirit and benevolence universal. Departing from his larger condition of mind, he will do things which honour does not authorise; things unworthy of the mighty Barcas from whom he is descended. But the Barcas have often been strong and wicked, which is much better than weak and base.”

Her ladyship paused, as in contemplation of the sterling nobility of her race, and apparently derived some comfort from the strong wickedness of the Barcas.

“Mother, I hope that it is not so.” Nicie’s view of excellence was milder. “You are strong, but never wicked. I am not strong; but on the other hand, I trust that I am not weak and base.”

“You never can tell what you can do. You may be most wicked of the wicked yet. Those English girls, that are always good, are braised vegetables without pepper. The only one I ever saw to approve was the one who was so rude to me. How great her indignation was! She is worthy to be of Andalusia.”

“But why should so wicked a thing be done, so horrible even from a stranger?” The flashing of Nicie’s dark eyes was not unworthy of Andalusia. “How could the meanest greed of money be gratified by such a deed?”

“In this manner, if I understand aright. During the time of the French invasion, just before our mar-

riage, the Junta of our city had to bear a great part of the burden of supporting and paying our brave troops. They fell into great distress for money, which became scarcer and scarcer, from the terrible war and the plundering. All lovers of their country came with both hands full of treasure; and among them my father contributed a loan of noble magnitude, which has impaired for years to come the fortunes of our family; for not a *peseta* will ever be repaid, inasmuch as there was no security. When all they could thus obtain was spent, and the richest men would advance no more without prospect of regaining it, the Junta (of which my father was a member) contrived that the city should combine with them in pledging its revenues, which were large, to raise another series of loans. And to obtain these with more speed, they appealed to the spirit of gambling, which is in the hearts of all men but in different forms and manners. One loan that was promulgated thus amounted to one hundred thousand dollars, contributed in twenty shares of five thousand dollars each; and every share was to have a life of not less than fifteen years in age appointed to represent it. No money was to be repaid, but the interest to accumulate until nineteen out of those twenty lives became extinct, and thereupon the whole was to go to the last survivor, and by that time it would be a very large sum. I believe that the scheme came from the French, who are wonderfully clever in such calculations, whereas finance is not of us. Do you seem to yourself to understand it?"

"Not very much, but to some extent. I have read of a wheel of life; and this appears to me to be a kind of wheel of death."

"So it is, my child. You can scarcely be so stupid as you have been described to me. I am not too strong of the arithmetic science, though in other ways not wanting. You will see that there was a royal treasure

thus, increasing for the one who should deserve it by having more of life than the nineteen others, and acquiring it thus for the time he had to come. That kind of lottery, coming from Paris, was adopted by other governments under the title of *Tontine*, I think. My dear father, who was a warm patriot but unable to contribute more without hope of return, accepted two of those five thousand dollar shares, and put into one the name of my brother, and into the other that of my dear husband then about to be, because those two were young, while himself was growing old. Your father has spoken to me of his share several times, as it became of greater value; and he provided for it in his will, supposing that he should ever become the possessor, although he approved not of any kind of gambling. If you can represent to yourself that scheme, you will see that each share was enlarged in prospect as the others failed of theirs by death, and of the twenty lives appointed the greater part vanished rapidly; many by war, and some by duels, and others by accident and disease; until it appears (though we knew it not) that your father and your Uncle Rodrigo were the sole survivors. Your father and I kept no watch upon it, being at such a distance; but now I have learned that your uncle has been exceedingly acute and vigilant, having no regard for your dear father and small affection, I fear, for me, but a most passionate devotion to the huge treasure now accumulated upon heavy interest, and secured by the tolls of the city. I am grieved by discovering from this man Quevedo that your uncle has been watching very keenly everything that has happened here; he has employed an agent, whose name I could not by any means extort from Quevedo, and not contented with his reports, but excited by the tidings of your father's ill-health, he has even been present in these parts himself to reconnoitre for himself; for he is

capable of speaking English even better than I do. Quevedo is very cautious; but by plying him with Spanish wine such as he cannot procure in Spain, feigning also to be on his side, I extorted from him more than he wished to part with. No suspicion had I, while he was here, that his master was guilty of the black disgrace thus inflicted upon us; or can you imagine that I would allow that man to remain in the house of the outraged one? And Quevedo himself either feigns, or possesses, total ignorance of this vile deed."

"But, mother dear, how did this suspicion grow upon you? And for what purpose, if I may inquire, was that man Quevedo sent to you?"

"He was sent with two objects. To obtain my signature to an attested declaration as to the date of your father's death; and in the second place to borrow money for the support of your uncle's claim. It could not be expected that the city would discharge so vast a sum (more than five hundred thousand crowns they say) without interposing every possible obstacle and delay; and our family, through your uncle's conduct, has lost all the influence it possessed when I was young. I am pleased to think now that he must be disappointed with the very small sum which I advanced, in my deep disgust at discovering that, at the very time when I was sighing and languishing for his support, he was at my very doors, but through his own selfish malignity avoided his twin-sister. Quevedo meant not to have told me that; but alas! I extorted it from him, after a slip of his faithful tongue. For you know, I believe, that your father and uncle were never very friendly. My brother liked not that I should wed an Englishman; all men of this nation he regarded with contempt, boasting as they did in our country where we permitted them to come and fight. But you have never been told, my child, that the scar upon your

dear father's face was inflicted by your uncle's sword, employed (as I am ashamed to confess) in an unfair combat. Upon recovering from the stealthy blow your father in his great strength could have crushed him to death, for he was then a stripling; but for my sake he forbore. It has been concealed from you; there is no concealment now."

"Oh, mother, how savage and ignominious also! I wonder that you ever could desire to behold such a man again; and that you could find it in your heart to receive his envoy kindly."

"Many years have passed since then, my child; and we have a saying, 'To a fellow-countryman forgive much, and to a brother everything.' Your father had forgiven him before the wound was healed. Much more slowly did I forgive. And, but for this matter, never would I have spoken."

"Oh, mother dear, you have had much sorrow! I have never considered it as I should have done. A child is like an egg, as you say in Spain, that demands all the warmth for itself and yields none. Yet am I surprised that, knowing so much of him, you still desired his presence, and listened to the deceits of his messenger. But you have wisdom, and I have none. Tell me then what he had to gain, by an outrage hateful to a human being, and impossible to a Christian."

"It is not clear, my child, to put it to your comprehension. The things that are of great power with us are not in this country so copious. We are loftier. We are more friendly with the Great Powers that reside above. In every great enterprise we feel what would be their own sentiments, though not to be explained by heretical logic. Your uncle has never been devoted to the Church, and has profited little by her teaching; but he is not estranged from her so much that he need in honour hesitate to have use and advantage from her charitable breast. For she loves every

one, even those who mock her, with feeble imitation of her calls."

"Mother, but hitherto you have cared little or nothing for Holy Church. You have allowed me to wander from her, and my mind is the stronger for the exercise. Why then this new zeal and devotion?"

"Inez, the reason is very simple, although you may not understand it yet. We love the institutions that make much of us even when we are dead, and comfort our bodies with ceremonies and the weepers with reasons for smiling. This heretic corporation, to which Mr. Penniloe belongs, has many good things imitated from us, but does not understand itself. Therefore it is not a power in the land, to govern the law or to guide great actions of property and of behaviour, as the Holy Catholic Church can do, in the lands where she has not been deposed. Knowing how such things are with us, your uncle (as I am impelled to believe), having plenty of time for preparation, had arranged to make one master-stroke towards this great object of his life; at once to bring all the ecclesiastics to his side with fervour, and before the multitude to prove his claim in a manner the most dramatic. Behold it thus, as upon a stage! The whole city is agitated with the news and the immensity of his claim. The young men say that it is just to pay it, if it can be proved, for the honour of the city. But the old men shake their heads, and ask where is the money to come from; what new tolls can be imposed; and who can believe a thing, that must be proved by the oaths of foreign heretics? Lo! there appears the commanding figure of the Count de Varcas before the great cathedral doors; behind him a train of sailors bear the body of the great British warrior, well-known among the elder citizens by his lofty stature and many wounds, renowned among the younger as a mighty hero. The bishop, archbishop, and all powers of the Church (being dealt with privately

beforehand) are moved to tears by this act of grace, this manifest conversion of a noble Briton claiming the sacred rites of *Campo Santo*, and not likely to enjoy them without much munificence, when that most righteous claim upon the seculars is paid. Dares any one to doubt identity? Behold, upon the finger of the departed one is the very ring with which the city's benefactor sealed his portion of the covenant; and which he presented to his son-in-law, as a holy relic of his ancient family, upon betrothal to his daughter! Thereupon arises the universal cry,—'Redeem the honour of the city.' A few formalities still remain; one of which is satisfied by the arrival of Quevedo with my deposition. The noble count, the descendant of the Barcas, rides in a chariot extolled by all, and scatters a few *pesetas* of his half a million dollars. It was gained by lottery, it goes by gambling; in six months he is penniless again. He has robbed his brother's grave in vain. For another hundred dollars he would rob his twin-sister's."

"Oh, mother, it is horrible! Too horrible to be true. And yet how it clears up everything! And even so, how much better it is than what we supposed and shuddered at! But have you any evidence beyond suspicion? If it is not unbecoming, I would venture to remind you that you have already in your mind condemned another whose innocence is now established."

"Nay, not established, except to minds that are, like mine, full of charity. It is not impossible that he may have joined my brother (oh that I should call him so!) in this abominable enterprise. I say it not to vex you in your lofty faith; but it would have made that enterprise far easier to arrange. And if a noble Spaniard can stoop thus, why should not a common Englishman?"

"Because he is a gentleman," cried Nicie, rising with a flash of indignation, "which a nobleman sometimes is

not. And since you have spoken thus, I doubt the truth of your other accusation. But that can very soon be put to the test by making inquiry on the spot. If what you suppose has happened at all, it must be of public knowledge there. Have you sent any one to inquire about it?"

"Not yet; I have not long seen things clearly. Only since that Quevedo left, it has come upon me by reasoning. Neither do I know of any trusty person. It must be one faithful to the family, and careful of its reputation; for the disgrace shall never be known in this cold England. Remember therefore, I say, that you speak no word, not even to Mr. Penniloe or Dr. Fox, of this conclusion forced upon me. If in justice to others we are compelled to avow that the deed was of the family, we must declare that it was of piety and high religious feeling, and strictly conceal that it was of sordid lucre."

"But, mother, they may in the course of their own inquiries discover how it was at last. The last things ascertained tend that way. And if they should find any trace of ship——"

"I have given orders to drop all further searches. And you must use your influence with,—with all you have any sway upon, that nothing more shall be done at present. Of course you will not supply the reason, but say that it has been so arranged. Now go, my child; I have talked too long. My strength is not as it was, and I dwell most heavily on the better days. But one thing I would enjoin upon you. Until I speak again of that which I have seen in my own mind, to its distress and misery, ask me no more about it, neither in any way refer to it. The Lord,—who is not of this Church, or that, but looks down upon us from the Crucifix,—He can pity and protect us. But you will be glad that I have told you this because it will devour me the less."

CHAPTER XXXII.

PLEADINGS.

"AND it will devour me the more. My mother cannot love me," the poor girl was obliged to think, as she sat in her lonely room again. "She has laid this heavy burden on me, and I am to share it with no one. Does she suppose that I feel nothing, and am wholly absorbed in love-proceedings, forgetting all duty to my father? Sometimes I doubt almost whether Jemmy Fox is worthy of my affection. I am not very precious; I know that,—the lesson is often impressed upon me—but I know that I am simple, and loving, and true; and he takes me too much for granted. If he were noble, and could love with all his heart, would he be so hard upon his sister for liking a man who is her equal in everything but money? The next time I see him I will try him about that. If a man is noble, as I understand the word, he will be noble for others as well as for himself. Uncle Penniloe is the only real nobleman I know; because to him others are equal to himself."

This was only a passing mood, and not practical enough to be permanent. However it was the prevailing one, when in came Jemmy Fox himself. That young doctor plumed himself upon his deep knowledge of the fairer sex; and yet like the rest of mankind who do so, he showed little of that knowledge in his dealings with them.

In the midst of so many doubts and fears, and with a miserable sense of loneliness, Miss Waldron was in "a high-strung condition" (as ladies themselves describe it), though as gentle and affectionate as ever. She was gazing at little pet Pixie, and wondering in her self-abasement whether there is any human love so deep, devoted, and everlasting (while his little life endures) as that of an ordinary dog. Pixie, the pug-dog, sitting at her feet was absorbed in wistful watching, too sure that his

mistress was plunged in trouble beyond the reach of his poor mind, but not perhaps beyond the humble solace of such a yearning heart. In this interchange of tender feelings, a still more tender vein was touched. "Squeak!" went Pixie, with a jump, and then a long eloquence of yelp and howl proved that he partook too deeply of the woe he had prayed to share. A heavy riding-boot had crushed his short but sympathetic tail,—the tail he was so fond of chasing as a joyful vision, but now too mournfully and materially his own!

Dr. Fox, with a cheerful smile as if he had done something meritorious, gazed into Nicie's sparkling eyes. Perhaps he expected a lovely kiss, after his long absence.

"Why, you don't seem to care a bit for what you have done!" cried the young girl, almost repelling him. "Allow me to go to my wounded little dear. Oh you poor little persecuted pet, what did they do to you? Was his lovely taily broken? Oh the precious little martyr, that he should have come to this! Did a monstrous elephant come and crush his darling life out? Give his Missy a pretty kiss, with the great tears rolling on his cheek."

"Well, I wish you'd make half as much fuss about me," said Fox, with all the self-command that could well be expected. "You haven't even asked me how I am!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon then," she answered, looking up at him, with the little dog's nose cuddled into her neck, and his short sobs puffing up the golden undergrowth of her darkly-clustering hair. "Yes, to be sure, I should have asked that; it was very forgetful of me. But his poor tail seems to be a little easier now; and the vigour of your step shows how well you have come back to us."

"Well more than welcome, I am afraid. I can always make allowance for the humours of young ladies, and I know how good and sweet you are;

but I think you might have been glad to see me."

"Not when you tread upon my dear dog's tail, and laugh in my face afterwards, instead of being very sorry. I should have begged pardon if I had been so clumsy as to tread upon a dog of yours."

"Dogs are all very well in their way, but they have no right to get into our way. This poor little puggie's tail is all right now. Shake hands, Puggie. Why, look! He has forgiven me."

"That shows how wonderfully kind he is, and how little he deserves to be trodden on. But I will not say another word about that; only you might have been sorrier. Their consciences are so much better than ours. He is licking your hand, as if he had done the wrong. Your sister agreed with me about their nobility. How is darling Christie?"

"Everybody is a darling, except me to-day! Christie is well enough. She always is, except when she goes a cropper out of a trap, and knocks young men's waistcoat-buttons off."

"How coarsely you put it, when you ought to be most thankful to the gentleman who rescued her, when you left her at the mercy of a half-wild horse!"

"I don't know what to make of you to-day, Miss Waldron. Have I done anything to offend you? You are too just and sensible, and—gentle, I should like to say—not to know that you have put an entirely wrong construction upon that little accident with Farrant's old screw. It was Christie's own fault, every bit of it. She thought herself a grand whip, and she came to grief, as girls generally do when they are bumptious."

"You seem to have a great contempt for girls, Dr. Fox. What have the poor things done to offend you so?"

"Somebody must have been speaking against me. I'd give a trifle to know who it is. I have always been accustomed to reasonable treatment."

"There now, his dear little tail is better! Little Pixie loves me so; little Pixie never tells somebody that she is an unreasonable creature; little Pixie is too polite for that."

"Well, I think I had better be off for the day. I have heard of people getting out of bed the wrong side; and you can't make it right all the day when that has happened. Miss Waldron, I must not go away without saying that my sister sends you her very best love. I was to be sure to remember that."

"Oh thank you, Dr. Fox! Your sister is always so very sweet and considerate. And I hope she has also been allowed to send it where it is due a thousand times as much as here."

"Where can that be? At the rectory, I suppose. Yes, she has not forgotten Mr. Penniloe. She is not at all fickle in her likings."

"Now that is a very fine quality indeed, as well as a very rare one. And another she has, and will not be driven from it; and I own that I quite agree with her. She does not look down upon other people, and think that they belong to another world because they are not so well off in this one as she is. A gentleman is a gentleman in her judgment, and is not to be cast by, after many kind acts, merely because he is not made of money."

"Ah now I see what all this comes to!" exclaimed Fox, smiling pleasantly. "Well, I am quite open to a little reasoning there, because the whole thing is so ridiculous. Now put it to yourself; how would you like to be a sort of son-in-law to good Mother Gilham's green coal-scuttle? A coal-scuttle should make one grateful, you will say. Hear, hear! not at all a bad pun that, though quite involuntary."

"The bonnet may be behind the age, or in front of it, I know not which," said Niece, very resolute to show no smile; "but a better and sweeter old face never looked——"

"A better horse never looked out of a bridle. It is bridle, and blinkers, and saddle, all in one."

"It is quite useless trying to make me laugh." Her voice however belied her; and Pixie watching her face began to wag the wounded tail again. "Your sister, who knows what bonnets are, to which you can have no pretension, is well acquainted with the sterling value——"

"Oh come, I am sure it would not fetch much now, though it may have cost two guineas, or more, in the days before 'my son Frank' was born."

"Really, Jemmy, you are too bad when I want to talk seriously."

"So long as I am 'Jemmy' once more, I don't care how bad I am."

"That was a slip. But you must listen to me; I will not be laughed off from saying what I think. Do you suppose that it is a joking matter for poor Frank Gilham?"

"I don't care a copper for his state of mind, if Chris is not fool enough to share it. The stupid fellow came to me this morning, and instead of trying to smooth me down, what does he do but blow me up sky-high! You should have heard him. He never swore at all, but gave utterance to the noblest sentiments—just because they were in his favour."

"Then I admire him for it. It was very manly of him. Why were all large ideas in his favour? Just because the small ones are on your side. I suppose you pretend to care for me?"

"No pretence about it; all too true. And this is what I get done to me!"

"But how would you like my brother to come, and say—'I disapprove of Dr. Fox. I forbid you to say another word to him'? Would you recognise his fraternal right in the matter and go away quietly?"

"Hardly that. I should leave it to you; and if you held by me, I should snap my fingers at him."

"Of course you would. And so

would anybody else, Frank Gilham among the number. And your sister,—is she to have no voice, because you are a roaring lion? Surely her parents, and not her brother, should bar the way, if it must be barred. Just think of yourself, and ask yourself how your own law would fit you.”

“The cases are very different, and you know it as well as I do. Frank Gilham is quite a poor man; and, although he is not a bad kind of fellow, his position in the world is not the same as ours.”

“That may be so. But if Christie loves him, and is quite content with his position in the world, and puts up with the coal-scuttle (as you call it), and he is a good man and true, and a gentleman, are they both to be miserable to please you? And more than that,—you don’t know Christie. If Frank Gilham shows proper courage, and is not afraid of mean imputations, no one will ask your leave, I think.”

“Well, I shall have done my best; and if I cannot stop it, let them rue the day. Her father and mother would never allow it; and as I am responsible for the whole affair and cannot consult them, as things are now, I am bound to act in their place, I think. But never mind that; one may argue for ever, and a girl in a moment can turn the tables on the cleverest man alive. Let us come back to our own affairs. I have some news which ought to please you. By rare good luck I have hit upon the very two men who were employed upon that awful business. I shall have them soon, and then we shall know all about this most mysterious case. By George, it shall go hard indeed with the miscreant who plotted it!”

“Oh don’t—oh don’t! What good can it be?” cried Nicie, trembling and stammering. “It will kill my mother; I am sure it will. I implore you not to go on with it.”

“What!” exclaimed Fox with amazement. “You to ask me, you his only daughter, to let it be so,—to hush up the matter,—to submit to

this atrocious wrong! And your father—it is the last thing I ever should have thought to hear!”

In shame and terror she could not speak, but quailed before his indignant gaze and turned away from him with a deep low sob.

“My darling, my innocent dear!” he cried in alarm at her bitter anguish. “Give me your hand; let me look at your face. I know that no power on earth would make you do a thing that you saw to be shameful. I beg your pardon humbly if I spoke too harshly. You know that I would not vex you, Inez, and beyond any doubt you can explain this strange,—this inconceivable thing. You are sure to have some good reason for it.”

“Yes, you would say so if you knew all. But not now,—I dare not; it is too dreadful. It is not for myself. If I had my own way—but what use? I dare not even tell you that. For the present, at least for the present, do nothing. If you care about me at all, I beg you not to do what would never be forgiven. And my mother is in such a miserable state, so delicate, so frail and helpless! Do for my sake, do show this once, that you have some affection for me!”

Nicie put her soft hand on his shoulder and pleaded her cause with no more words, but a gaze of such tenderness and sweet faith that he could not resist it. Especially as he saw his way to reassure her, without departing from the plan he had resolved upon. “I will do anything, my pretty dove,” he said with a noble surrender, “to relieve your precious and trustful heart. I will even do this, if it satisfies you; I will take no steps for another month, an entire month from this present time. I cannot promise more than that, now can I, for any bewitchment? And in return you must pledge yourself to give your mother not even a hint of what I have just told you. It would only make her anxious, which would be very bad for her health, poor thing; and she has not the faith in me that

you have. She must not even dream that I have heard of those two villains."

This was a bright afterthought of his; for if Lady Waldron should know of his discovery, she might contrive to inform them that he had his eye upon them.

"Oh, how good you are!" cried Nicie. "I can never thank you enough, dear Jemmy; and it must appear so cruel of me to ask you to forego so long the chance of shaming those low people who have dared to belie you so."

"What is a month compared to you?" Jemmy asked with real greatness. "But if you feel any obligation, you know how to reward me, dear."

Nicie looked at him with critical eyes; and then as if reckless of anything small, flung both arms round his neck and kissed him. "Oh it is so kind, so kind of him!" she declared to herself, to excuse herself; while he thought it was very kind of her. And she, being timid of her own affection, loved him all the more for not encroaching on it.

Jemmy rode away in a happy frame of mind. He loved that beautiful maiden, and he was assured of her love for him. He knew that she was far above him in the gifts of nature and the bloom that beautifies them, the bloom that is not of the cheeks alone, but of the gentle dew of kindness and the pearl of innocence. Fox felt a little ashamed of himself for a trifle of sharp practice; but his reason soon persuaded him that his conscience was too ticklish; and that is a thing to be stopped at once.

While jogging along in this condition on the road towards Pumpington, he fell in with another horseman less inclined to cheerfulness. This was Farmer Stephen Horner, a younger brother of Farmer John, a less substantial and therefore perhaps more captious agriculturist. He was riding a very clever cob, and looked both clever and smart himself, in his bottle-green cutaway coat, red waist-

coat, white cord breeches, and hard brown hat. Striking into the turnpike road from a grass-track skirting the Beacon Hill, he hailed the doctor, and rode beside him. "Heard the news, have 'e?" asked Farmer Steve, as his fat calves creaked against the saddle-flaps within a few inches of Jemmy's, and their horses kept step like a dealer's pair. "But there,—come to think of it, I be a fool for asking, and you always along of Passon so!"

"Only came home yesterday; haven't seen him yet," the doctor answered briskly. "Haven't heard anything particular. Nothing the matter with him, I hope?"

"Not him, sir, so much as what he've taken up. Hath made up his mind, so people say, to abolish our old Fair to Perlycross." Farmer Steve watched the doctor's face. He held his own opinion, but he liked to know the other's first; moreover he owed him a little bill.

"But surely he cannot do that," said Fox, who cared not a jot about the Fair, but thought of his own concern with it. "Why, it was granted by charter, I believe, hundreds of years ago; when Perlycross was a much larger place, and the main road to London passed through it, as the pack-saddle teams do still sometimes."

"So it were, sir, so it were. Many's the time when I were a boy, I have read of Magna Charter, and the time as they starved the King in the island, afore the old yew-tree come on our old tower. But my brother John, he reckoneth as he knoweth everything; and he saith our market-place belongeth to the Dean and Chapter, and Fair was granted to Church, he saith, and so Church can abolish it. But I can't see no sense in that. Why, it be outside of Church railings altogether. Now you are a learned man, Doctor Fox. And if you'll give me your opinion, I can promise 'e, it sha'n't go no further."

"The plain truth is," replied

Jemmy, knowing well that if his opinion went against the parson it would be all over the parish by supper-time, "I have never gone into the subject, and I know nothing whatever about it. But we all know the Fair has come down to nothing now. There has not been a beast there for the last three years, and nothing but a score of pigs and one pen of sheep last year. It has come to be nothing but a pleasure-fair, with a little show of wrestling and some singlestick play, followed by a big bout of drinking. Still I should have thought there would be at least a twelvemonth's notice and a public proclamation."

"So say I, sir; and the very same words I used to my brother John last night. John Horner is getting a'most too big, with his churchwarden, and his hundred pounds he had better a' kept for his family. Let 'un find out who have robbed his own churchyard, afore 'a singeth out again' a poor man's glass of ale. I don't hold with John in all things; though a' hath key pianner for 's dafters, and addeth field to field, same as rich man in the Bible laid up treasure for his soul this night. I tell you what, Doctor, and you may tell John Horner; I likes old things for being old, though there may be more bad than good in them. What harm if a few chaps do get drunk, and the quarrelsome folks has their heads cracked? They'd only go and do it somewhere else, if they was stopped of our place. Passon be a good man as ever lived, and wonnerful kind to the poor folk. But a' beginneth to have his way too much, and all along of my brother John. To tell you the truth, Doctor, I couldn't bear the job about that old tombstone, to memory of Squire Jan Toms, and a fine piece of poetry it were too. Leap-frogged it hundreds and hundreds of times when I were a boy, I have; and so has my father and grandfather afore me; and why not my sons, and my grandsons too, when perhaps my

own standeth 'longside of 'un? I won't believe a word of it, but what thic old ancient stone were smashed up a' purpose by order of Passon Penniloe. Tell 'e what, Doctor, thic there channging of every mortial thing, just for the sake of channging, bain't the right way for to fetch folks to church, 'cordin' at least to my mind. Why do us go to church? Why, because can't help it; 'long of wives and children, when they comes, and lookin' out for 'un, when the children was ourselves. Turn the bottom up, sir, and what be that but custom, same as one generation requireth from another? And to put new patches on it, and be proud of them, is the same thing as tinker did to wife's ham-boiler,—drawed the rivets out, and made 'un leak worse than ever. Not another shilling will they patchers get from me."

Farmer Steve sat down in his saddle, and his red waistcoat settled down upon the pommel. His sturdy cob also laid down his ears, and stubborn British sentiment was in every line of both of them.

"Well, I won't pretend to say about the other matters," said Fox, who as an Englishman could allow for obstinacy. "But, Farmer, I am sure that you are wrong about the tombstone. Parson did not like it, and no wonder; but he is not the man to do things crookedly. He would have moved it openly, or not at all. It was quite as much an accident, as if your horse put his foot upon a nut and cracked it."

"Well, sir, well, sir, we has our own opinions. Oh, you have paid the pike for me! Thank 'e, Doctor; I'll pay yours next time we come this way together."

The story of the tombstone was simply this. John Toms, a rollicking cavalier of ancient Devonshire lineage, had lived and died at Perlycross nearly two centuries ago. His grave was towards the great southern porch, and there stood his headstone large and bold, confronting the faith-

ful at a corner where two causeways met. Thus every worshipper who entered the House of Prayer by its main approach was invited to reflect upon the fine qualities of this gentleman as recorded in large letters. To a devout mind this might do no harm ; but all Perlycross was not devout, and many a light thought was suggested, or perhaps an untimely smile produced, by this too sprightly memorial. "A spirited epitaph, that, sir," was the frequent remark of visitors. "But scarcely conceived in a proper spirit," was the parson's general reply. The hideous western gallery, the parish revel called the Fair, and this unseemly tombstone, had been sore tribulations to the placid mind of Penniloe ; and yet he durst not touch that stone, sacred not to memory only, but to vested rights and living vein of local sentiment. However, the fates were merciful.

"Very sad accident this morning sir ; I do hope you will try to forgive us, Mr. Penniloe," said Robson Adney, the manager of the works, one fine October morning, and he said it with

a stealthy wink. "Seven of our chaps have let our biggest scaffold-pole, that red one with a butt as big as a milestone, roll off their clumsy shoulders, and it has smashed poor Squire Toms' old tombstone into a thousand pieces. Never read a word of it again, sir ; such a sad loss to the churchyard ! But quite an accident, sir, you know ; purely a casual accident."

The curate looked at him, but he "smiled none," as another tombstone still expresses it ; and if charity compelled Mr. Penniloe to believe him, gratitude enforced another view ; for Adney well knew his dislike of that stone, and was always so eager to please him.

But that every one who so desires may judge for himself whether Farmer Steve was right or Parson Penniloe, here are the well-remembered lines that formed the preface to divine worship in the parish of Perlycross.

"Halloa ! who lieth here ?"

"I, old Squire Jan Toms."

"What dost lack ?" "A tun of beer,
For a tippie with them fantoms."

(To be continued.)

THE GROWTH OF NATIONAL SENTIMENT.

It was said by Goethe that humanity advances, but that it does so in spiral lines. That is most true ; for the evil frequently accompanies the good, and retrogression sometimes occurs where we look for improvement. The human race is like a mountain climber, who indeed advances slowly but with many back-slidings down the steep ascent of progress. The causes which operate in society often produce the most opposite effects to what might have been expected, and political prophecies are but rarely fulfilled. Any one, for instance, who fifty years ago could have foreseen the enormous development which was about to be given to the means of communication between the different nations of the world, might have predicted with some confidence that considerable breaches would by this time have been made in the barriers which sever nation from nation. It might have been antecedently supposed that as the different peoples saw more of one another, and came to know one another better, much of the old international jealousy would have gradually disappeared. With the increase of knowledge a corresponding advance in cosmopolitan spirit and latitude of sympathy might have reasonably been expected. Such a forecast would have been completely falsified by events. The close of the nineteenth century is in fact being marked by a singular outbreak of international animosities.

It is a matter of no small interest to watch the growth of nationalities, and to track the present into the dark recesses of the past. The States of modern Europe are the ultimate result of a long process of evolution. Nations appear for centuries to have been very ill defined ; they were in a continual state of flux, and it was long before they crystallised down to anything like

their present shape. Europe was for many years nothing more than a congeries of races, which spoke unsettled languages, and inhabited territories with boundaries that shifted like the sand. These races readily transferred their allegiance to any conqueror who happened to prevail. It was the rule of the strongest, and might was pre-eminently right. Territories were continually being seized, divided, partitioned and apportioned, with the populations on them, like the cattle or the crops. And just as at the present time the modern nations claim spheres of influence in Africa, so in much the same way a Charlemagne or a Charles the Fifth may be said to have claimed spheres of interest in Europe. The Austrian House of Hapsburg, for example, extended the area of its sway over many races from the Atlantic to the Vistula, and from the Mediterranean to the Northern Sea. But it retained its jurisdiction only by the exercise of force, for there was no cementing tie of a common nationality. Boundaries were continually changing ; some States grew and others diminished ; or sometimes a Napoleon would arise and would recast the map of Europe with the stamp of his foot or the stroke of his pen. All was change and ebb and flow, nothing enduring but nature's everlasting landmarks. Such was Europe while the nations and the States were in the process of making.

These conditions are perfectly reflected in the morals of the time. Men are much what their surroundings make them, and when national feeling but faintly exercised its powers, it was natural enough that the patriotic virtues should have occupied a very low place in the code of ethics. The early Christians for a long time ac-

tually despised patriotism; they not only saw and felt that on this earth they had no abiding city, but they claimed to owe their allegiance to a higher power. This was a notion that prevailed until the growth of national sentiment became strong enough to make a Christian a patriot as well. Macchiavelli, who had a lively appreciation of the pagan virtues, was one of the first writers of renown to exalt patriotism to a high place among the virtues. In his eyes all was fair in war, if not in love; and he openly declared his admiration for those who loved their country better than the safety of their souls. Patriotism was, in short, an old-world virtue which at the time of the Renaissance was dragged out of its recess and refurbished for the use of the modern world. Eclipsed for a season, it has shone as bright again as ever it did in Greece or Rome. Many a citizen has since been cast in the mould of Aristides or of Regulus. But it is curious to observe that when national sentiment was weak, there was in some respects a greater sense of the brotherhood of man than there is to-day. Amidst all its wars and turmoil Europe made a nearer approach to solidarity and union. Christianity was a great welding force. The dreams of a universal Church were in some slight degree realised, and the Holy Roman Empire was a stupendous fact which formed a cementing bond between many disorganised races. No one now would seriously contemplate, like Sully, the possibility of a great Christian Republic. If there was little or no love of country, there was at least a unity of faith which crossed rivers and mountains and rose superior to racial and linguistic differences. But all this was a frail idea which schism was destined to destroy, and that which should have healed and cemented, served only to sever and inflame. Religion brought not peace but a sword, and differences of creed added to the elements of discord which arose from the natural differences of race. The Reformation,

if it purified religion, brought with it strife among men.

Nor was it only in religion, but in thought and literature that a common bond of sympathy was found. It is perhaps not too much to say that there was among the educated classes of Europe a larger sphere of mutual knowledge and reciprocal regard than there is to day. The literature of one nation had a far-reaching influence upon that of others. France, Italy and England in particular were in this respect closely intertwined. They were swept simultaneously by the same currents of thought. The debt of Shakespeare and Milton to Italian literature was immeasurably great. To take a single instance from France, that of Montaigne; his influence in England has rarely been excelled by any foreign writer. In his English dress by Florio, who taught Italian to Anne of Denmark, he appealed strongly to the English train of thought. So much was this the case, that Montaigne was by some believed to be an Englishman. The literature of Europe was simultaneously subjected to the same intellectual forces. In London, Paris, and Rome the educated were reading, talking, and thinking much the same thing. It was a great symposium of letters. This is, to a great extent, to be ascribed to the fact that a knowledge of Latin was a common property of the learned. It was the universal language; a sort of literary *volapuk*, if the comparison may be allowed. Every author who wished to be a power took care to have his works translated into Latin. A crucial instance will suffice. Bacon requested his friend Dr. Playfair to undertake the task of translating *The Advancement of Learning* into Latin; to use his own words, "the privateness of the language considered wherein it is written extending to my readers"; and he counts it "a second birth of that work if it might be translated without manifest loss of the ~~same~~ matter." And again in ~~the~~

copy of the *De Augmentis Scientiarum* to the Prince of Wales he emphatically expresses his belief that "it is a book which will live and be a citizen of the world as English books are not." A more striking illustration of the diffusion of Latin it would be difficult to find. In Bacon's time it was, in a very real sense, a living language. In it men of learning corresponded, and it was thus that Bacon discussed with Casaubon, who was then in Paris, the problems of philosophy. A book in Latin was an open book to all the world.

Religion and literature combined to give Europe a sense of solidarity which it has never since possessed. But religious unity waned, nationalities developed, patriotism became a power, and the growth of modern languages dethroned Latin from its place. Here were the seeds of disunion fully sown. The process has been immensely accelerated during the present century. Never has nationalist feeling been so strong. Nations have in several cases been advanced into States, for between the two a clear distinction may be drawn. The existence of the nation always precedes the creation of the State. The formation of the nation is always the longer process of the two; it is the work of ages, but a single war may transform a nation into a State. Nations are not made, but grow; the pen of the diplomatist may create the State. It took prodigious forces to weld the Bretons, the Franks, and other different races into the nation which is known as France. Italy was ethnologically a nation long before 1860; it was never a State; it was only what Metternich called it with his airy language of cynical contempt, "a geographical expression." The sting of the saying lay in its truth; it was brutally candid. On the other hand, by the Treaty of Berlin Bulgaria was made a State. The essential marks of nationality have long been questioned. Neither unity of language, of blood, of history and

tradition, nor occupation of territory, when taken separately, or sometimes when taken together, are enough to constitute a nation. The Bretons and the Basques have a territory and a dialect of their own, but they are refused the title. On the other hand, France which contains them is a nation, though she is made up of very dissimilar races, with very dissimilar speech. But if it is sometimes difficult to say whether a people forms a nation, it is easy to say when a nation forms a State. When a nation maintains an independent self-government, then it is raised to the position of a State; it is clothed with a higher *status*. Burke put it well when he said that "the State is the nation in its collective and corporate character." The State is in fact a political corporation, a sort of *persona ficta* of international law. It is the nation considered in its external relations; or in other words the nation is an ethnological conception, and the State a political one. And no nation can properly hope or claim to be a State unless it is able to stand by itself in the rough and tumble of international strife. Rome indeed, under Pius the Ninth, backed up as she was by the bayonets of the French, contrived to pose for a time as a State. But it was a sorry spectacle; Mr. Gladstone called her the great political mendicant of the world.

When the nineteenth century dawned the nations were already formed; its history has been that of the greatest process of State-making that the world has ever seen. It was in this direction that the forces of nationalism, which ever waxes more and more, impelled themselves with irresistible strength. The erection of natural and ethnological boundaries in exchange for purely artificial ones has been one of the grand results of the present century of European history. Nationalism has been one of its dominant ideas. It has been omnipresent, and has had a profound and subtle influence. It is a significant fact that the English language was

without the word *international* until it occurred to the genius of Bentham to invent it. Everywhere have the nations demanded or extorted recognition, and some of the most important wars of the century have been waged on national grounds, and have had results which have mightily affected the destinies of nations. All the efforts and creations of warriors and statesmen, which have ignored or defied the spirit of the age, have eventually failed. It was like trying to dam in the tide. Napoleon, who, like Attila, may be called "a scourge of God," treated nations like cattle or sheep; but at the end the bitter exclamation escaped him, "I have sinned against the ideas of the century; I have lost all." There was more truth in the remark than he probably supposed. The work too of the Congress of Vienna in 1815, with its cynical indifference to nationalist hopes and aspirations, was doomed to failure from the first. There is a story of Talleyrand that at a meeting of diplomats he once asked, "Who is being deceived here?" At the Congress of Vienna he might have said that every one deceived himself. For based on false principles, its work could only be supported by bayonets for a time, and in less than half a century not a shred of it remained. It too had sinned against the ideas of the century.

All this is clearly seen in the changes which have occurred in the political geography of Europe since the beginning of the century. Let any one compare the map of Europe as it is to-day with what it was before 1830 for instance. Immense changes will be seen at a glance. Frontiers have been entirely rearranged; some States have been greatly cut down; others have been greatly increased, and some have been actually created. It will be found on examination that all these changes have been due to the profound and irresistible influence of the spirit of nationalism. It has operated in two directly opposite directions, though the end attained has

been the same. It has bound some States together and has split up others. The two great achievements in the way of union have been those of the German Empire and the Kingdom of Italy. In the first a Federal Union has taken the place of a number of small and disconnected States; in the latter a still greater wonder has been worked, and absolute unity has succeeded to a number of petty kingdoms and duchies domineered over by a foreign power which governed by a practical application of the maxim "divide and rule." In these cases the spirit of nationalism has knitted together those whom language, consanguinity, and historical tradition had made brothers and sisters. In other cases the same spirit has been not a cementing but a sundering principle. This has been the case chiefly in south-eastern Europe where from the ruins of the Turkish Empire have arisen the separate Principalities of Greece, Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria. The Turks had brought beneath their sway a number of separate nationalities, which after centuries of oppression have entered again on a new and vigorous life. Belgium too has been severed from Holland with which she had little in common, and Holstein from Denmark to be merged in the German Empire; perhaps Poland alone, of all those peoples which can fairly claim to be called a nation, has failed to win for herself a separate existence. Even where there has been no geographical change, signs of the same tendency may be seen. In that congeries of races which forms the Austrian Empire much has been conceded to the national feelings of the different sections. Nowhere has the principle of home-rule been so fully admitted. The Emperor-King is crowned at Buda-Pesth as well as at Vienna. Something similar may be said of Norway and Sweden, and quite lately the latter country, or rather a section of its people, have gone to extreme lengths in its demands for separate

recognition, and has sought to be represented by its own consuls abroad. It may be added that Savoy, which has been merged in France, was more French than Italian, and that even Alsace and Lorraine have only reverted to their old allegiance. With the home-rule movements in Ireland and Scotland we are only too familiar.

This development of States is a fact in which every liberal-minded man will rejoice. It must always be well for a nation to work out her own destiny in accordance with her own ideas, provided only that she has the requisite ability to maintain a separate and honourable existence. Her citizens are ennobled and the world is enriched by the free application of the nation's talents and genius to the work that suits her best. The universal stock of original products and ideas is augmented by every addition to the family of States; and so the rule of the foreigner, where it is not required and is not acquiesced in, must always be deplored. The power of self-government is the test and touchstone of national character, and that so many nations should have successfully undergone the trial is a fact which should fill us with hope for the future. It marks advancement, and is the promise of progress in the race. But in this world there appears to be no unmixed good.

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud.

The growth of nationalism seems to have correspondingly weakened the sentiment of human catholicity and the brotherhood of man. It was a fine saying of Mazzini that nations are the citizens of humanity, just as individuals are the citizens of the nation; but this is rather an ideal than an expression of the truth. Racial differences have in fact been exaggerated, and the patriots of humanity are rarer than ever. The sentiment of nationalism has lately shown signs of running to excess, and seems to have taken the form of an

exuberant patriotism, which everywhere regards the foreigner with more or less suspicion and dislike. This is the more remarkable because it is in some sort a reversion to the ruder habits of an earlier age when a stranger was always an object of dislike, as an actual or a possible enemy. All sorts of obstacles were placed in the way of an alien who dared to domicile himself abroad. In England, for instance, he was not allowed to hold land; in France difficulties were placed in the way of his receiving and transmitting property by the so-called *droit d'aubaine*. Such cries as Wales for the Welsh and Ireland for the Irish are continually heard, as though the presence of the foreigner were a positive evil, and as though he only came to make what he could out of the country, and to return home to enjoy his ill-gotten gains.

There must be some deep-seated cause for the recent growth of this spirit, for the symptoms are too widely spread to be merely regarded as the passing whim or caprice of this nation or of that. The Russians expel the Jews, and many of the Germans and the Austrians would expel them if they could. The Swiss have lately very gravely infringed the liberty of the subject by forbidding the practice of the Jewish *shechita*.¹ Even the French have their Anti-Semites, in spite of their noisy declamations on the rights of man. The Germans dislike their Polish population and by harsh measures try to drive them into Russia. The Czechs of Bohemia show an undisguised hostility to their Austrian fellow-subjects. Russia has no toleration for any differences of race or religion within her boundaries. The policy of Russification has been carried to an extreme length; it has acted like a great steam-roller in crushing everything beneath it to one dead level. It was last year made a penal offence for any one in Poland to speak

¹ See an article on *The Appeal to the People* in this magazine, November, 1893.

Polish in any place of public resort. Finland has been made a Russian Grand Duchy and every mark which distinguished her from Russia is being rapidly obliterated. But the determined attempt to make Bulgaria Russian has, thanks to the efforts of her past and present rulers, been averted. In Bulgaria herself the language of the country is compulsorily taught in the schools of the Greek section of the people. Russia and Germany are engaged in a deadly war of tariffs. France is hardly second to Russia in her hatred of the foreigner; and in view of the intimate connection which exists between that country and our own, it will be a matter of more than theoretical interest to consider the question for a moment. To numbers of Englishmen it is a matter of much practical importance. The rabid declamations of the French Press over Egypt and Siam may be dismissed in silence. But in other and more serious ways French patriotic feeling has reached an excess which would be merely ridiculous if it was not positively harmful. No Frenchman can be too exclusively French in his feeling, or too intensely patriotic. It has been cleverly remarked that whereas an Englishman looks upon his country as belonging to himself, a Frenchman looks upon himself as belonging to his country. There is a certain substratum of truth in Defoe's satire:

A true-born Englishman's a contradiction,
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction,
A metaphor invented to express
A man akin to all the universe.

For the English are good colonists and can easily acclimatise themselves abroad. The Frenchman's ardent love of his country is an honourable distinction, but it does not justify a patriotic madness. The late M. Waddington, for example, was assailed as being too English for a French ambassador, and hardly credible though it is, he actually lost his seat in the Senate on this very ground. Lord Dufferin

has been outrageously abused by the lowest specimens of the Parisian Press, and an attempt has been recently made to ruin M. Clémenceau by charging him with being in the pay of the British Foreign Office. It is a notable fact that the bulk of French investors will only put their money into French securities, and will only embark it in foreign enterprise when the direction is French, as at Suez and Panama. Russian Government stock has however, for obvious reasons, recently become an exception. But the strongest instance of the international animosity of the French is displayed in their attitude towards foreign workmen, and indeed to any foreigner engaged in any business in France. The deadly conflict between the French and Italian workmen near Marseilles, and the acquittal of the accused by a French jury, will be fresh in everybody's memory. It was a curious comment on the vaunted solidarity of labour, which Socialists declare to prevail throughout the world. But this interference with the foreigner is a matter of grave practical importance to ourselves, for although the British residents in France are not as numerous as those of several other nations, yet they are calculated to be about thirty-six thousand in number. Special laws have recently been made which would seem to have for their object the embarrassment of the foreigner. So long ago as 1888 all foreign residents were compelled to register themselves, and now by a decree of last August all foreigners following a profession, trade, or industry must present themselves at the Prefecture of Police, provided with papers establishing their identity and their residence, and obtain a certificate of registration at the cost of a few francs. Without this certificate the foreigner is liable to a prosecution and a fine of from fifty to two hundred francs; and any person knowingly employing him is also liable to a penalty. Special difficulties too are placed in the way of foreign practitioners of medicine

with regard to the recognition of their diplomas.

If we leave Europe and cross the ocean, we find the same kind of feeling prevailing. In Australia and America the Chinese are expelled and kept out by measures of a very stringent kind ; and in far off Japan there has been a considerable outburst of feeling against the alien. The United States have taken measures to discourage the foreigner by placing obstacles in the way of his acquiring land, and forbidding him to enter under a contract of labour. Stringent laws have been passed regarding the admission of immigrants, and they are threatened soon to be stopped altogether. The treatment of the Negroes by the Whites and the horrible cases of lynch-law are a terrible witness of the in-humanities which racial differences can cause. In the United States moreover the dislike of foreign competition takes the form of high policy of State. For what is protection but a wrong-headed piece of selfishness? Anything more egregiously selfish on the part of the American manufacturer than the McKinley Tariff Act it would be difficult to imagine, and it is pleasing to note that it seems to have brought its own Nemesis with it. And so it is in much the same way all over the world ; Protection is the adopted policy everywhere. Carlyle described Cobden as an inspired bagman who dreamed of a calico millennium ; but the millennium of Free Trade seems as far off as ever.

In democracies the acts of the Legislative Chambers are the reflex of the opinions of the people, and new laws or changes in the old laws on nationality and naturalisation seem to point to the existence of a sort of national self-consciousness ; they are, so to speak, attempts of the people to emphasize their distinctness and separateness in the family of nations. In France, Sweden, Norway, and Spain, these laws have all been amended since 1887, and in Holland the subject was under discussion last

year. Clearly then the subject of nationality is receiving its full share of attention.

Though not of much practical importance in itself, the question of the nationality of the present Duke of Coburg is for these reasons interesting. The fact is that all claims to nationality and naturalisation are everywhere scanned with a very jealous eye. Every State has on these subjects its own special laws, which are of infinite variety and form a perfect "wilderness of single instances." But there are two principles which underlie them all, and these are that no citizen shall be allowed to lightly shed his nationality, and that naturalisation shall not be too easily acquired. The legal maxim, *nemo potest exuere patriam*, is still a working principle, into which however considerable breaches have been made. The English law, for instance, by the Naturalisation Act of 1870, now permits an Englishman to assume a foreign nationality ; and it seems to be the better opinion that the Duke of Coburg has ceased to be a British subject, though the question is by no means free from doubt. This is the inclusive principle which is occasioned by the desire of a nation to preserve as far as possible her claim to the allegiance of her natural-born citizens. The other principle is one of exclusion, and aims at keeping aliens out from the enjoyment of advantages to which they are not by birth entitled. Naturalisation is almost universally regarded as a boon which can only be conceded to those who can show themselves worthy to receive it. The militant spirit which now dominates the Continent, and the desire to make the net of conscription as sweeping as possible, makes the subject more practically important than it otherwise would be. And here, as once before, we may take France as a typical example of the difficulties and inconveniences which naturalisation laws are found to create. By the French Law of 1889 it is provided that "every individual born in France

of a foreigner also born there" is a French citizen; and the word foreigner has there been interpreted to mean either the father or the mother; so that a person born in France of a foreign father also born there, but of a French mother, is to be deemed a French citizen. And this is so, even though such a person resides habitually abroad. This was actually decided in the Court of Cassation in the case of one Lucien Hess, who wished to vindicate his French nationality. But in the vast majority of cases similar to that of Lucien Hess, the desire was not to claim but to repudiate French nationality. The law was often felt to bear very hardly upon those who had no intention to claim as French subjects, and there were many who had always claimed to be British; it might for example render a man liable to punishment as a deserter. It may be at least partially ascribed to the protests of our government that this most inconvenient law was last July amended; and it is now provided that the child of a mother born in France, the father being born abroad, shall during his twenty-first year have the right of declining to accept French nationality; and in the event of his neglecting to decline it in the legal form during that year he is to be deemed a French subject.

All these facts seem to point to the conclusion that national sentiment, and with it also international animosity, tends to grow and even to assume an exaggerated form. It is an exhibition which cannot but excite our surprise. What has caused it is not at all easy to decide. It

would almost seem to be the case that national feeling having nearly everywhere obtained its legitimate ends, is throwing its yet unspent forces into irregular channels. The nations are now fully grown, and their pent-up patriotism has now no obstacles to break itself upon. Then again perhaps the spur of competition renders the conditions of life harder to bear than formerly. Great armaments and huge national debts are a crushing burden to sustain. But the world has yet to learn that in the long run no one nation can gain by the losses or the sufferings of the others, any more than individuals can gain by the impoverishment of their neighbours. The total wealth of the world is made up of the contributions of all nations, and the poverty of one cannot but impair the riches of the rest. This is a lesson which is slowly learned by the masses, and by many of them is never learned at all. That one country can benefit by the infliction of losses on another is as much an economic superstition as that wealth consists in amassing the precious metals. And yet it is an idea which dies hard. It is frequently forgotten what valuable services aliens have often rendered to their adopted countries, and how readily moreover they are amalgamated with the rest of the population. If these aspects of the question were better understood or remembered, the virtue of patriotism would not be so often sullied by that narrow and ungenerous spirit which too frequently distinguishes it to-day.

C. B. ROYLANCE-KENT.

THE RIOTS IN BOMBAY.

BY AN OLD INDIAN MAGISTRATE.

THE incident about to be narrated, though trivial enough in itself, may serve to illustrate and explain certain events which have very recently taken place in India. The Hindus and Mahomedans have lived so long together in the same country, under different administrations, that it must strike the mere bystander as strange that they have not long ago contrived some arrangement by which both parties should exercise their religious duties without interfering with each other. The same bystander would also, doubtless, be surprised to find that useful and often picturesque quadruped, the cow, figuring again as a theological factor, and creating unpleasant feelings between the natives of Hindustan and the foreign race who have succeeded to the throne of the Moguls. Some light may perhaps be thrown on both these points. The story must perforce take the form of a personal narrative, but the eye-witness will be only used as evidence, and shall not be more put forward than is absolutely necessary.

A year or two before the Mutiny I was stationed at Allypore in north-west India, holding the post of second or subsidiary magistrate. My chief made up his mind to take leave to the hills for the autumn, and started on his journey leaving me in charge of the district. Our Commissioner, who in that part of the country occupies very much the position of a French *préfet*, made no objection at the time, though I have wondered since that he did not do so. I was not too young, but from having been in the Secretariat was quite inexperienced in managing a large town and the extensive tract of which it formed the provincial capital. And when I came to look at

the work in hand, and found that the Moslem Mohurram would fall at the same time as the Games of Ram, it struck me that for a novice I had rather an awkward task before me. The latter festival is a favourite one with the Hindus, and in the old days was generally chosen for the opening of the fighting season. The Mahomedan year being a lunar one, the fasts and feasts of that creed circle round, and so periodically clash with the commemorations of the Hindu solar year, which are comparatively fixed. The head-borough or *kotwal* of the city was a tall, stout very good-tempered, cheerful Mahomedan, who, not to introduce difficult names, shall be called Ali Baba. On thinking over possible plans of control, it occurred to me that as Hindus were more manageable than the followers of the Prophet, it would be as well to put the maintenance of order entirely in Moslem hands, and to then use every exertion to prevent misuse of power. I sent for Ali Baba and communicated my idea to him. He looked rather comical, and for the moment seemed short of breath, but recovered immediately, and was loud in his approval of, what he was good enough to call, my great wisdom. He declared the scheme to be excellent, and promised to take prompt measures for carrying it out. The date was, of course, before the days of an organised police. The head-boroughs had great influence, and I do not think were inefficient, but were certainly arbitrary and unscrupulous. They were supported by a large body of roughly armed men, who being dressed in different costumes looked a mixed mob, gaining from some forgotten wit the appellation of Constables' Miscellany.

During the time that elapsed before the celebrations I signed orders, made out by Ali Baba, directing that all Hindu constables were to be temporarily drafted out of the city to country stations, and their places filled up by Mahomedans drawn from distant posts. Ali Baba was told that if any constable exhibited the least party-feeling in the city, he would be severely punished; and that as Islam was entirely in the ascendant, it must also consider itself on its best behaviour. The *kotwal* was in direct communication with the leading members of his faith, and guaranteed that there should be no arrogance or overbearing conduct. I also frequently saw Mohun, the chief Hindu merchant. He was rather glum, and asked me one day if I had observed what Ali Baba was doing; but when I remarked that he was acting under my strict orders, Mohun replied that, in that case, all must be right. I assured him the only object in view was the preservation of order, and that not the slightest interference with Hindu usages would be allowed. He was silent for a while, and then, on taking leave, remarked significantly, but very civilly, that the city was an ancient Hindu place and had no fancy for Moslem predominance. Mohun was right; the majority of the inhabitants were Hindus, and had never even recognised the name Allygurh imposed by the Moguls, but called their native home Koel.

It would be out of place to describe, except in mere outline, the two anniversaries which in this particular year happened to be celebrated concurrently. The Mohurram recalls the deaths, which are also termed martyrdoms, of Hassan and Hussain, the grandsons of the Prophet. The grief more especially weighs upon the Shia sect, but Shia and Soonee alike commemorate the occasion. Processions are frequent; there is incessant drumming and shouting of the names of the two heroes, with combats of single-stick, and rapid whirling of torches;

a model of the tomb of Hussain is carried through the streets, and at last buried in a piece of ground especially devoted to the purpose. The Games of Ram are in honour of the legendary expedition of Ram to Ceylon; they begin with a procession in which Ram and Seeta are represented in their early years by children; and they terminate with an attack on a great pasteboard image of the giant Ravan, which is filled with fireworks and comes to the dramatic end of an explosion. It was arranged that the ceremonies of the Moslems should take place first, and afterwards those of the Hindus; with which Mohun, as spokesman of the latter, expressed himself satisfied.

Nothing could have apparently passed off better than the pageants of the last important day. The sort of outbreaks that often take place are of the following nature. A Brahmin, perhaps in forming part of a procession passing a mosque, will blow his sacred conch or shell. This is considered a defiance from idol-worshippers, and the followers of Mustapha rush out and lay about them with their quarter-staves. Or perhaps the evening ritual is being performed in a temple, and just as the sacred fire is flashed before the devotees, in comes whizzing through the air a shin-bone of beef. Whereupon the congregation make for the nearest mosque, the elect are knocked off their prayer-carpets, and confusion reigns supreme.

But on this occasion at Allygurh there was not even exchange of abuse, and amity and forbearance appeared to prevail. The only thing I observed was that a tiresome fellow named Lal Mahomed, who called himself Well-Wisher of Islam, and who was a kind of stormy petrel appearing only when it was going to be rough, sent in an insolent petition, saying that the route laid down for the Mahomedan procession did not include parts of the city which the followers of the Prophet had a right

to visit. He was, however, rebuked and silenced.

When all was over Ali Baba came to see me, and as I really thought I had exhibited some administrative talent, I expected he would compliment me on the success of my scheme. But though he laughed a good deal, in a decorous Oriental way, he shook his head. Two or three of the grain-merchants, he said, had gone off to Meerut to complain to the Commissioner.

"What on earth for?" cried I.

"If an occasion of this sort was regulated by the angels," said the *kotwal*, "some one would be dissatisfied."

However, as I was in constant communication with the Commissioner, I did not apprehend any trouble, and went to bed on the whole rather satisfied with myself.

Early the next morning Ali Baba was with me. "All well?" I asked.

"No, indeed," he replied; "*Hut-tal* has been proclaimed."

This meant a closing of all the shops; for the word is composed of *hut* short for *hath*, a market, and *tal* for *tala*, a lock; the whole proceeding being well represented by our expression, a lock-out. As almost the whole trade of the place, and that of grain and cloth quite exclusively, was in the hands of Hindu merchants, and these again were members of stringent guilds, the condition of affairs was awkward.

Mohun, who though he had not gone himself to Meerut, had undoubtedly sent the deputation, was summoned. He was very plausible, and said that, owing to my excellent plans, not an abusive word had been uttered; all had been perfect peace, and I should doubtless be rewarded by the Government.

"If that be so," I said, "then what necessity for the lock-out?"

"Oh, the lock-out," he murmured, "yes, the lock-out. Some ignorant men are rather angry with the *kotwal*, to be sure. But what can they do

against your auspices? Of course, turning an ancient seat of the Hindu religion into a Mussulman town strikes some feeble minds as not so well. But there was no fighting, no disputes; it was really wonderful!"

For three blessed weeks did that lock-out continue, during which time there was nothing to be got to eat, and not even a strip of cloth to cover a Mussulman body for burial. The townsfolk had to go out into the villages to buy grain and sweetmeats, and though I did persuade one or two traders to come over from the neighbouring town of Hatrass, they found it desperately hard work to make business.

I had to keep a diary for the Commissioner, and though I made out things as favourably as I could, still the indisputable fact remained, that all trade had come to a stand-still. I was very anxious; every post-carriage whose horn I heard on the high-road, I fancied must contain the Commissioner himself, or some older man sent to see if he could not do better than I had done. I rode through the dead streets amidst many peevish complaints and groans, but there was no law which could then touch the situation, and Ali Baba was greatly opposed to persuasion, as he said Mohun was a most obstinate man.

At length, late one night, the *kotwal* came confidentially to me. "Mohun has had enough of it," he said. "He wants to be ordered to open the bazaar. I am so unpopular that it is no use my giving the order. But if your honour will come down the first thing in the morning, and be peremptory with the merchants, they are dying to give in."

My poor reputation had gone to the winds and I had no pride left, the sole idea being to get trade to go on again somehow. So I promised to be down the first thing next day; and on keeping my engagement in the struggling light, found Mohun standing at the entrance of the main

street. After compliments, he said casually, "Any orders for me this morning?"

"Yes," I said, "the bazaar must be instantly opened."

"The bazaar!" he cried as if in great surprise, then turning to some of his friends near him, he asked, "Do you hear what the Sahib says? Open away then, brothers!" And walking in front of my horse, Mohun in a stentorian voice directed that the orders should be carried out. The bamboo hurdles flew down (they are used as shutters), and the busy hum of trade soon followed our steps, like water closing in after a boat.

When we got to the *kotwalee*, there was Ali Baba surrounded by the Miscellany and profuse in his congratulations, but evidently right glad to have had nothing to do with the pacification, and longing for solitude to indulge in a good laugh. Mohun insisted upon it that the merchants would never have given in, had it not been for me. He made a festival of the day, and presented the town with a spectacle of fireworks in the evening. An elephant was sent up to my house, with the entreaty that I would honour the occasion, and I had a very uncomfortable ride on a young animal, frightened to death at the noise, and trembling so as to produce something analogous to sea-sickness.

The Commissioner returned the petition of the merchants on the ground that they had virtually taken the law into their own hands. Nor was he angry with me. He saw of course that I had been made use of by Ali Baba and Mohun for their own purposes, but he remembered that people have to act in India without anybody's advice, and that if errors had been committed, at any rate the peace had been kept.

Parochial and unimportant as these events may seem, they serve to show how easily ill-feeling may spring up between the two great religions of our Eastern Empire; and of course,

if mismanagement occurs and actual conflicts take place, the ill-feeling becomes greatly aggravated.

The recent riots at Bombay and at other smaller towns will be fresh in every memory. They were perhaps fomented at the time by a society which, though professedly devoted to the religious interests of the Hindus, does not represent, so far as can be gathered, any particular body of the native community. It terms itself, for its own purposes, the Cow Protection Society, and certainly, if it was not directly connected with the riots, it considerably increased its operations in consequence of them. It has been urged that this association is the voice of the agricultural peasantry on an important point of their creed. But those who really know the peasantry in their fields and villages, know very well that they are far too occupied with precarious seasons, with the tax-gatherer and the money-lender, to take up a cry of their own accord, when no new usages, no innovations in practice, have been introduced, and nothing whatever has occurred to alarm prejudice or to threaten annoyance.

The sacred animal occupies the same position it has done since the commencement of the Mahommedan supremacy. Of course there long survived many native States where the cow was more fully protected, but as these came gradually under Moslem influence, no question was raised as to whether the ruling power should entertain its own views on the treatment of the animal. It was looked upon as a matter of course that the Mahommedans should eat beef, and nothing is better known than that the English have always followed a similar practice.

As it is absurd to suppose that without any provocation the peasantry could suddenly raise to an important religious height a question which in point of fact has never existed between us and them, it is evident that the

excitement in the agricultural districts was due to instigation. And the inquiry next comes round, who are the wire-pullers? The young India of advanced ideas with whom we are familiar in London, the rising generation who wear European clothes and do not refuse to sit at European tables, declares itself to have got far beyond cows; and even if in search of political influence, the clever *babus* who claim to represent the Indian people would scarcely have the impudence, after breaking with so many prejudices, to come forward on such a platform.

It is possible some of the less educated Rajas, under the direction of their Brahmins, may be agitating through sincere notions of religious duty, or under mistaken religious apprehensions. But neither in number nor influence are such persons of any importance.

There can be little doubt that the real promoters of this unnecessary association are actuated by disaffection to the British rule, or are in the pay of those who are interested in disturbing the peace between our government and its Indian subjects. The whole matter certainly claims the fullest examination, and will doubtless receive it at the hands of the new Viceroy.

Our course is clear. We have always professed the principles of an enlightened toleration; but a tolera-

tion which excludes from its operations ourselves and the Mahommedans, is not an enlightened one. We must keep to that line of conduct which has succeeded so well hitherto. The policy, which has found favour in some quarters, of humouring Hindu bigotry by weak concessions, is both retrograde and dangerous. It has been asked why need the Mahommedans kill cows when they can get goats; why should not the English soldier eat mutton instead of beef? Then came the counter-question; why should not the Mahommedans do what they have always done, why should the English soldier be asked to alter his habits? To this a craven voice answered that the majority does not like such usages. The majority! But the majority were in favour of burning widows, of stuffing mud in old people's mouths, of offering children to the sacred rivers, of infanticide, of isolating pariahs, of burying lepers alive, of suicide, of self-mutilations. Are we to turn back through that dark avenue of cruelty to the barbarous times? Certainly, if we take a single retrograde step, we shall demonstrate to all the world that we are unworthy of the position we hold. But such ignoble and disastrous counsels will never, of course, prevail. Nothing but the old calmness is required; to be just and firm, and to meet outrage by unhesitating punishment.

OESCHENEN.

(IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.)

We passed beneath the pine-trees proud,
 Cicalas chirped about our feet,
 And countless waterfalls made loud
 The stillness of the noontide heat.
 Before us rose a hill,—and then
 Surely the lake of Oeschenen!

Onward we pressed; high walls of rock
 On either side the valley pent;
 And o'er the right precipitous block
 Behold, from some far glacier sent,
 A flood shot forward into air,
 Spread into spray, and vanished there.

We follow still the stony track,
 At the rude bridge we cross the stream,
 Above us pine-woods glimmer black,
 Below us hurrying waters gleam;
 Then steeper grows the rocky slope,—
 Beyond the chalet lies our hope.

Oh moment of a glad surprise!
 A little to the left we bent,
 And bright beneath the summer skies,
 Blue under the blue firmament,
 Silently came within our ken
 The wondrous lake of Oeschenen.

Few men behold it where it lies,
 And feeds the rills that feed the sea,
 Most dear to more than human eyes,
 To the sun's eye that lovingly
 From the mid-heaven looks thereon,
 And to the stars when day is gone.

On one side pine-woods clothe the shore;
 On three sheer sides the mountain wall
 Climbs up three thousand feet or more;
 And here and there the streamlets fall
 From where untrodden fields of snow
 To further heights undreamed of go.

We gazed on the still depths below ;
We gazed on the pure heights o'erhead ;
We bathed ; the quick returning glow
Chased the first chill away, and sped
A longing through our frames to soar
To the great mountains evermore.

Oh for strong tireless wings to bear
Us onward, far above the lake,
Far above steep and torrent, where
The snows of God for ever make
Their mansion, pure as at their birth,
Unsoiled by the gross touch of earth.

We lingered through the afternoon ;
We plucked the strawberries that grew
Beneath the pines ; and all too soon
We saw the hours slip by, and knew
We must make homeward through the glen,
Leaving the lake of Oeschenen.

So backward ; ere the darkness fell,
From the open casement of our inn,
Over the scene we loved so well
We watched the mists of evening win.
The Blümlis-Alp took fire ; but then
We saw no more of Oeschenen.

F.

THE 9.0 P.M. FROM PADDINGTON.

TOMMY GRIFFIN was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. She kept house for him and herself in the basement and attics of a decent dwelling in Islington, and let the remainder as lodgings to respectable single gentlemen with incomes of that uncertain character which renders payment in advance more to be desired than attained.

Tommy decided early to be a lawyer, and with that object in view entered a solicitor's office at the age of fifteen as general utility boy, running messages and opening doors all day, and spending his evenings in reading an old copy of Stephen's Commentaries and learning shorthand (when he could get no "overtime" work to do); for he was ambitious and wished to make himself very useful to the Firm. And the Firm thought well of him, and after three years gave him eighteen shillings a week and a desk in the copying department, for he wrote a beautiful hand; all of which pleased his mother greatly and made the lodgers think well of him too; though his studious and dutiful habits, with a certain priggyish air he had of impressing upon them his determination to win a comfortable and unharassed old age for his mother (which seemed to imply a reflection upon themselves), attracted on the whole more admiration than affection. He had a large head also, and his head seemed to increase in size with his success. This among other things caught the attention of one of the lodgers, an old gentleman who paid regularly and reported for parochial newspapers, which combined to make his assertions authoritative; and led him to remark to Tommy's mother one day that the boy was overdoing it and ought to

have a holiday if he was to keep that head straight.

Now Tommy had had no real holiday for four years, and his head was large, as has been said, and his studiousness intense, and his dutifulness more or less obtrusive. Besides, he had several quaint notions of his own (derived from no one knew where) about religion and so forth, and a wild way of blurting them out. The young lodger who occupied the second-floor-front and did nothing in particular on a hundred and twenty pounds a year except "look about him," had conceived an immense dislike for Tommy, and expressed it in various sarcastic taunts. Mrs. Griffin was much offended thereat; but as the young lodger was not actively dissolute, and moreover had an assured income, she did not give public vent to her feelings.

The end of it was that when Tommy was about nineteen, he did take a fortnight's holiday, in the latter part of September. The expense had been one of the chief considerations; but the old gentleman had a sister who made dresses in the neighbourhood of Penzance, and on the strength of his long friendship with Mrs. Griffin and with a plot in his head (for he thought Tommy would come to something some day if he was properly looked after), he offered to obtain him an introduction and an inexpensive lodging in what he described in his best journalistic style as a "veritable garden." Mrs. Griffin thought he said "vegetable", but she acceded all the same, for she valued the old gentleman's friendship and was proud of the interest her son had excited. So she bought him a return ticket and gave him a sovereign for incidental expenses, for Tommy

always gave his earnings into her charge every week, and saw him off one evening by the 9.0 p.m. from Paddington. He chose to travel by the night train; travelling by day, he thought, was a waste of time.

And this was Tommy's first introduction to the 9.0 p.m. from Paddington to Penzance. It impressed him deeply. Penzance impressed him deeply too when he arrived there early next morning, having waked at five and watched the sun rise over a country he had never even had any ideas about. He recognised its superiority to Highgate or Epping Forest at once, and the river at Gravesend which he had seen on a certain Bank Holiday sank into insignificance in his memory before this inspiring vision of the blue sea.

Mrs. Treruan, his hostess, impressed him also; but above all and last of all came Miss Treruan, whom for some reason or other the old gentleman had not mentioned, and impressed him as nothing in his life impressed him before or since. In fact he fell hopelessly in love with her at first sight. She was a very pretty girl with beautiful dark eyes and hair and a complexion, as he explained afterwards, "like an advertisement of Pears' Soap." Tommy's comparisons were naturally drawn from his usual surroundings, and he always qualified this one with a remark or two which showed that he recognised that it was not altogether satisfactory.

Tommy's experience of girls was not extensive, for his days were spent in the office and his evenings at home, and he did not read *Tit-Bits* or *Ally Sloper* or novels, or anything in fact by way of substitute, however inadequate; so he fell an easy prey. And strange to say Mrs. Treruan did not appear to mind. Perhaps the old gentleman had something to do with it. She seemed to take a great fancy to Tommy from the first; he was so full of determination to succeed in life and do his duty, so open and trustworthy and tidy and good altogether

that she permitted Polly (that was Miss Treruan's other name) to take him to all the sights in the neighbourhood. Which Miss Treruan did and derived considerable entertainment therefrom; as also did Tommy, though he could never feel quite sure that he was not being laughed at by this beautiful little girl. She certainly seemed surprised when his ecstatic delight at all he saw and did came blundering out in his own peculiar language, and gave him to understand that, if he was not out of place, still he was the most extraordinary boy she had ever met, and his ideas almost incomprehensible.

And one day she did openly laugh at him. For she took him in a boat over to Newlyn and made him horribly sick. They got out there and she recommended him to walk home by road and leave her to take the boat back. But to this in spite of his sickness Tommy would by no means assent, though what good his going back with her could do was not apparent, for he was not accustomed to rowing to say the least of it, and he was hardly likely to do himself justice then in any way. But he would recross the bay, and nothing she would say should prevent him; she was a girl, and he was a man, and his duty, &c. &c. She left off laughing at the way he said all this, and he was very sick again going back. His duty did not impel him to go boating any more. He found there was plenty to be done on shore, the Land's End to be seen, and the Logan Stone, and Gurnard's Head, and St. Ives and lots more.

He enjoyed himself in that fortnight more than he had ever imagined it possible for a man to enjoy himself, and came back to town not exactly engaged,—no engagement could be thought of before he had talked the matter over with his mother—but with the distinct understanding that, when Tommy Griffin had attained a rise of salary sufficient to justify his hopes about the ultimate success of his career, Polly Treruan would be

ready to accept such a ring as he could afford and give a binding promise in exchange.

He drew it all out in legal phraseology on a piece of note-paper, somewhat distressed at the necessity for absence of witnesses to the signatures, and put a whole sixpenny stamp in the top left-hand corner, which they both kissed. Then he made her a copy in his best handwriting, and put the original in his pocket.

He told his mother all about it when he came back, and his mother told the old gentleman. The old gentleman asked to see Tommy, and when Tommy came up blushing but defiant, with the determination to do his duty by his love as he had done by his mother written all over his face, the old gentleman, with an almost imperceptible twinkle in his eye, shook his hand and declared him looking first-rate, and that nothing in the world could have pleased him (the old gentleman) better, which was more or less true, and that (here Tommy's face grew dazzling to behold) Miss Treruan should come up for a week at Christmas to stay at his own expense, so that Tommy's mother might see her and approve the engagement, as he was sure she would do when she saw his own niece and her own Tommy's choice. Mrs. Griffin gave evidence of her approval in anticipation by wringing the old gentleman's hand and then bursting into tears on Tommy's swelling breast with her arms clasped round Tommy's big head.

Thenceforth Tommy became possessed of but one idea, which after all was but an expansion of the one he had been always possessed of, and this was to get an increase of salary and please those he loved. He did both. For at Christmas the junior partner, who was a young man with a notion or two out of the common as to the mutual obligations of employer and employed, and who valued Tommy and his handwriting highly, made him blush again for delight by personally announcing his intention to raise

Tommy's earnings to twenty-three shillings a week and to subsequently entrust all the most important copying to his hands. But the young lodger on the second-floor said that Tommy's head was turning, which remark was generally and naturally attributed to the young lodger's envy at Tommy's success; for the young lodger had not succeeded in finding anything yet.

Christmas brought Polly Treruan for the promised week, and Tommy revelled the whole of Bank Holiday. But except then and on Christmas-day he did not see much of her until the evenings, for his increased salary necessitated his strict attention to his work. The evenings, however, were delightful, and he took her to the pit of the Adelphi and one or two other places. Mrs. Griffin liked her exceedingly and told her so to her face, and the old gentleman's satisfaction at the success of his scheme showed itself unmistakably in the constant wearing of his best clothes and in perpetual smoking, a habit he only indulged in during times of great prosperity. The young lodger made himself very agreeable too, and expressed his belief in Tommy's sanity after all, at all events upon one point, which was the beauty of Miss Treruan. And this he said in a very engaging way which made that young lady blush, for the young lodger was very handsome; which Tommy was not, by reason of his big head. The young lodger had all his time to himself too, which Tommy had not; and the young lodger left off looking about for something for all the week of Miss Treruan's visit to London. Consequently his eyes fell upon Miss Treruan a good deal, and made her feel uncomfortable at first in one way, and then uncomfortable in a different way. It was a pity the young lodger was so handsome, but there was no reason why she should stay in all day because Tommy was at his office, when she wanted to see so much of London and the young lodger knew so much of it

and was only too ready to show it to her. But she wished that Tommy did not seem so worthy and uninteresting beside this captivating and slightly disreputable young man, with his verses and politeness and yearnings after literary fame, which he gave her to understand was the something for which he was looking. He showed her specimens of his ability, though he forbore to tell her they had been declined by those who ought to have known better; and some of them touched her to the heart, or so she thought.

At the end of the week Miss Polly had to go back to her dressmaking, and Tommy put on his best clothes in the evening and escorted her in a cab to Paddington station, with his fingers fidgeting in his waistcoat-pocket all the way at a little cardboard box with cotton-wool and something else inside it. They arrived much too early, as Tommy had planned they should, and he found her a seat in a third-class carriage, and a hot-water can for her feet; and then talked to her very earnestly through the window for a quarter of an hour, at the end of which he produced the cardboard box, and out of it a thin gold ring with a tiny bit of ruby set in it. This he solemnly handed to her, but she had her gloves on (Tommy, as has been said, was inexperienced) and put it back in the box and the box in her pocket, and turned away her head; all of which proceedings Tommy attributed to the confusion arising from modesty. Five minutes before the train started, however, he summoned up courage to turn her face towards him with his hand and kiss her. It was an effort, but he kissed her. He had never kissed any one before, except his mother and the kitten. He saw that her eyes were wet, but he put that down to sorrow at parting from him. So he kissed her timidly and reminded her again of her promise, and remained standing on the platform in a state of unutterable bliss for several minutes after the train had passed away.

And this was his second introduction to the 9.0 P.M. Thenceforth Paddington station became a sacred place to him, and the 9.0 P.M. a sort of personal friend and connecting link between him and London and Polly and Penzance and the past and future, and a perpetual reminder of all sorts of other things of happy import and pleasurable significance. He took to going there in the evenings to watch the train off, and this cheap delight grew upon him so that he found himself looking forward to it and counting upon it, and at last got into a regular habit of attending the departure of the 9.0 P.M. twice a week. He would sit down on a seat on the platform and picture the scene and re-act it to himself all over again, always regretting that he had only kissed her once in reality. It had been such a momentary transport, and he knew he might have kissed her several times if he had only dared.

No one interfered with him, and the inspectors grew accustomed to his presence. He was very happy altogether, and would sit up late at night with his work, to make up for the couple of hours this pleasure took.

It was about six weeks after Polly's departure that the young lodger suddenly gave notice. It appeared from his account that he had succeeded at last in finding something, and the something, according to him, was connected with a Western paper; but he was not very explicit. As Tommy sat on the platform one evening the young lodger appeared and took a seat in a smoking-carriage. Tommy bounded up in a frantic state of excitement to wish him good-bye and good luck, and then in the fulness of his heart gave the young lodger various messages to deliver to the West in general and to Penzance in particular. The young lodger seemed very much taken aback and rather frightened, but after a moment, as he looked at Tommy's open countenance, his self-possession came back and he explained that he

was going no further than Plymouth, but that if Tommy cared for his messages to be published there he would do all he could to make them known as widely as possible. This flippancy rather damped poor Tommy, and he apologised, though he hardly knew for what, and shrank back to his usual seat to watch the train off.

And so things went on for another month. Then he got a letter; a not uncommon sort of letter, beginning with "could he ever forgive her," announcing in the middle that by the time he got that she would be a wife, and winding up with a paltry acknowledgment of Tommy's claim to the "love and respect of a far better girl than she was."

Poor Tommy! That night he saw the train off as usual, but an inspector took him to the refreshment-bar and gave him some brandy afterwards, for Tommy managed somehow to fall in front of a luggage-truck, and to get mixed up with some milk-cans, and to bruise his big head very badly indeed. But the brandy made him feel all right, and he went home and did no end of "overtime" at a furious pace.

A day or two afterwards the junior partner called Tommy into his room. He held an affidavit in his hand. It was lucky he had seen it, he said; he could not understand it. It did not seem careless so much as perfectly drunk; that was the junior partner's expression. The 27th day of February had in three places become the 9.0. P.M. from Paddington, and people who had nothing to do with Paddington, and incidents which were described as having happened at various places in the rough draft, were all mixed up with Paddington and the 9.0. P.M. in an inexplicable manner in Tommy's fair copy. Was it a joke, or could Tommy account for it other-

wise? Tommy could, but for some reason or other he did not, and suddenly the junior partner asked him if he was ill, and then said it did not matter.

During the next week Tommy's copying suffered a fearful amount of correction, and the junior partner looked puzzled and, to do him justice, anxious. He made Tommy leave off writing and sent him about with the managing clerk to attend on chamber-summonses and such like, to see practice. At least that was what he told Tommy was his reason.

But that did not seem to mend matters, and Tommy began to talk, something about Penzance and the 9.0 P.M., in a incoherent and unintelligible manner. The clerks laughed at him at first, and then one of them told the junior partner. The junior partner went to see Tommy's mother, and found her with a look of horrible dread fixed on her face. The result of that interview was that the junior partner, who had a heart and notions of his own, as has been said, used his best endeavours to find a place for Tommy in a lunatic asylum; and he succeeded.

And there Tommy is supplied with pens and ink and paper and writes profusely all sorts of legal documents, with never an atom of sense in any one of them but what may be gathered from the continual mention of the 9.0 P.M. from Paddington. It is worse than King Charles' head. Sometimes he copies out a form of agreement from a paper out of his pocket, but mostly it is mere inconsecutive legal jargon.

Sometimes they give him a treat, and send him with an attendant to Paddington station in the evening. They find that it makes him seemingly quite calm and happy for days afterwards.

CROMWELL'S VETERANS IN FLANDERS.

IN a former paper a brief account was given of the great design conceived by Cromwell against Spain almost immediately upon his accession to the Protectorate, and of the opening attack on the Spanish West Indies.¹ The operations were planned, as became the greatest naval power in Europe, to be carried on principally at sea; and while one fleet was busy in the West Indies, a second was cruising off the Spanish Coast. The latter, after months of weary waiting, at last reaped its reward in Blake's great victory and capture of the Spanish plate-fleet at Teneriffe on the 20th of April 1657. But meanwhile Cromwell's aggression had driven Spain to take to her heart all his bitterest enemies, and chief among these the exiled King Charles the Second. The Protector then began to look for an ally, as the war seemed likely to be carried on nearer home. He had already (9th Sept. 1655) concluded a treaty with France, and he now (March 1657, N.S.) expanded this treaty into an offensive and defensive alliance. It so fell out that the famous Red-coats made their first appearance on the continent of Europe side by side with the French, and under supreme command of the great Marshal Turenne.

Of the protracted negotiations which preceded the conclusion of this alliance nothing need be said, except that they were conducted by William Lockhart, who had been himself sometime an ensign in the French army, had afterwards fought on the losing side at Preston, and soon after taken service with the victorious Cromwell. What difficulty he had to gain his treaty, point by point, from the

¹ See *Macmillan's Magazine* for January, 1894.

trickery of Mazarin, how he outraged his Scotch conscience by going to a royal ball on a Sunday sooner than risk failure, and how ultimately he achieved success, all this must remain buried in the recesses of Thurloe's State-Papers. The terms of the treaty stipulated that the French should provide twenty thousand men, and the Protector six thousand as well as a sufficient fleet. The plan of campaign, as set down on paper, was the reduction of the three coast towns of Mardyck, Dunkirk and Gravelines; whereof the two first, when captured, were to be made over to England and the third to be retained by France. Cromwell's object, of course, was to secure a naval station from which he could check any attempt of the Stuarts upon England from the Spanish Netherlands. Mazarin's object was to get all that he could from his English allies for his own ends, Condé being still untamed. Of the six thousand English soldiers, three thousand were actually paid by France; but the whole were commanded by English officers and reckoned to be the Lord Protector's forces. Moreover the English fleet was an important factor, not only for its co-operation by sea but also for the transport of supplies. As a matter of fact the idea of an attack on Dunkirk was much disliked by Turenne; to invest Dunkirk without the previous capture of Nieuport, Furnes, and Bergues, was, as one of his officers said, to be besieged while conducting a siege. But Cromwell had made up his mind that it could and should be done; and eventually, as shall be seen, it was done.

All through the spring of 1657 the English journals are full of the little army. The force, though composed mainly of veterans, was redrafted,

so to speak, into six regiments, known, as usual, by the names of their colonels. The process began in April, and on the first day of May one half of each regiment marched to Dover and thence took ship to St. John's Bay, seven miles from Boulogne. A fortnight later the remainder of the force was embarked, and two days after them followed the officer in command of the expedition. This was Commissary-General Sir John Reynolds, the Protector's brother-in-law, sometime officer in the Ironsides, and, under the New Model, captain in Lieutenant-General Cromwell's regiment of horse. His major-general was Thomas Morgan, known chiefly for his good service in restoring order in Scotland under Monk's vice-royalty. He there gained the affectionate name of "the little colonel," and was a cavalry officer of a stamp best explained by his orders for the conduct of a cavalry charge, "that not a man should fire till he came within a horse's length of the enemy, and then to throw their pistols in their faces and so to fall in with the sword (*sic*)."

The arrival of the six thousand, all, as we are expressly told, in new red coats, created some sensation in France. Ambassador Lockhart went down to review them, and solemnly welcomed each company to France; while the men on their side "received him with acclamations, throwing up their caps; and prayed for his highness." They were "cried up by all that saw them for the bravest men that ever were seen in the French service," and their reputation was so great that the Court of France made a journey on purpose to inspect them. Never were English soldiers made so much of. They took precedence of all the French regiments except the two old regiments of guards; the Court itself moved out of Montreuil to make room for them when they marched thither; the King sent the captain of his guards to welcome them; and Cardinal Mazarin

sent wine, beer and provisions to the officers, and made the town provide them with cheap tents, so that a tent fit for a captain, we are told, might be had for some ten shillings. In fact there was no end to the compliments and civility. At the same time there were some small drawbacks. The pay of the privates was fivepence a day (more than twice as much as the ordinary French rate) and rations in lieu of twopence more; but the specie came in very slowly and was of short weight; and the men did not like the French "ammunition-bread." Still in spite of all the flattery on one hand, and bad money and bad food on the other, the men behaved very well. "We can lie in towns [Abbeville for instance] four days without one complaint," wrote Reynolds at this time, contrasting the discipline of his own men with that of the French, which however he contemptuously admits to be good enough for France.

The design that underlay all this blandishment soon became apparent. Although Dunkirk lies to the north and seaward of Boulogne, the march of the army was to the south and east or landward. Having got hold of their six thousand men Turenne and Mazarin threw the treaty to the winds and set about the siege of Cambrai, concentrating all forces towards that point. Unluckily for them Condé got wind of the design, threw himself by a sudden dash into the town with four thousand horse, and upset the whole plan of campaign. Turenne then detached a force to besiege Montmédi still further to the east, and eventually went thither himself, taking the English with him in spite of all Lockhart's remonstrances. At last, after the capitulation of Montmédi (July 28th), Turenne entered Spanish territory and besieged St. Venant. And here, for the first time, the Red-coats came into prominence, in their own peculiar fashion.

Turenne had invested the town on the east side, and Morgan (Reynolds

being on the sick-list) with his English and a brigade of French horse under Count Schomberg, on the west. In due time it fell to the English to relieve Schomberg in the trenches, and accordingly Morgan marched in eight hundred of his men.

The English at that time being strangers in approaches, Major-General Morgan instructed the officers and soldiers to take their places by fifties that thereby they might relieve the point to carry on the approaches every hour. . . . In the evening Count Schomberg with six noblemen came upon the point to see how Major-General Morgan carried on his approaches: but there happened a little confusion by the soldiers intermingling themselves in the approaches, so as there was never an entire fifty to be called to the point. Count Schomberg and his noblemen taking notice thereof [probably not without some grimacing and shrugging], Major-General Morgan was much troubled, leaped upon the point, and called out fifty to take up the spades, pickaxes, and fascines and follow him. But so it happened that all in the approaches leaped out after him; the enemy in the meantime firing as fast as they could. Major-General Morgan (conceiving his loss in bringing them again to their approaches would be greater than in carrying them forward) passed over a channel of water on which there was a bridge and a turnpike; and the soldiers crying out "Fall on, fall on," he fell upon the counterscarp, beat the enemy from it and [from] three redoubts. Which caused them to capitulate and, the next morning, to surrender the town. (*A Relation of Sir Thomas Morgan's Progress in France*; 1698. Harleian Misc. III. 340. See note at end.)

In this characteristic haphazard fashion did the Red-coats, on the 26th of August 1657, make their first appearance on the Franco-Spanish frontier, a fitting prelude to many subsequent actions. The engagement, accident though it was, gained them a great reputation, for it extricated Turenne from a difficulty. It enabled him to raise the siege of Ardres which was threatened by the Spaniards, and comforted him for the loss on the previous day of the whole of the baggage.

But by this time the season was far spent, and Cromwell's patience thoroughly exhausted. He had not gone to the expense of furnishing his contingent to do Mazarin's work and capture inland towns, and he would have no more of it. He wrote an angry letter to Lockhart, tearing Mazarin's excuses and new proposals to shreds. To talk, he said, of giving inland garrisons "as cautions for future action, and of what would be done next campaign" was "parcels of words for children." Delay would only give the Spaniards time to gather reinforcements; and as to the lateness of the season, "I desire you to let the Cardinal know that the English have had good experience of winter expeditions." For the New Model Army fought all through the winter of 1645-6, entering Cornwall over the high ground to the extreme north-west of Devonshire in February.

This letter had its effect. Early in September Turenne began to move towards the coast; and Reynolds summoned Montague, who commanded the fleet in the Downs, to move up and take his share in the operations. Shortly after Reynolds paid a flying visit to Whitehall, with the result that on the 22nd a reinforcement of two thousand old soldiers was embarked at Deptford and the Tower to fill up the gaps made by sickness and the sword. On the 23rd Reynolds returned to his post and on the 29th Mardyck was invested. The siege lasted but four days, for the place was weak, and our soldiers again distinguished themselves; "They took the wooden fort, which struck the poor Spaniards into a panic fear and made them surrender immediately." This ended the campaign of 1657. The French indeed made an attempt on Gravelines, but were foiled by the simple expedient of opening the sluices; and Turenne thought an attack on Dunkirk impracticable.

Mardyck, pursuant to treaty, was made over to the English, half of whom, together with four hundred French

lent by Turenne, were left to garrison that and Bourbourg, a little to the east. In this duty, together with that of repairing the fortifications, the English forces did not show so well. "The English who were at Mardyck," wrote Turenne, "kept very bad guards there. It is not credible how very much the English are startled at the labour which they undergo; they cannot bear it in any wise." The Spaniards took advantage of these failings to assault the place on the 22nd of October with five thousand men, but were repulsed with a loss of four hundred after an engagement lasting six hours, an action creditable to the garrison, consisting as it did of but thirteen hundred men. After this the English seem to have been more careful, as a particularly cunning old officer, General Monk, hoped that they would be. There was no further assault, so far as can be gathered, though frequent alarms; indeed so many that, according to one account, Morgan "never went out of his clothes the whole winter, except to change his shirt." Nevertheless the mortality in the garrison was appalling. At the beginning of December the men were dying at the rate of ten or twelve a day, and once the number was as high as fifty. "Want of beds, firing, and other accommodations," wrote Reynolds, "will soon reduce these regiments to be like the French at the end of a campaign." Still Cromwell would not at first permit the three regiments in winter quarters to be brought up to Mardyck to reinforce the garrison, and Reynolds' last letter to him was to press this point. Early in December Reynolds and one of his colonels sailed for England, to try what they could do at Whitehall in person. They were never seen again, their vessels having been lost in a great storm, as it was supposed, on the Goodwin Sands. Thus by the end of the first year the English had lost their commander, and nearly if not quite four thousand out of six thousand men; so that when both

armies finally retired to their winter quarters in January 1658, the six full regiments were reduced to four of half their original strength. Lockhart succeeded Reynolds in command.

The winter of 1657-8, a very severe one by all accounts, was gradually worn through, and the time came for the officers (who seem generally to have left the troops to take care of themselves in winter quarters) to repair once more to their posts. Four thousand recruits were supplied for the English on one side, and some hundreds of Irish for James, Duke of York, on the other. The garrison of Mardyck shook itself up, for we learn that by March the new fortifications were "in a gallant posture." At the same time discipline had grown rather lax. The French complained bitterly of "the insolency of the English soldiers"; and when Lockhart paid a visit of inspection in May, he made a most distressing discovery. "I find not one minister here, and out of charity have sent for my chaplain from Calais; the soldiers need much to be both dehorted from evil and exhorted to do good. If you will send over three ministers, they may very well serve the six regiments." Perhaps Uncle Toby's was not the first English army that swore terribly in Flanders.

Morgan had opened the campaign of 1658 by the capture of two Spanish redoubts on the canal between Mardyck and Dunkirk on the 31st of March; but it was not till May 4th that Turenne left his quarters at Amiens, reaching Dunkirk after a very difficult march on the 15th. On the 16th the investment was begun, and on the 24th the trenches were opened; the English being on the south or Mardyck side, the French on the north. On the 27th the Spanish made a sortie against the English, which was vigorously repulsed. The action, wrote Lockhart, "passed for a handsome one in the report of the French, who are not over apt to flatter us," and Turenne himself

acknowledged that "*les Anglais y firent fort bien.*" The English lost but few killed and one hundred and twenty wounded in this affair, which was only the prelude to a greater.

On the 2nd of June the Spanish army, fifteen thousand strong, under Don John of Austria, Condé, the Marquis Caracena, and James Duke of York, drew down to within a mile of Turenne's head-quarters with the evident intention of attacking the besiegers' lines. Turenne at once resolved¹ to give him battle, and intimated to Lockhart late in the afternoon that the English must march next morning. At 6 A.M. therefore they marched off with Lockhart at their head in his coach, having six miles to traverse before they reached their position. It is difficult to discover whether the English were under Lockhart's command or Morgan's in the action which followed; one account being that the former (who, as general, had a regiment of his own) came up to Morgan with a white cap on his head, and said: "You see the condition I am in; I am not able to give you any assistance on this day; you are the older soldier, and the greatest part of the work of this day must lie on your soldiers." Whereat, it is said, the soldiers smiled, as perhaps they reasonably might. As Lockhart mentions that he was suffering from a violent attack of stone, and gives a very vague account of the battle, I am inclined to think that Morgan did most of the work.

Turenne's order of battle was of the mathematically precise type that prevailed in those days. In the first line were thirteen troops of cavalry (say a hundred to a troop) on the right, thirteen troops on the left, and eleven battalions of infantry (five hundred to a battalion) in the centre; in the second line, ten troops

on the right, nine troops on the left, seven battalions in the centre. Four troops of *gendarmes* were posted between the two lines of infantry, and four more were held in reserve. The whole force was reckoned at nine thousand foot and six thousand horse. The English were posted at the extreme left of the infantry, four battalions in the first line and three in the second. But these battalions from their number were evidently much stronger than those of the French, for they formed of themselves the complete left wing of the infantry. In this order the army advanced, dressing by the right; and Morgan gave particular orders that when the French halted, the English should keep an even front with them. "But when the French came to halt, it so happened that the English pressed upon their leading officers, so that they came up within shot of the enemy; but when they saw that Major-General Morgan was in a passion, they put themselves to a stand"; in other words they halted, Major-General Morgan when in a passion being not a man to be trifled with.

Then came one of those strange scenes, such as Marryat has related for us of the Swiss mercenaries at the siege of Rosas. The opposing Spanish troops were mainly composed of Englishmen, and the two hostile forces were so near that they exchanged greetings; one asking "Is such an officer in your army?" another "Is such a soldier in yours?" and so forth. "Major-General Morgan endured this friendship for a little while, and then came up to the centre of the bodies and asked 'How long that friendship would continue?' and told them further, that for anything they knew they would be cutting one another's throats within a minute of an hour. The whole brigade answered 'Their friendship would continue no longer than he pleased.' Then Major-General Morgan bade them tell the enemy, 'No more friendship; prepare your

¹ This is Bussy Rabutin's account; the English story is that Morgan went on his knees to Turenne to beg him to fight. Harl. Misc. III. 340.

buff coats and scarfs, for we will be with you sooner than you expect us.'” (Harl. Misc. *loc. cit.*)

Immediately afterwards the Spanish regiment fired a volley, and Morgan at once despatched his adjutant-general for orders; but as his messenger did not return, and he could observe the Spaniards improving their dispositions, he decided to attack at once. The enemy was posted on a sandy hill, and had thrown up a breastwork before them, so that they were likely to make a desperate resistance; indeed, Lockhart admits that he despaired at first sight of dislodging them. Morgan however formed his first line of half of the White regiment (Lockhart's, though Lockhart did not lead it), four hundred firelocks and half of the Blue regiment, the two former to attack in front, the latter in flank.¹ The remainder of his force was ordered not to move till the Spanish right wing was “shocked off its ground”; Morgan promising to return to them “if he were not knocked on the head.”

On therefore the “forlorn” advanced to the assault, muskets and pikes and firelocks, English against English; while the French on the right remained on their own ground. Details of the attack are wanting, but Lockhart describes it as the hottest dispute that he ever saw. All that is certain is that the Spanish right wing *was* shocked off its ground, and that the White regiment lost every one of its officers, except Lockhart himself, killed or wounded. For a moment the Spanish cavalry got among the English attacking line; Bussy Rabutin indeed says that but for the counter-attack of the French cavalry, the English for all their *hardiesse* would have suffered still more severely; but Morgan, not being knocked on the head, brought up his second line, and the Spanish right wing of infantry

turned and fled, the English musketeers as usual plying them with the butt. Meanwhile the French on the right had not stirred, and Bussy Rabutin, in command of the cavalry on the extreme right, only began to move on learning from a passing horseman that the left had done its work. Indeed the battle was already over. The ambitious Morgan deployed his English against the whole line of Spanish infantry, which, seeing its right already dispersed, wheeled about and retired. So that nothing was left but the pursuit, wherein we are told that Lockhart re-appeared “without his white cap on his head, very brisk, and troubled with neither gravel nor stone,” which may or may not be true. Lockhart complains that the pursuit was not properly pressed by the French, but the victory was complete enough for its purpose. The English gained great credit for their gallantry, as they deserved; for the success of the day, though Turenne, to the great indignation of Whitehall, would not admit it, was principally due to them. That it should have been so was of course no fault of Turenne, for it is clear that the English blundered into their premature attack at Dunkirk Dunes,¹ just as they did many years later at Fontenoy and Minden.

Dunkirk fell on the 12th of June, and Lockhart was placed in possession. Being reinforced by two old regiments from England he kept but two of the original six with him; releasing the remaining four for field-service under Morgan's command with Turenne. Bergues, Dixmuyde, Menine, and Oudenarde fell in quick succession, and on the 2nd of September Turenne opened the siege of Ypres, the last great operation of the campaign and the last in which we hear of special distinction on the part of the Red-coats. Unfortunately we have no longer the journal of Bussy Rabutin whereby to

¹ All the English regiments were, it must be remembered, in scarlet; the distinction of colour refers to the facings.

¹ It was at this action that Condé told the Duke of York that he was going to see a battle lost.

check our best account of the proceedings, and the newspapers also fail to give details of any great value ; so we are driven to take the pamphleteer's account for what it is worth.

It would appear then that some few days after the trenches had been opened Turenne obtained certain information from a spy that Condé and Don John of Austria were marching with eleven thousand foot and four thousand horse to relieve the town, and were already within three leagues of it. He accordingly ordered Morgan to keep the whole of his force under arms all night. Morgan replied "that if he did keep the army three nights to that hard shift they would not care who did knock them on the head. The Prince of Condé and Don John of Austria were great captains ; and they might dodge with Marshal Turenne to fatigue his army." As an alternative, though a desperate one, Morgan suggested immediate assault on the counterscarp ; on which Turenne "joined his hands and ejaculated, 'Did ever my master the King of France or the King of Spain attempt a counterscarp upon an assault, where there were three half moons covered with cannon and the ramparts of the town playing point blank upon the counterscarp.' " Eventually, however, it was decided that the assault should be delivered by three different parties, two French and one English, each of six hundred men and fifty pioneers, and that the time should be just after sunset.

The Major-General made the English stand to their arms and divided them into bodies : a Captain at the head of the pioneers, and the Major-General [Morgan himself] and a Colonel at the head of the two battalions [each three hundred strong] ; and he ordered each man to take up a long fascine upon his musket. Then, upon signal given, the Major-General did order the two battalions, when they came within six score [paces] of the stockados, to slip their fascines and fall on When the pioneers came in sight of the stockados they slipped the fascines down and fell on ; the Major-General and the

two battalions were close to them ; and when the soldiers began to lay their hands on the stockados they tore them down for the length of six score and leaped pell-mell into the counterscarp among the enemy. Abundance of the enemy were drowned in the moat, and many taken prisoners, with two German princes ; and the counterscarp was cleared. The French were in their approaches all this time. Then the English fell on upon the half-moons, and immediately the Red-coats were on the top of them, throwing the enemy into the moat and turning the cannon upon the town. Thus the two half-moons were speedily taken. After the manning of the half-moons he did rally all the English with intention to lodge them upon the counterscarp, that he might be free of the enemy's shot next morning ; and they left the other half-moon for Marshal Turenne's party. which [the half-moon] was even before their approaches. Then the French fell upon the other half-moon, but were beaten off. The Major-General considered that that half moon would gall him in the day-time, and therefore did speak to the officers and soldiers that it was best to give them a little help. The Red-coats answered "Shall we fall on in order or happy-go-lucky ?" The Major-General said, "In the name of God, at it happy-go-lucky ;" and immediately the Red-coats fell on, and were on the top of it, knocking the enemy down and casting them into the moat. When this work was done the Major-General lodged the English on the counterscarp. (Harl. Misc.)

Next morning the Spaniards beat a parley and were allowed to march out with the honours of war ; with one piece of cannon, colours flying, bullet in mouth, and match lighted at both ends, according to the reigning practice of war ; and Ypres received a French garrison. The capture of Comine followed before the end of September ; and in spite of the inclemency of the season, the French pushed on to within three leagues of Brussels itself. But with the capture of Ypres the most brilliant work of the English contingent was done. In November it moved into winter quarters ; and on the 25th of that month Morgan was knighted at Whitehall by Richard Cromwell. For

the great Protector had died on the 3rd of September while the siege of Ypres was in progress, and much had died with him. We hear all through the winter of 1658-9 of nothing but complaints from the unhappy garrison of Dunkirk; of men ill-lodged, ill-fed, and unpaid, and fortifications going to pieces for want of money. Early next year too (1659) the Cromwells fell so that a new oath to a new government had to be sworn, which of course meant anxiety for commanding officers. A suspension of arms between France and Spain followed in May; and in June Commissioners from the English Committee of Safety came over at last to report on the condition of Dunkirk; which however they could not do without going out of their way to insult the two old colonels in command. In August the House of Commons resolved to recall Morgan's famous regiments from Flanders; and the last that we hear of them is their embarkation at Dunkirk for England. This, I am sorry to say, was by no means a creditable episode. The garrison to be left behind was weak in numbers and in heart; but the officers of the regiments embarked managed to carry off two hundred men that did not belong to them, furnishing them with disguises for the purpose. Further the senior colonel, not content with this, informed the chiefs of the garrison that he had private instructions to acquaint them withal, "that there were 10,000 men shipped somewhere, designed for Dunkirk," a piece of chaff that the poor men confessed that they "had not skill to understand."

And here we take leave of the six thousand, the immortal six thousand as they were termed in the

admiring language of their own day. In a sense they deserve immortality, could any one give it them, for making so creditable a beginning for the Red-coats on the Continent. The garrison too has a claim to be remembered as the first English troops that were ever quartered in barracks, the Spaniards having left some ready built in Dunkirk. But for the most part the memory of their achievements has passed away. The famous Protectorate Army was disbanded in October 1660 and two years later Dunkirk was sold to the French; so that men could feel little pleasure in recalling the names either of the one or the other. Lastly the lapse of another fifty years saw another and more famous army in Flanders, that which is bound up with the immortal names of John Duke of Marlborough, Captain Tobias Shandy, and Corporal Trim.

J. W. FORTESCUE.

NOTE.—The pamphlet, *A Relation of Sir Thomas Morgan's Progress in France*, is said in the advertisement to have been drawn up by Morgan himself at a friend's desire, and to have been confirmed by him paragraph by paragraph when read over to him. Originally designed for publication in James the Second's reign, it was held over for obvious reasons, and printed in 1698 in refutation of Bussy Rabutin's *Memoirs* (1696) and the *Memoirs* of Ludlow. Some of the interviews therein recounted between Turenne and Morgan, and the excessive partiality shown for the English require that portions of it should be received with caution; but on the other hand the account of the capture of St. Venant is borne out by the contemporary relations in the newspapers, and the broad lines of the action at Dunkirk are confirmed by Lockhart's letters, Bussy Rabutin, and other authorities. Hence I have not hesitated to follow it in the details of actual fighting.

THE FATHERS OF OPÉRA COMIQUE.

IN their *opéra comique* the French have a creation peculiar to and typical of themselves. It more vividly reflects them as a nation than any effort, or combined efforts, of either poetry, painting, or prose. It is a creation exclusively their own; a creation, because it is something more than a mere form of art. Take it which way we will, as a musical mirror characteristically and historically reflective, as a distinct species of drama, or as music for its own sake, it is unique and it is charming.

The Frenchman is proud of his *opéra comique*, not that that is to any great extent indicative of its artistic value, for he is apt to be fond of many things intrinsically of little worth; still he recognises it as the truest artistic expression of his nationality, and he regards it almost as a chattel, as an asset, though one upon which he would be loth to realise. He does not so regard the grand opera. There, it is the building that for the most part appeals to him. It is the finest opera-house in the world; he knows that well. And because all must admit that it is so, it matters not how far, if at all, the spirit of *chauvinism* directs his praise. But he knows full well also that, as regards the work and its performance, he will lose nothing be he in London, Milan, or St. Petersburg; he may even admit in some respects the possibility of gain. But when he leaves his France he leaves his *opéra comique*. An *opéra comique* written by an alien, and played, say, by English artists, is as unpalatable, nay, as impossible, as a so-called Italian opera written by an Englishman and played by a company of Germans. In a word, the *opéra comique* is French before all else. Rob it of that and you rob it of its life.

Yet strictly speaking it is a grafted growth. For although the *vaudeville* was purely French (deriving its name as it does from the *vauz de Vire*, the valleys of Vire, where were written and sung the songs of one Oliver Basselin, a prolific composer of the fifteenth century), the *opéra comique* only assumes the importance of a distinct class when it distinguishes its identity from that of the *opéra bouffe*. And the establishment of this distinct identity it owes directly to an Italian source.

The *vaudeville* had been the musical and dramatic provender of the French for two centuries before this epoch was reached. In 1700 it passed from the mere song of the street into the topical song, and Rousseau tells us in his *Confessions* that "a complete collection of the vaudevilles of the court and of Paris for over fifty years, contains a host of anecdotes which might be sought in vain elsewhere, and supplies a history of France such as no other nation could produce." Then came the *spectacle de la foire*, which obtained, and continued to grow in public favour till the middle of the eighteenth century. The performance was at first extremely primitive. In Paris there were two important fairs; the Foire St. Laurent held in the Faubourg St. Denis, and the Foire St. Germain held in the faubourg of the same name. Of the two the latter was perhaps the more select.

Lully, who through the influence of his friend Mme. de Montespan, had succeeded to the privileges accorded to Perrin and Cambert (the founders of French opera), was in complete control of the Academy. His sway over the grand opera was nothing short of autocratic. He exacted implicit con-

formity to his theories on the part of all composers who sought admittance to the Academy. To the composer whose opera was produced, the rate of payment fixed by Lully was about £4 for the first ten performances, and a further sum of £2 for each of the next twenty performances; after which the work became the property of the Academy. The theatre was open three times a week throughout the year. But the public grew tired of Lully, as they did of the Théâtre Français, and the *foire* became more and more popular. The best authors and musicians began to turn their attention to it. Lesage, Dorneval, Fuselier, and the composer Gilliers, all wrote for the *foires*. The plays they wrote were of the lightest and depended almost entirely upon their humour. A good deal of the performance was improvised; there was absolutely no restraint upon the performers, and the gaiety of the whole thing took a complete hold of the public, who gradually deserted the more serious entertainment, and swore allegiance to the *foire*.

One can imagine the wrath of the despotic Lully at all this. He thundered against the directors of the *foires*, and demanded payment to the Academy of a heavy sum for the privilege of keeping their doors open. More than this, the Academy (that is Lully) forbade the performers to either speak or sing. But their ingenuity would seem to have been well-nigh a match for Lully. Determined not to be beaten, they wrote out their songs on large placards, which the actors carried in their hands on the stage; the violins played away merrily, and the audience, delighted at thus frustrating the plans of the oppressive Academy, joined lustily in the songs. But after the first flush of enthusiasm the fun began to flag somewhat. To make matters worse the infuriated Lully came down upon them with another decree. For the future they were forbidden all save tight-rope dancing. There was no escape from

this, and a speedy capitulation on the part of the manager, Francisque, was the result. In despair he implored forbearance at the hands of the Academy; but Lully was obdurate, and the most he could obtain was permission for a single actor to speak. Here was a riddle for the authors; they were in future to limit their list of characters to one! Francisque appealed to Lesage and Fuselier in turn, but each confessed his impotence. As a last resource the manager sought Alexis Piron, a man of whom he had heard great things, but who as yet remained unproven. With a substantial inducement in the shape of one hundred crowns, Francisque implored Piron to help him. Piron took the hundred crowns and in two days was ready with his play. Here is something about it from the pen of Mr. Walter Besant, who is evidently a fervent admirer of this Frenchman: "In the midst of a fearful tempest,—the water and winds roaring by means of trumpets and violins—Arlequin Deucalion is seen floating on a barrel. Among all his terrors one thought alone consoles him, that the contents of the cask will be his when he gets to dry land. They do become his; but they are nothing else than a collection of all human vanities. He is visited by Thalia, by Momus under the guise of Polichinelle, and the play goes on merrily, Deucalion being the only speaker. . . . There was a brilliant success, the reputation of Piron was established, and the *opéra comique*, passing through the first stage of doubt and hesitancy, sprang at once into full growth, the mocking wayward spirit of merriment which she has ever since shown herself. The real inventor of the *opéra comique* was Alexis Piron." This is going too far; and I am inclined to think, from further perusal of Mr. Besant's admirable article, that he, in common with many others, confuses the French *opéra comique* with their *opéra bouffe* and our comic opera. Piron was undoubtedly invaluable in coming to the

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At this time *opéra comique* was still in swaddling clothes; it was, so to speak, a denationalised infant. But Jean Monnet was no blockhead, and was quite prepared to treat it as such, to foster and to tend its growth, until it stood before him a sturdy stripling. When he had taken Vadé's *libretto* of *Les Troqueurs* to Dauvergne, he had had no notion of producing it as the opera of a Frenchman. He knew that the time was not yet ripe for that, the prejudice in favour of the Italians being still too strong. So that when on the 30th of July, 1753, *Les Troqueurs* saw the light at Monnet's theatre it was left to the public to supply the names of the authors.

This work of Dauvergne's, together

with Rousseau's *Devin du Village* and *Les deux Chasseurs*, a charming little score of a Neapolitan master named Duni, formed a nucleus that was to receive in the near future important additions from three musicians, Philidor, Grétry, and Monsigny. It were impossible to say who of these three was greatest. The most we can do is to bracket Grétry and Monsigny, and that merely because their affinities were similar, not because in any way they were superior as composers. Philidor (François André Danican, to distinguish him from the other members of his family, of whom there were thirteen and all musicians) possessed perhaps greater originality of thought for his time, and was undoubtedly more technically accomplished than either of his distinguished contemporaries. On the other hand he lacked that dramatic sense which is so finely apparent in Grétry's work, and also the exquisite gaiety and delicate sentiment of Monsigny. But in the matters of harmony and instrumentation Philidor is unsurpassed in the *opéra comique* of his time. He was to a great extent in sympathy with Rameau, as is shown most forcibly in his grand opera *Ernelinde*, which was produced in 1767, a score remarkable for its virility. To the Comique his chief contributions were, first, *Blaise le Savetier*, which was brilliantly successful in 1759, *L'Huitre et les Plaideurs* in the same year, *Le Sorcier* in 1764, *Tom Jones* in the following year, and *Zemire et Melide* produced before the Court at Fontainebleau in 1773. The reason that before all others seems to account for the neglect into which his work subsequently fell, lies in his somewhat unfortunate choice of *libretti*. Sedaine, who wrote so much then, was not in the least suited to Philidor; whereas his collaboration with Grétry and Monsigny was attended with most perfect results. Philidor's passion for chess (he was one of the greatest players of his age, and for years made it his means of livelihood,) undoubtedly

rescue as he did ; but in no sense can he be termed the inventor of the *opéra comique*.

The discussion on the relative merits of French and Italian music, so hot at the beginning of the century, had for the moment subsided. From 1714 to 1743 the progress was little or nothing. The *foires* struggled hard for life, and continued their chequered career until 1745, when they were forced to succumb.

So far the development of *opéra comique* had been slow, though the march of time had not been without its effect on the more serious opera. Here love as a motive began to be essential in the *libretti*. Love reigned supreme in every art. Even the Gobelins, that had formerly represented nought but Biblical subjects, substituted for them Boucher's Anacreontic conceptions. On porcelain, on canvas, in embroideries, everywhere was love. But not until 1746 do we get any further with the *opéra comique*. Then it was that the Italian influence exerted itself. The Théâtre de la Foire had been rebuilt in the meantime by Jean Monnet, and in this year it was taken by a company of Italian comedians, who came to Paris bringing with them a score of their countryman Pergolesi, entitled *La Serva Padrona*. The theatre became identified with them, and, for long after was known as the Italian theatre. The success of *La Serva Padrona* was emphatic and immediate. It had been written and produced in Naples in 1731, and was termed an *intermezzo* in two acts. No work ever exercised greater influence on its contemporaries, and it formed the germ of French *opéra comique* as we know it to-day. All Paris flocked to *La Serva Padrona*, recognising that it heralded a new departure. It appealed to musicians most strongly, and the spirit of emulation was rife in the town.

Not long after its production at the Comédie Italienne, *La Serva Padrona* was put on at the Opéra. Nothing

could so strongly have shown the hold it had taken upon friends and enemies alike. The idea of the work of a foreigner, of a mere buffoon, desecrating the boards of the Academy proved an uncomfortable one for many, and something like a free fight ensued in the press. This was dignified with the name of the *querelle des bouffons*, the *bouffons* being, of course, the Italians.

Jean Jacques Rousseau was in the thick of the fray. Some idea of his energy can be obtained from the fact that he published no less than sixty pamphlets on the subject. More than this, he very shortly appeared as the author and composer of *Le Devin du Village*, an *intermezzo* on the same lines as *La Serva Padrona*. But the credit of having written the first French *opéra comique* must belong to Antoine Dauvergne. He was a violin-player at the Opéra, and his *Les Troqueurs* was little less successful than had been Pergolesi's work. He retained the spoken dialogue as Pergolesi had done,—a characteristic which has since become a leading feature of the form. I do not propose here to consider Rousseau either in the capacity of composer or critic of music. We know that the authenticity of *Le Devin du Village* was challenged, that Jean Jacques was accused of common theft, and of having no knowledge of the rudiments of musical technique. This last charge, I think, stands in a measure refuted by the mere fact that he had come to Paris in 1742 for the purpose of putting forward a new notation of which he was the inventor. The central idea consisted, I believe, in the substitution of numerals for the usual signs employed ; but he was never able to persuade the Academy to take any interest in his invention. Touching *Le Devin du Village*, the story goes that it was the work of a musician named Granet, who had been in correspondence with Rousseau concerning the *libretto* of an opera which the latter was to supply. Granet is said to have composed the

music and to have directed it to *Mons. Rousseau, homme des lettres, demeurant à Paris*, decidedly a vague address, seeing that there were at that time several literary men of the name in Paris. The parcel is supposed to have fallen into the hands of one Pierre Rousseau. This gentleman, though he knew that the packet could not have been intended for him, not only read it but showed it to a Mons. Bellissent, also a musician. Having satisfied his curiosity he returned it to the postal authorities, and in time it duly reached its rightful owner. Had the opera shared the fate of its two companions, *Les Muses Galantes* and *Pygmalion*, nothing probably would have been heard of all this. But it was quite successful enough to set alight the train of gossip, if not of slander. M. Bellissent related what he knew of the matter, and M. Pierre Rousseau wrote a full account of the whole affair in the *Journal Encyclopédique* for December 1752. Jean Jacques indignantly refuted the accusations made against him, and to prove his ability re-wrote the whole of the work; a rather disastrous proceeding as it proved, for the later version did not bear comparison with the earlier. The story as it stands is neither creditable nor credible; I give it merely for what it is worth.

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shows itself in the face of his compositions, which are as a rule thoughtful rather than inspired.

Monsigny, the French Sacchini as he was called, was on the other hand a melodist before all else. His technical attainments were of the most perfunctory description, and there is little doubt that his inspiration was really of a much higher order than his works would cause one to believe. But because he had no correspondingly adequate power of expression, he cowered before it. He was by no means prolific. He came of a noble family and seems to have been well educated in everything save music. His father died just as the boy had finished his classical education, and wishing to be of assistance to his family, who were not well off, Monsigny went to Paris in 1749 and obtained a clerkship. He afterwards, through the social influence of his family, became attached to the household of the Duke of Orleans. Only on the appearance of *La Serva Padrona* does he appear to have seriously commenced the study of composition. But after some five months' work with Gianotti of the Opéra, he placed before his master his first *opéra comique*. He composed unremittingly up till 1777, when he retired, some say from fear of being surpassed by Grétry, whom he finally succeeded at the Institut. Of all his works *Le Déserteur* is most typical of the true *opéra comique*. With Grétry's *Richard-cœur-de-Lion* (its junior by sixteen years), it may be said to have musically dominated the latter part of the eighteenth century. Both works possess the excellences with but few of the frailties of their time. Granted that Sedaine founds the whole of his work on a pleasantry to which the poor Alexis is subjected by the family of his affianced bride, and which makes of him a deserter, granted that a deal of it is in doubtful taste, the opera still remains absolutely charming. Nothing is forced, neither the more tender sentiment

nor the spirit of gaiety; the one is as affecting as the other is contagious. The air "Je vais la voir" and the *duo* are perfect masterpieces in their way. In the second and third acts we have evidence of an exact dramatic sense on the part of the musician. Even after we have known Georges Bizet, the musical characterisation of *Le Déserteur* is quite remarkable; when we consider the time at which it was written it is wonderful.

But the sixteen years that intervened between these two operas were not without their influence upon the later work. It is still the self-same form; but the thought is grander, the execution easier. And poor harmonist as Grétry was (they used to say of him at the Paris Conservatoire that you could drive a coach and four betwixt his basses and his first violins), it stands revealed in *Richard-cœur-de-Lion* that his comparative incapacity in this particular direction in no way blinded him to the importance of variety in his harmonic structure. With him the orchestra also comes into more prominent relief. Glance for example at the end of the first act, where it takes unto itself the *chanson* of Saladin; it is not far off symphonic. Again, the chorus visibly participates in the action, witness the *ensemble* of the soldiers in the second act. And the supplicating theme of Blondel that permeates it, is it not almost a premonition of Leporello's phrase in the sextett in *Don Juan*? And while the atmosphere of the work is well defined and consistent (it is the first *opéra comique* in which we get such a thing) its several musical types stand out in clear relief, one from another. The note that rings so true is that of chivalry. And yet the whole is poetically sad; at times it is almost austere. There is hardly any reference to love; but in place of it we have a host of old-world memories, of historical associations which, endeared by tradition, have wound themselves into the hearts of the people. One gets but a glimpse of

the Countess Marguerite; while the intrigue of the Governor and Laurette is little more than an excuse for the exquisite air "Je crains de lui parler la nuit." The lovely "O Richard, ô mon Roi!" is nothing but a veritable *leitmotiv*; permeating the whole score, now plaintive, now consolatory, it appears and reappears spreading its colour over all, until it becomes in actual fact as powerful a motive as it is possible to have. As the sentimental, or perhaps I should say, the psychological expression varies, so does the form of this essential motive. Its manner of use varies little at all in principle from that of Richard Wagner. Nor is it here alone that the old-fashioned Grétry is at one with the master of Bayreuth. Here is what he says in his Essays: "I should like the theatre to be small, containing at the most a thousand persons, and to have but one kind of seat throughout,—no boxes neither large nor small, for they only encourage gossip if nothing more. I should also like the orchestra hidden away so that neither the musicians nor the lights on their desks could be seen by the audience. The effect would be magical."

From the year 1768, when Grétry, inspired in turn by *La Serva Padrona*, produced his first *opéra comique*, *Le Huron*, to the dawn of the nineteenth century, his influence had nought but an elevating tendency upon the form. From among the host that he wrote, *Le Tableau Parlant*, *L'Amant Jaloux*, *Zemire et Azor*, and *L'Epreuve Villageoise*, were the most notable after *Richard-cœur-de-Lion*. Of his other contemporaries who in a lesser degree did likewise, I can here do little more than write their names. Among them Dalayrac, Dezédes, and Gossec were chief. I write Gossec, for it is thus he is known to most of those who know him at all; but since the production by M. Ed. Gregoir, at the Artistic Federation of Brussels in 1875, of the musician's baptismal certificate, it is established beyond a doubt that his correct name was Gossé.

He was practically the creator of the symphony in France, and in that form his compositions were more notable than were his contributions to *opéra comique*. Still, his *Les Pêcheurs*, *Toinon et Toinette*, and *Berthe*, were all worthy specimens of their kind.

The first year of the nineteenth century saw the collapse of both the Comédie Italienne, which had now taken possession of the theatre in the Rue Favart, and of a rival company which in 1791 had established itself in the Rue Feydeau. Neither could survive the competition caused by the existence of the other. Finally they amalgamated, taking possession of the Théâtre Feydeau and remaining there until 1829, when the house, being no longer fit for use, was compulsorily closed. The Salle Favart, which on the amalgamation had been given over to the Italians, still remained in their possession, and the Opéra Comique took up their quarters in the Rue Ventadour. Shortly after this they made yet another move to the Théâtre des Nouveautés in the Place de la Bourse.

The first quarter of this century was a period of transition. The influences at work were once again directed upon the grand opera rather than upon *opéra comique*. Cherubini, Méhul, and Lesueur, were all at the Opéra.

"*Opéra comique* sometimes lies fallow in France, but it will never die," said Blaze-de-Bury, and just at this period it lay fallow. True, Nicolo Isouard (or Nicolo as he elected to be called) was active enough, and his *Joconde*, produced in 1814, may fitly be termed important as heralding a turning-point. Many of our day who know nothing of *Joconde* or of its maker, will not fail to recognise the couplets of its third act:

Et l'on revient toujours
A ses premiers amours.

With *Joconde opéra comique* acquired fresh vigour. The effect of healthful competition and of rivalry had not a

little to do with this, for François Boieldieu, "the last of the ancients and the first of the moderns" as he has been called, had come upon the scene and threatened in the realm of *opéra comique* to carry all before him. But though his first opera at the Fey-deau (*La Famille Suisse*) was produced there in 1797, it was not until 1825 that he reached the summit of his powers. The work he did in the interim was none the less great for that. *Ma Tante Aurore*, *Le Nouveau Seigneur*, *Jean de Paris*, and the *Petit Chaperon Rouge* were one and all of the finest conception and admirable workmanship. Boieldieu himself with characteristic diffidence thought little enough of them. Fétis tells a story about this: "Boieldieu," he says, "was wont to submit every new piece as he wrote it to the criticism of his pupils at the Conservatoire. When, as was often the case, these young purists took exception to their master's harmonic vagaries, the matter was referred to Méhul, to whose decision, whether favourable or otherwise, the composer meekly submitted." Yet there is no master of his time who can surpass him for harmonic beauty and for wholesale sanity, or can equal him in all those things which we can generically classify as French. M. Chouquet tells another story about him: "After one of the successful performances of the *Calife de Bagdad* (produced the year following *La Famille Suisse*) Cherubini accosted the elated composer in the green-room. 'Malheureux!' he said, 'but are you not ashamed of such undeserved success?' To which Boieldieu's only reply was a request for more instruction at the hands of the master." And it was no empty request; for without further ado he underwent a severe course of contrapuntal study with Cherubini, and although he had hitherto been invariably successful, he produced no opera for three years. When his next work did appear the result stood revealed on the face of it. *Ma Tante Aurore* was a great advance on all that had gone before.

The year 1825 will always remain a red-letter year for *opéra comique*, for it gave birth to *La Dame Blanche*, without doubt the greatest work of this kind in the first half of the century. The first performance was as great a triumph for the composer as it is possible to imagine. Not only was he dragged and re-dragged to face the people on the stage, but they followed him to his home, and, with assuredly the kindest intentions, permitted him no rest for the night. The entire orchestra followed him from the theatre and, we are told, performed most of the music of the opera under his windows. Within, friends, actors, and musicians gathered together in such numbers that Rossini, who lodged on the floor below, was obliged to place his own rooms at their disposal, which he seems to have done with the greatest good grace. He and Boieldieu were perfectly childish in their delight. "Never in this world," declared Rossini, "never could I have written your *scène de la vente*"; and Boieldieu would reply "But have you not written the *finale* of the *Barbère*?"

Truth to tell the works have somewhat in common, be it only profusion of ideas. Rossini's are condensed, Boieldieu's are dispersed, there lies the main difference between them. But undoubtedly the note of romanticism was struck in *La Dame Blanche* for the first time in *opéra comique*. The self-same spirit that brought into being the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Hector Berlioz is here in embryo. Hereafter it was to permeate the *opéra comique* as it permeated all else. For his raw material Scribe of course drew directly upon Sir Walter Scott, bringing both *The Monastery* and *Guy Mannering* into requisition. But there is little that is Scotch about *La Dame Blanche*. It was the sweet melancholy of the story that appealed most strongly to the people of the time. And then, *L'Homère de la bourgeoisie moderne*, as M. Taine was characteristically wont to dub Sir Walter, was in the fashion.

It is the funniest thing in the world to see these old Scotch tunes in their French dress ; for although they are correctly enough transcribed, their harmonic and rhythmic treatment is all other than northern. And here we have for the first time what, for want of a better name, I will term the musical *causerie*. We notice it particularly at the entrance of Dickson in the first act. It is no more the *parlando* of the Italian than it is the dry recitative of the German. It is the self-same thing that Massenet has brought to so perfect a pitch in his *Manon*, a veritable musical comment. The orchestra literally gossips. But undoubtedly the predominating features of the score are its pure sentiment and its irreproachable style. In the latter Boieldieu had no rival ; his was pure style as distinguished from "a style." To emphasise my meaning I will compare him with Rossini. The Italian master is the possessor of a style ; it sometimes grows exaggerated and develops into mannerism ; but Boieldieu's never does. His work is distinguished by its perfect taste, its horror of all extravagance, its refinement, its conduct and restraint. It is all in perfect style ; so exact is every detail, so consummate the structure of *ensemble*, so easy the continuity of thought, and so nice the dramatic sense, that the edict of the hypercritical Teuton ceases to make us wonder. "*La Dame Blanche*," says Hanslick "is the most delicate blossom of the French musical genius. It is the white rose of the *opéra comique*."

Following close on Boieldieu are two musicians who may be said, broadly speaking, to complete the penultimate stage of *opéra comique*. They are Herold and Auber. Cherubini's work seems to me to have essentially more affinity with the German romantic opera than with the French lighter form ; and my aim is rather to follow the typical creation at the hands of its countrymen. Nor should Meyerbeer's influence be overlooked save from this point of view.

Almost simultaneously with *La Dame Blanche*, came Auber's greatest *opéra comique*, *Le Maçon*. Five and six years later respectively we have the two greatest works of Louis Herold, *Zampa* and *Pré aux Clercs*. I cannot for the moment call to mind who it was that wrote "without Weber and without Rossini there would be no Herold," but if there be truth in the statement, then we owe to those two masters one great debt the more. You can feel Rossini at work in the *trio* of the first act of *Zampa*, nor is he absent from that of the second act of *Pré aux Clercs*. But that matters nothing. It makes the Frenchman no whit less original ; and he is never the "harum-scarum" that Rossini is at times.

Beside the two works just named, such pieces as *La Rosière* and *Le Lapin Blanc* sink into nothingness. They have their atmosphere, for Herold was before all else a master of colour, just as Boieldieu was a master of style ; but the reserve force first comes to light in its full strength in *Zampa*. Over the whole of *Pré aux Clercs* a certain haunting melancholy prevails. From overture to finale it pervades the score ; Isabelle's air, and the lovely plaint of the queen, "Je suis prisonnière loin du beau pays," are both steeped in it. And more than any other of its class is it historically reflective. In grand opera it has its analogy in *The Huguenots*. Mergy is the prototype of Raoul de Nangis ; and no more vivid picture of the French-Italian court of the Valois could be found than that which is in the second act.

Only a month after the production of this, his greatest work, poor Herold died. It was with him as with Georges Bizet. His dying words accentuate, more forcibly than aught else could, the pity of it. "I am going all too soon," he said, "and just as I was beginning to comprehend the stage." During his life, short as it was, he had done much for his art in general, more for *opéra comique* in particular.

From this time on we can trace a marked improvement in the *libretti* of *opéra comique*. The poorness of the words provided for Grétry and his contemporaries had done much to cramp their efforts; but Scribe and Saint-Georges realised the necessity of providing the composer with a story which should be not only interesting and concise, but in sympathy with his artistic leanings. For Auber there could have been no better man than Scribe, for he was instinctively more *spirituelle* than dramatic. Saint-Georges did for Herold what no man else could have done; he gave him a pure comedy which, while interesting in development and faultless in historical detail, went to form one of those rare collaborations which are completely sympathetic and which never fail to succeed.

In 1843 the Opéra Comique quitted the little Théâtre des Nouveautés for the Salle Favart once more. Here it remained until the fire of 1887. The theatre in the Place Boieldieu thus saw the production of a host of works that carry us well into our own time. The facility and the fecundity of Auber are matters of history. The man was an artistic phenomenon: no musician ever achieved so much by means of so little outside pure inspiration as he did; and he was the magnificent exception of the rule that goes to prove how much rubbish is thus made. Then, what of a man who, at the age of eighty-six, sets about an opera with *Premier Jour de Bonheur* for its title? Life was for him one long summer day, and the reflection of his life is in his music. It is invariably light, frequently trivial; yet it has always some worth. Many said hard things of him; among them Heine, who, speaking of both him and Scribe, declared that both had *esprit*, grace, sentiment, even passion; all that one lacked was music, the other, poetry. Scribe and Auber formed an artistic union which

has been only once equalled, and that in our day by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert. In either instance it is impossible to conceive the one at his best without the other.

Auber, Halévy, and Meyerbeer brought *opéra comique* down to the time when Gounod was there to take it over. And from *Le Domino Noir* to *Le Médecin malgré lui* is no such great step as at first sight it would seem. Indeed a glance at the latter work will take us even further back. Consider the first *entr'acte* and the serenade; is not the very spirit of Lully there? It is something more than mere retrospect. Rather is it the blending of the old in the new, the rejuvenation of a spirit that will never cease to be, because it has become a national inheritance.

And so are we brought from the primitive old *foire* to face such works as *Philémon et Baucis*, *Mireille*, Reyer's *Statue*, Ambroise Thomas' *Caid* and Delibes' *Le Roi l'a dit*; until we reach the immortal *Carmen*. There is the true French music! It will never die because it is in the heart of the people. Would that we had a creation we could so well call our own!

As a pure example of the true French type, nothing could be more excellent than one of their very latest productions, the *Madame Chrysanthème* of Pierre Loti and M. Messager. Place beside it the *Werther* of M. Massenet, and there can remain no doubt of the vitality of French musical art to-day. They have yet to surpass *Carmen*, which is not of yesterday nor of to-day, but of all time. As for *Le Rêve*, about which we have heard so much, it is a production that makes us ask with the poet:

Regrettez-vous le temps où nos vieilles
romances
Ouvraient leurs ailes d'or vers leur monde
enchanté?

CHARLES WILLEBY.

THE TWO DOROTHYS.

PERHAPS there is scarcely any set of circumstances in which a pair of lovers can be more entirely happy than as guests in a quiet country house, where the host and hostess are themselves young enough to enter sympathetically into others' felicity, at the same time regarding it with just the faintest touch of a sort of benignant amusement and kindly superiority, as of persons who have survived the divine disease, and can watch, with something like the impersonal interest of science, the progress of its symptoms in others. Thurstan Old Manor was quite an ideal stage for the production of so charming a comedy; and as spectators and abettors of their two young guests' happiness, Charles and Clara Wentworth, themselves a pair of married lovers if there ever were such, seemed to live over again their own sweetheart-days, which came back into memory with that tinge of exquisite regret without which our pleasures would be crude and untempered.

As these four innocent young people,—the *unmarried* lovers, Dorothy and Arthur Townsend, and the married ones—returned in the late glow of a summer afternoon from walking to the neighbouring village of Thurstan, and sauntered leisurely homewards across the small park which was Charles Wentworth's sole landed possession, their talk turned for a while on this very theme of the rounded perfectness of their own lot in life.

"Do you know, Arthur," said Dorothy, with a little laugh, "I almost wonder sometimes if ours *can* be true love, its course runs so smooth. We really ought to quarrel about something, or to meet with some temporary misfortune or check, just to throw

happiness into relief a little. It's positively monotonous, this perpetual sunshine without so much as an April shower."

"My dear child," said Clara,—she was a whole year older than Dorothy, and availed herself of the privilege of age in using this maternal mode of speech—"my dear child, I wish you would not talk like that; it gives one an uncanny sort of feeling, as if Fate might perhaps take people at their word."

And unknown to each other they all felt something like a momentary shiver of the mind, none could have told why, and for a single instant a chill flitted across the summer. But the next moment from a neighbouring covert a thrush discoursed of the marvellousness of being alive, and touched their hearts afresh with something of his own rapture. In truth these were fortunate human beings, and perhaps in nothing more so than in their ability to be content upon easy terms; for to persons accustomed to make exorbitant demands for pleasure life at Thurstan would no doubt have been dull enough. Arthur and Dorothy were the only guests: walking and driving through romantic dales and woodlands were their most exciting pleasures; and for the rest, their innocence of the vice of *ennui* was chiefly due to the fact that theirs were souls rich in the subjective material of enjoyment, temperaments which responded genially to the call Nature makes upon all her creatures to be glad of their existence.

The park sloped upwards from the lodge to the house, the latter looking down upon a thickly wooded valley, backed by a long sweep of high moorland with distant peaks beyond. A manor-house only in reminiscence, it

was a picturesque building, though with no pretensions either to size or grandeur, the oldest part dating from the days of the sixth Henry of pious memory, the newest from late Elizabethan times. On reaching home our walking party were far from incapable of dinner, at which meal they were joined by the local doctor, Mr. Ward, a middle-aged gentleman whose beneficent profession always struck people as the merest accident in his life, it seemed to be worn so lightly; an amateur of letters, of whom his friend Wentworth used to say that his forte was poetry and medicine his foible. After dinner, the evening being sultry, they all sat out on the terrace which formed the top of a sort of natural escarpment on the eastward side of the house. The valley below was already folded in shadow, but the windows of a farmhouse, some three miles away, high on the opposite slope, blazed with the dying daylight.

"Sumner's Farm," said Mr. Ward, "is always the last that parleys with the setting sun."

As he spoke the light faded from the lower part of the house and flamed only upon a dormer window that projected from a gray-tiled roof. "I suppose you know, Miss Hope," he went on, "that the local tradition fixes upon that as your namesake Dorothy's window?"

"My namesake? I never heard of her."

"You don't mean to say you know nothing of the one romantic legend of this countryside?"

Dorothy had to confess her ignorance.

"Well, I am all the more surprised," said Mr. Ward, "because the hero of the tragedy lived here, in this very house of yours, Wentworth."

The fact is, Mr. Ward was pre-eminently the antiquarian and legend-hunter of the district, and could have enlightened half the old families in the shire as to the traditions of their own ancestry.

"The story goes," he proceeded to

tell Dorothy, "that a certain lord of the manor of Thurstan some two centuries ago, made love in secret to Dorothy Sumner, the daughter of one of his tenants. The house yonder, where she lived, is still known as Sumner's Farm, though there have been no Sumners within anybody's memory. This squire, however, was short of money, as I believe squires still are sometimes, and so at last he let policy overrule passion, and contracted an alliance with a lady whose wealth was to disembarass his estate. But on the eve of their wedding he was found murdered, and although no trace of the doer of the deed was discoverable, all the country-side believed from the first that the murderer was the forsaken Dorothy. There was nothing, however, that constituted legal evidence against her, nothing but a presumption which amounted to moral certainty, and she lived on in safety for some years, but was at last betrayed by her own sister to whom she had secretly confided the story of her crime. It is also said that before suffering the penalty of death she made a full and detailed confession, and told how the ghost of her lover had haunted her ever afterwards, always appearing at the sound of the curfew. Probably the ghost is a late accretion to the story, an example of the myth-making process. By the by, Thurstan is one of the very few villages where the curfew still tolls the knell of parting day, thanks to a vicar with my own love of the old and —"

"Useless," chimed in Wentworth.

In Dorothy's mind the story evidently took root, a process in which such a mere accident as the coincidence of names may have played its own capricious part. Then, too, she was certainly imaginative to the verge of morbidness, and perhaps indeed her peculiar type of beauty may have denoted a neurotic organisation too tensely strung for perfect equipoise of mind and body. She impressed people as a very lovely and

distinguished-looking girl; yet they were forced to admit that her complexion was a trifle too opalescent, and her blonde hair a shade too pale, either for flawless health or faultless beauty, while her large blue eyes had now and then a certain air of remoteness, as if the soul went forth on some adventure of its own beyond the precincts and environs of the senses.

Mr. Ward and the Wentworths had re-entered the house, leaving the lovers together on the terrace. Night was coming on, but in the splendour of a full moon it seemed only another and more magical phase of day. A great mountainous mass of cloud that lay along the southern horizon was breaking up into fantastic forms, here stretching forth a ghostly arm, there erecting itself into towers and battlements, which again were metamorphosed into couchant beasts or wide-winged birds. The occasional barking of a dog seemed only to emphasise the general silence. The sound came from Sumner's Farm.

"How unreal everything looks," said Dorothy. "If the ghosts of those old-world lovers in the legend were to come gliding across the valley yonder, I think I should feel no surprise."

"By the way, we were not told how she murdered him," observed Arthur.

"No, Mr. Ward forgot to tell us that; or perhaps tradition is at fault there. One would like to know."

Arthur laid his hand with some abruptness upon her arm: "That cloud,—look, Dorothy!"

It could scarcely have been imagination which presented an identical object to the eyes of both. For a single moment the outlines of the cloud certainly bore a wonderful likeness to the figure of a woman standing with a knife or a dagger over the prostrate form of a man.

"Let us go into the house, dear," said Dorothy, and her lover was conscious of a shudder in her arm.

They rejoined their friends in the

old-fashioned drawing-room. "My dear child," said Clara Wentworth, "I think you must have over-walked yourself to-day; you don't look well at all. Charles and I ought to have remembered that we were more practised pedestrians than you. Go to bed, dear." And the two friends kissed and said good-night.

The next morning, when they all met at breakfast, Dorothy looked like her usual self, but her friends, believing that she had been over-tired by the previous day's walk, commenced arranging a drive which should enable her and Arthur to see more of the wilder hill-country which lay north-westward. They also took measures to ascertain whether Mr. Ward happened to have any patients importunately clamouring for his tender care, and if not, they proposed to seduce him into joining them in their excursion, to the end that scenery might be tempered with archæology, and archæology kindled into poetry. Perhaps owing in part to the comparative propinquity of another medicine-man (not more than five miles away), perhaps in part to the preposterous and inordinate salubrity of the district, Mr. Ward always seemed to enjoy an amplitude of leisure, and it was generally observed that his practice lay lightly upon him. But before the servant had time to deliver the message to the man of science, the whole agreeable project was unavoidably dashed by Arthur Townsend, who found, on opening a letter, that his own presence was somewhat urgently required at a certain manufacturing town in the adjacent county, on business connected with some property of his in that shire, and involving two days' absence from Thurstan. Arthur made no attempt to disguise his annoyance, for the morning promised an ideal day for the intended jaunt, and the alternative of a railway journey to a grimy industrial centre was particularly unalluring. Devotion to irksome duties was perhaps not the salient feature of

his character, and after a little vacillation he rather petulantly announced his intention of letting business take care of itself, at least until the following day. Dorothy, however, saw that if he shirked what was really a necessary though tiresome journey, such neglect of his own affairs would in a sense lie at her door, being due chiefly to his reluctance to forego her companionship even temporarily; so she urged him strongly to undertake the journey, and in the end overcame his disinclination and persuaded him, though obviously against his will, to go. The programme of pleasure was therefore shelved, and after Arthur's departure Dorothy obtained the use of her host's dogcart, and drove over to Sumner's Farm where she spent the day in making sketches of the home of her legendary namesake of tragic memory. In returning, something seemed to strike her as picturesque in the surroundings of an old disused well, said to be of extraordinary depth, and she made a rough drawing or pencil-memorandum of the spot, and humoured her fancy by writing in the margin of the sketch, "The well where Dorothy Sumner hid the knife."

So the day passed in a kind of agreeable melancholy, filled with thoughts of the "old, unhappy, far-off things" with which both the farm and the manor-house were traditionally associated. The heat had been great all the afternoon, and in the evening a thunderstorm broke over the district, followed during the night by deluges of rain. Next morning one of Wentworth's servants brought the news that a certain decrepit old rustic bridge spanning a stream that flowed through his land had been carried away by the freshet, and Wentworth was about to walk over to the place, but meanwhile lingered a few minutes, looking over his wife's shoulder at Dorothy's sketches, while the fair artist herself glanced rather listlessly at the morning newspaper which had

just arrived. Presently she gave a start of alarm, but the others were standing with their backs towards her, and were unaware of anything unusual in her demeanour until in another moment she uttered a terrible shriek and fell swooning on the floor.

All possible attention was at once given to her, and after recourse to the most obvious means for her restoration, Wentworth's next thought was to look at the newspaper, which had dropped from her hands at the moment when she lost consciousness. He ran an eye rapidly over the principal headings: "Plot to murder the Czar"—"Mr. Gladstone on Ostrich-Farming"—"Death of an eminent Pugilist"—"Fearful Railway Collision." The last paragraph gave details of a disaster which had happened on the line over which Dorothy's lover was to have travelled on the previous day, and in the list of the killed was the name of Arthur Townsend.

Now if Dorothy herself could have read the paragraph with that carefulness which her excitement and dread made impossible, she would have seen that the accident befell a later train than that by which her lover was to have travelled; and if she had read half a dozen words further she would likewise have discovered that the Arthur Townsend whose death was reported was of an entirely different address from that of her absent lover. But presumably the name and nothing more had arrested her eye, with the result which might have been predicted.

Mr. Ward had been sent for and was quickly in attendance. Dorothy had meanwhile regained consciousness, but before seeing her the doctor had a hurried conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth. He agreed with them in thinking it highly improbable that the Arthur Townsend whose name was among the killed could be their friend, but still there was an agitating element of uncertainty in the matter. Nor was the question of Arthur's

safety the sole cause of disquietude, for since recovering from the swoon Dorothy had spoken, when at all, with a strange irrelevance, not to say incoherence, which had alarmed her friends greatly. She had now been left alone for a few moments, and the doctor found her walking up and down the terrace with her hands clasped behind her.

"My dear young lady," he began, "first of all, set your mind quite at rest about Arthur. I have no doubt whatever you will have him back this evening safe and sound. The accident did not happen to his train at all; and besides, the Arthur Townsend mentioned in the paper was of a totally different address, and belonged to another part of the country. It was the merest coincidence of names, nothing more. Such things are always happening. Only last week I saw in the newspaper that a gentleman of precisely the same name as myself had got into trouble through stealing his neighbour's asparagus. Now, you know, that's a crime of such a trivial and unambitious character as I couldn't possibly stoop to,—at least, not without profound loss of self-respect."

Dorothy continued slowly to pace the terrace-walk, and appeared to pay no heed to what was said. Indeed it seemed doubtful if she were conscious of being addressed. He made another attempt to win her attention, but presently found that she herself was uttering her own thoughts aloud, apparently in perfect oblivion of his presence. He sat down upon the low stone parapet, and resigned himself to the passive part of watching and listening.

"That he should owe his death to me!" she murmured; "to me who loved him so,—to me whom he loved!"

The doctor grasped the situation. Arthur had been persuaded by Dorothy, against his own will, to perform the journey of the previous day. Assuming him killed, therefore, she had in a certain remote and accidental sense been instrumental to his death.

Hence her words, and the morbid conception of her own moral responsibility which they seemed to imply. He intercepted her walk. "Miss Hope,—I tell you he is alive! We have no earthly reason to believe him other than alive and well at this moment."

She did not even seem to hear. He took hold of her arm as she was about to walk past him. The physical contact did at least arouse her attention. She looked angrily at him, as if she had sustained an indignity. But in another moment the look had left her features, and she resumed her walk, breaking again into disjointed fragments of soliloquy.

The doctor felt powerless. He had no experience of ministering to minds diseased, and, besides, he felt doubly paralysed by the spectacle of a mind which seemed involuntarily to close itself against all normal impressions from without, so that the very media of communication were cut off. He entered the house, and suggested to Mrs. Wentworth that she should try her influence with the distraught girl. Clara went at once to Dorothy, who put her arm round her friend's waist and kissed her affectionately.

"I was sure you would know me, sweet," said Clara, appearing relieved by the thought that she, at least, was recognised. But the next moment her hopeful conclusions were dashed.

"Know you?" answered Dorothy "Know my own sister? Well, yes, dear, I should think so; but what an odd thing for you to say."

Dorothy had no sister, and the utter alienation of her mind was piteously manifest. Clara tried another experiment. "My darling," she murmured in her friend's ear, "he will soon be back again, your own true lover. We know he will be here this evening; we are certain of it."

"Why, of course he will," returned Dorothy, quite simply; "he always comes when the curfew is tolled." Presently she suggested a walk, and Clara yielding at once to this proposal, they went down through

the park together, each with an arm round the other's waist, like a pair of loving children. In this fashion they reached the lodge and passed out through the gates, when Dorothy, releasing Clara from her arm, turned to her with a strange and quite new expression in her eyes, saying in a whisper: "Come a little further, dear,—not far,—I want to tell you a secret,"—her voice became almost inaudible—"a dreadful secret." She led the way some little distance along a lane in the direction of Sumner's Farm, till they came to the old disused well she had sketched the day before. "Sister," she whispered, with white lips, and in a growing frenzy of excitement, "can you guess what is *there*—there at the bottom of the well?—Can you keep the secret?—Down, deep down there—out of sight of all the world till the Judgment Day! There it is,—the knife I killed him with that night. It was my mad jealousy and fury,—and I loved him all the while, and he loved me. He never really loved the other woman, the rich lady—and down, down there it lies, with the rust of all these years upon it.—Oh the dreadful years! But no one will ever search the old well, will they? No one will ever know, unless *you* should betray me, sister. But you will *not* betray me, sister dear, will you?—Say you will not, swear you will not,"—and Clara, to ease the poor girl's wild agitation, had no choice but to enter into the spirit of her fantasy and vow to keep the secret. At present it was clearly useless to combat her delusion.

At the doctor's suggestion an eminent London specialist in mental maladies was communicated with, and meanwhile Mr. Ward himself remained at the house, being resolved to lose no opportunity of studying the case. He had a tender heart, and his solicitude was equally that of the physician and the friend; as yet, however, he had recognised nothing beyond the elementary fact that a terrible nervous shock had unsettled

the young woman's reason; he was entirely in the dark as to the particular direction her mania was taking, and the special causes determining that direction. But on hearing Clara's story of the walk to the well, and the strange and wild things Dorothy had said, a ray of light flashed upon him.

He took Wentworth aside, and spoke with the precision which strongly animated interest imparted to his speech, accentuating and, as it were, punctuating his phrases by sharply striking the forefinger of the right hand upon the open palm of the left. "Now," he said, "I apprehend the situation. First of all, mark you, her mind gives way under the tremendous shock of suddenly believing Arthur killed, and killed indirectly *through her agency*. This conviction,—the conviction that his death is in a manner due to her—presently assumes a more express and definite shape; it develops into a belief that she has actually and literally killed him. You perceive?"

"I see that, of course," replied Wentworth, "though the cause of such a specific delusion remains a mystery."

"Not in the least, my dear fellow," rejoined the doctor. "The cause is simple; the cause is the legend of Dorothy Sumner of Sumner's Farm. Starting with the initial assumption that Arthur's death is traceable to her own action in having persuaded him to a fatal journey, she proceeds to assimilate in imagination the experiences of the girl who did really kill her lover. Dorothy Sumner's identity is thus fused with her own, and gradually usurps the place of her own, supersedes her own, and she becomes in imagination the other girl. Of course the process is doubtless accomplished by occult psychic stages which we cannot follow. There's a certain logical consistency in such madness, and accordingly her imagination proceeds to adapt and modify her general surroundings into conformity

with the central delusion, involuntarily rejecting or ignoring everything that does not fit in. Thus your wife becomes her sister, the girl in the legend having had a sister. As for myself,—well, there is nobody in the story with whom I can be identified; I am superfluous, irrelevant; I am outside the action, and am consequently relegated to a sort of limbo of the brain, in which my very existence is passed over. You will probably be dismissed in like manner from her sphere of cognisance."

"And how about Arthur when he returns this evening?" asked Wentworth.

"Ah," replied the doctor, "that is precisely the crucial test of my view. If my view be right, then Arthur's place in what one may call the economy of her hallucination is the supremely important one, that of the murdered squire, her hypothetical lover. The practical question with me is,—ought we to let him see her? For he is at the basis of the whole structure of her illusion. Through him her hallucination hangs together; he completes her mania."

The day passed without any noticeably fresh development of Dorothy Hope's fantasy, though everything tended to confirm (if such confirmation were needed) the doctor's view. To say that everyone except Clara passed unrecognised by Dorothy, would be to understate the case; everyone except Clara was simply ignored. And in spite of herself Clara had no alternative but to foster her friend's delusion; intercourse, companionship, conversation of any kind were simply impossible on any other terms. Attempts to recall Dorothy's mind to the actual facts of her surroundings produced in her at first a kind of bewilderment, which presently (if the attempts to disillusionise her were persisted in) gave place to an irritable impatience or even anger, as if she supposed herself the butt of a stupid practical jest, and resented such inane trifling. At meals she showed little disposition to

eat, but did not positively refuse food; and at other times she seemed to prefer walking in the park, or resting on the terrace and watching the play of light and shadow on the surface of the deep woods in the valley below.

The terrace was on another side of the house than the one which was approached by the drive from the lodge, and she and Clara, sitting there together about sundown, were at first unaware of the return of Arthur Townsend, who had not even heard of the railway accident until his arrival in Thurstan village. He was met in the hall by Wentworth and the doctor, who briefly told him the unhappy tidings of Dorothy's aberration. He was for seeing her at once, but Ward interposed with doubts as to the wisdom of this step. The good doctor, however, made no attempt to disguise the purely tentative nature of his own judgment, and was overborne by the precipitancy of the lover, whose alarm was perhaps tempered by some faith in the efficacy of his own tangible presence for restoring Dorothy to her right mind. He hastened to the terrace where she was sitting. As they met, the sound of the curfew floated to them from Thurstan church-tower.

He was about to greet her lover-like with a kiss, and to put his arms tenderly round her, when something utterly strange, foreign, and unforeseen in her look and air arrested him abruptly, as though he stood held at arm's length by some unintelligible force, imperative, despotic, irresistible. Her complexion was ashen in its pallor, and a visible tremor passed over her frame. Then her lips parted, and uttered falteringly, almost in a whisper, the one word, "Beloved!"

He started. He had not heard this voice before.

She spoke again, slowly, with curiously measured intonation, with uncolloquial solemnity of phrase and accent, such as might have befitted some conscious heroine of tragedy. "Why do you start, beloved?" she

asked. "Is it wonderful that I am white and tremulous, as like a ghost as thou art? How should I ever meet thee without something of the old awe and fear, my beloved? And thy silence, too, is strange and full of dread. Oh, speak to me, speak to me, —tell me again, assure me for the thousandth time, that I am forgiven!" She knelt at his feet in a convulsive agony of supplication.

From perfect dismay he was powerless to act or speak. Nor was this all. Given the necessary conditions of emotional excitement and tension, there is a certain psychic contagion in anyone's absolute belief in a thing; and her absolute belief in his incorporeal character positively affected him with a sensation of becoming unreal, spectral in his own eyes. Partly to recover a feeling of his own actuality, he spoke, though of *what* he spoke he was scarcely conscious. "Come away from here, dearest," he said. He did not in the least know why he said it, and in his own hearing his voice seemed curiously unrelated to him, as if it acted independently on its own promptings. Without a word they descended a flight of stone steps, reminiscent of the feet of phantasmal generations, and passed onward in the twilight through the park among the ghostly trees.

The moon was rising large and ruddy over the woods. Obeying some blind impulse the two figures went their way mostly in silence. When she spoke at all, her fantastic words seemed only to remove her more and more to a spiritual distance. He began to feel that he did not know this woman. Was she some strange beautiful illusion walking at his side? He was fascinated, dominated, enthralled, by the tyranny of her misconceiving fancy, and under the necessity of accepting, if but tacitly, the part her insanity assigned to him, he was losing all recognition of himself.

They quitted the park and went down by a steep foot-path to where

the river flowed through woods that towered from both its banks. As if beckoned or led by some occult influence, they walked on till they came to a place of wonderful beauty, where the stream, though at all times of considerable volume, so narrowed and deepened itself between rocks that a fairly athletic man could have sprung across. Foxleap the place was commonly called, the word having possibly meant fairies' or little folk's leap; and the whole scene scarce needed the wizardry of moonlight to touch it with enchantment. The two human figures stood silent.

Then a paroxysm of madness came upon her. She flung herself prone upon her face at his feet. "Tell me again," she sobbed, "that you never loved her,—that other woman—that you have loved any but me! Tell me again, beloved!" A long tress of her coiled hair had somehow escaped its confines and lay along her back as she grovelled before him.

Summoning all his latent energy of will, he made a desperate effort to break down her delusion, and wrench himself free from the insidious infection of it which had crept over him. "Dorothy,"—he almost gasped his words—"I am no phantom! Look at me, darling,—do you not know me?—me, Arthur, your plighted, faithful lover—alive, real, your own, now and always, unchanged——"

She broke into a peal of laughter which struck him dumb with horror. It was the melodious laughter of pure mirth, and therein somehow lay its peculiar and extreme ghastliness; and the next moment echo sent it back to them, grotesquely caricatured into impish cachinnations from far within the hollow woods. Then a solitary owl began whooping away up stream somewhere, and in listening to the sound she seemed in an instant to forget what had passed. And now she appeared quite abstracted, like one lost in reverie, as she watched the swift silent sweep and beautiful curve

of the water, arching itself into a crescent over some hidden ridge or boulder, then shooting through the narrow cleft.

"My poor darling," said the other, "I am going back; come!"

She was once more white and tremulous. "Ah, beloved," she cried, "do not mock me! Whither thou goest, I cannot go. But do not leave me yet! It is so lonely waiting for you through the long hours, the empty worthless hours, till the bell tolls you to me again. Then all day long my mind wanders back,—back seven years,—back to that night,—and the sky grows red above me again like blood,—and sometimes I think they will find it even yet, in the well yonder; they say such things are sure to be brought to light some time. Oh, why cannot I too be a disembodied spirit; then we might be together always, and eternity would be one long sweet day of love. Why cannot it be so? Why should it not?"

Before he had realised her intention she leaped into the rushing stream. He plunged after her, and could have rescued her easily in tranquil waters, for he was a strong swimmer; but the river, always rapid and vehement at this point, was now doubly so by reason of the last night's rain, and it rushed with precipitate fury through its narrow channel, whirling both their bodies helplessly along. It chanced that a hawthorn, growing upon what at ordinary times was the left bank, was now partly submerged by the swollen stream, which was comparatively slack at that place; and, as Dorothy was being swept past it, the single loose tress of her hair was caught on the brambles, and she was held fast. Arthur however was carried some distance further down before he found it possible to clutch the bank and effect a landing; but this being accomplished he rushed back to where Dorothy was suspended in the stream, and without much difficulty drew her ashore. Scarce

knowing whether she were alive or dead, he carried her to a cottage not far away, and there all available means of restoration were essayed; but for a long while—to Arthur it seemed ages—the conflict between life and death hung in doubtful issue. At last, however, she opened her eyes and gazed blankly around. Arthur felt a wild thrill of joy as he bent to kiss her pale lips, yet there was an element of dread in his delight. She had indeed come back to life, but was she only restored to that unnatural, unhappy travesty of herself which had been usurping the place of her true nature? It was a moment, for him, of transcendent suspense, but the crisis of emotion was passed when her lips moved, and she said in her own natural voice, though faintly, the one word,—“Arthur!”

That night Mr. Ward sat till far beyond the witching hour in earnest talk with Arthur and Wentworth at Thurstan Old Manor. There was ever and anon a momentary thickness in his articulation, and an un-masculine humidity about his eyes, but he struggled heroically to hide these symptoms by taking infinite pains to appear prosaic and matter of fact and unsympathetic to the verge of positive callousness. “I call this,” he remarked, “a most interesting case, as tending to demonstrate that the normal equilibrium of mind which one terrific nervous shock can disturb, a second equally tremendous experience, like that undergone by any one snatched from imminent death, may restore. Such a case has never before come under my direct observation, and I really think a careful study of it ought to yield results most valuable to mental pathology.”

Arthur Townsend's view of the matter was less loftily scientific; and perhaps indeed his interest was more in the patient than in the case.

WILLIAM WATSON.

A YOUNG MURDERER.

PERHAPS it may be of some use to psychologists; I will try to face the recollection.

When quite a little boy, barely seven and below my mother's shoulder, I had the misfortune to commit a murder. Would I could forget the smallest detail of what I thought and felt that day! We were playing in a large garden, my brother and I, shut off from the world by an old red wall and tall elms. We quarrelled over marbles. I thought he had cheated me of one, and tried to regain it by force. He beat me off; I attacked again; he ran; I pursued; we found ourselves in the dining-room, the table laid for lunch; he dodged me round the table; then (I was in a whirlwind of passion), unable to catch him, I snatched up the nearest knives and forks (one was a carving-knife) and opened fire. Crash went the big mirror over the sideboard, starred to the four corners! Enter the housemaid and governess in screams; I hurled the last knife within reach; my brother vanished under the table. Before I knew more, my arms were gripped. They locked me into the bathroom for safety.

"Oh! you wicked, wicked boy!" cried the governess as she delivered me into prison. "You are a *murderer*! You have *killed* your brother!"

I kicked at her shins; then, as the door closed, at its panels. After a while, my toes becoming sore and my pulse calmer, I bit my thumb, and mused. Forgive my levity; a child's soul is a light thing.

What had the beast said; 'Killed your brother?' Then John must be, —must be,—a *corpse*! Serve him right, the cad! He wouldn't steal my tors again. For a whole minute I glowed with triumph.

But a murderer; had not she called me that? That meant Cain (we had read the fourth chapter of Genesis on the previous Sunday), of whom even my mother spoke unkindly. My eyes expanded a little, and (oh agonising thought!) in terror I lifted both hands to my forehead to feel for the *mark*.

My forehead was burning. I looked round wildly for a looking-glass; there was none in the room. The rest of my body began to shiver at the horror of that image, of a mark glowing on my forehead (like the one at the tip of cook's nose perhaps) for the rest of my life. And my hair had been cropped only a fortnight ago, reduced for the first time from curls to manly shortness; it would be impossible to conceal anything now, unless I wore my hat well down over my eyes. But in church? The world for a looking-glass! I renewed my howls. Cook, a tender soul, crept to the door.

"What do you want, dear,—I mean, you naughty boy?" whispered she through the keyhole.

"I want—" Something stopped me from saying "a looking-glass." We, John and I, had always despised the use of that article as altogether below the estate of manhood. Irrationally enough, the thought of John's contempt checked me now. "I want to get out," I bellowed.

Cook was under surveillance; the governess answered me. "You shall not get out till Mr. Toppin comes to fetch you, you wicked, bad child!"

I replied with an oath (the gardener had aimed it at some birds the other day in my hearing) and the two women fled.

It was grave news. Mr. Toppin, who kept a private Academy in our neighbourhood, always moved awe and

wonder in John and me as he stalked up the central aisle of a Sunday and dropped a preliminary prayer into his tall shiny hat. Was he not our future schoolmaster, and the notorious owner of a cane? So the cowards (my father and mother were away travelling) dared not keep me at home! I drew myself up, and reflected that this was natural. After all, I was Cain; Cain was sent away. Where to? Dan, Gath, Beersheba,—no, I had it, on to “the face of the earth.” That, then, was my destination, *via* Mr. Toppin’s. In so tremendous a prospect the mark was forgotten. Suddenly the door opened. In the gap appeared Mr. Toppin himself, a tall raw-boned Scotsman, his famous cane actually in his hand like a drawn sword. He eyed me in silence. Over his shoulder I could just see the top of the governess’s fuzzy head. “No, no, not here, Mr. Toppin, I do implore!” she was saying. “Take him home to your own house to do it.”

I knew what the man was examining, and whipping out my pocket-handkerchief buried the upper part of my face. I would have given many tors to be buried all over.

“Just come with me, boy,” he said at last in a sepulchral voice.

I did not resist as he laid one hand on my shoulder, but maintained the handkerchief carefully before my forehead. How cook and the housemaid stared as we passed them in the hall. Well, I was Cain; under their eyes I walked sturdily.

At the Academy Mr. Toppin led me up stairs to a far off bedroom, pulled down the blinds (as if the sun might dislike seeing me) then pulled down something else—— The first instalment of Cain’s punishment was visited on me over the edge of the bed. My clothes being replaced, Mr. Toppin handed me a small card with a prayer on it, beginning (this part printed red, the rest black) “Holy Father, who knowest the innermost recesses of our hearts.” I do not remember, or rather I never knew the rest; I got

no further than the red part, being but a weak scholar.

“I leave you now,” said Mr. Toppin, whirring at his r’s like the wheels of the governess’s sewing-machine, “to the chastisement of your own conscience. Peruse that bit prayer. Pray that your most grievous transgression may be blotted out. I rejoice to see you in tears. [I was *not* crying, and would have removed the handkerchief to prove it, but for the mark]. May they be the healing dewes of repentance.”

He stalked off, locking the door. In the ensuing stillness I worked earnestly at the prayer, and after ten minutes had made out the aforesaid invocation, a fragment which will abide with me to my dying day, and perhaps after. Then, tired of spelling, I tried to *mean* the deciphered words; but here a hitch occurred. I could not *mean* them (such power had custom) without kneeling at a bedside, and that posture was just then associated with business of another kind. No sooner down than I felt the cuts of the cane. For a compromise, I knelt to a chair but with no better success. The pressure of my forehead on my hand revived the idea of the mark. I jumped up to examine myself in a glass.

There was a large one on the dressing-table. On tiptoe, pressing so close as to cloud its surface, I inspected my forehead. No mark on it, not a vestige of one! But the blinds were down, the light might be insufficient. Dare I pull them up? Suppose Mr. Toppin should hear. At any risk my mind must be set at rest; I pulled them up; still no mark! Could it be on some other part of the body? The Bible said (I know now that I was wrong) *on the forehead*; but the custom might have changed since then. I stripped naked as Cain’s parents before the Fall, and setting the looking-glass on the carpet, scanned my little person all over. Marks there certainly were, but they had come from—— And yet, there were none elsewhere. How could I be

sure? One of the five might, must be *the* mark. Anyhow, it would not show; I dressed gleefully.

But alas! the question of the mark being solved, other considerations attacked me. Hitherto the killing of my brother had been as a sweet sop to my vengeance. It needed but a slight movement of pride to convert it into bitter ashes.

Often had John and I talked with mingled fear and desire of the day when, quitting the nursery and the inglorious safety of home, we should venture on the splendid troubles of a boarding-school, and often had I envied him because, being my elder by a year, he would earn this fame before me. But now, how stood the matter? Had not I already attained to this summit of our ambition? Was I not, here in this bedroom of Mr. Toppin's, at a boarding-school before him,—oh, ravishing circumstance!—while he—why, he was—he was—*John was dead!* The truth pressed its awful visage very close. Yet still, in order to avoid an answer, I asked myself over and over, was John really gone? I by no means understood what it meant, his being dead, nor did I realise my own part in the tragedy. I was just conscious of a sad fate on one I loved dearly, and my grief was, half of it, sympathy. The rest was hopeless dejection before that cruel word *never*,—never see John again! In those two syllables resides more sadness to a child's mind than the most dismal philosopher in his darkest condemnation of life has ever even distantly hinted. *Never!* It swept through my brain as gruesomely now as a dying man's shriek,—as John's dying shriek, though in reality John had died as orderly as most people.

And then, at last, to me broken and despairing rose the most hideous phantom of all,—something inexpressible, overwhelming, like waking up in the middle of the night,—the sense of guilt. I cannot analyse it; the horror

and anguish are still too sore. I can only tell what I did. Rising from the floor, creeping gently (frightened at my own white face in the looking-glass) to the window, I put a chair against the sill, mounted on it, twisted the blind-cord round my neck tightly, then, with shut eyes and compressed lips, jumped.

My eyes re-opened under the suasion of Mr. Toppin's cold sprinklings. Then followed this dialogue: "What was it you were doing, boy?" I had no notion. "But did you not know that suicide is all one with murder?" "I am a murderer." "I am saying it," returned Mr. Toppin. "At least, that is——" "But the mark will not show." "The mark?" I remembered John. "Is he really dead, quite dead?" I interrupted, trying to rise. Mr. Toppin, who had been kneeling over me with a perturbed face, started back, throwing up his bony hands. "Who?" he asked. "John, of course." "Child, child, you have lost your faculty of reason. The punishment (God forgive me!) has been over-severe. You shall go home at once." "What," said I astonished, "not on to the face of the earth?" "What will his father say?" moaned the pedagogue. "It may restore, it may calm him to be with his playmate." Then turning to me, "Come, my little man, I will take you away to your brother." "No!" I screamed in terror at the idea. "I dare not see the corpse." "But there is no corpse," remonstrated Mr. Toppin. "What put such awful imaginings into your brain?" "No corpse? Then John is not dead? Then it was not the mark, after all!"

I must confess to just a touch of disappointment.

The hysterical governess afterwards married a captain of Volunteers who beat her; but her punishment did not equal mine. My brother, rational fellow as he always was, had seen the wisdom of ducking.

THE TRUE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.¹

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;
 Or like stout Cortes when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

KEATS, with the poet's instinct, has seized upon one of the supreme moments in the history of the human race to illustrate his own feelings when, "standing aloof in giant ignorance," he caught his first glimpse of what was to him the new world of Homer. And, we may add, he has therein exercised to the full one of the poet's greatest privileges, by fixing Cortes for ever in the general mind as the discoverer of the Great South Sea.

It is true that but for one of those trivial accidents which so often determine the fate of men, and sometimes even of empires, the glory imagined by Keats for Cortes would in all human probability have been really his. While still waiting upon fortune in the New World, like so many other poor well-born young Spaniards of his day, Cortes had resolved to throw in his lot with Diego de Nicuesa, the governor of the new province of Veragua. Had he done so, the course of both lives might have been differently shaped; the gallant but luckless Nicuesa might have gone down to his grave full of years and honour, and stout Cortes might in truth have been the first European to stare at the Pacific. But the fates willed otherwise; an injury to his knee kept Cortes at home in Hispaniola, and Nicuesa sailed without him on the most disastrous of all the Spanish ventures in the New World. Till the unfortunate expedition to California in his last days there is nothing in what is recorded of him,

or in his own letters to the Emperor to show that Cortes ever set eyes on the Pacific, and it is as certain as anything can be that he was never at any time in Darien. He had heard many tales of what he calls "the other sea of the South" while in Mexico, and after the capture of the city had sent exploring parties out to search for and take possession of it. This was formally done in 1522 (nine years after the Spanish flag had first floated over its waters) at a point on the southern borders of Mexico, somewhere probably in the bay of Tehuantepec. In the following year he established a colony on the coast at Zacatala (where there is still a little seaport of the same name to the north of Acapulco) and set it at once to ship-building. Nor was he idle on the Atlantic sea-board. He sent a fleet under his famous captain Christoval de Olid to settle Honduras and to explore the coast southward to Darien. Along those fabled shores men still believed that every river ran over golden sands, and that somewhere in their mysterious recesses lay hidden the strait between the two seas, the discovery of which would make the Emperor, as Cortes wrote, lord of more realms and states than the world had any knowledge of. Whether the news of Magellan's passage through the southern strait had reached Cortes before Olid sailed seems doubtful. His letter to the Emperor is dated from the city of Mexico, October 15th, 1524, two years after the crazy, half-manned *Victory* had staggered into the Guadalquivir from her voyage round the globe, leaving

¹ See an article under this title, by Captain Gambier, R.N., in the *Fortnightly Review* for January, 1894.

the great sailor in his lonely island grave. But much of the letter is of course retrospective, and at the close he alludes to Magellan's discovery of the Philippines and to the probabilities of a northern passage somewhere between Florida and Bacalaos (Newfoundland) which should come out near the new Archipelago. By that time it is plain that the idea of a central strait had been definitely abandoned; but before the year 1522 it was the general belief that it was to be found where Columbus had so painfully sought for it on his last voyage, at some point on the Isthmus of Darien. Cortes then was something more than a great soldier; but the circumstances of his position obliged him to entrust his schemes for discovery and colonisation to others. Save for his disastrous expeditions into Honduras and California, almost the only failures of his triumphant career, the great Marquis of the Valley lives in history as the conqueror of Mexico. The real discoverer of the Great South Sea was "the man who knew not when he was beaten (*hombre que no sabia estar parado*)," Vasco Nuñez de Balboa.

It must have been a splendid moment when the waters of that promised sea lay unrolled before Balboa's eyes, one of the great triumphant moments in the history of human enterprise. For many a year vague rumours of a vast ocean bordered by countries whose wealth was a byword even among men to whom gold was but dirt, had floated to the greedy ears of the Spanish adventurers. Columbus had heard them, with ears greedy not for gold but for glory, and roused his failing strength for one more voyage which should lead him at last to the real Cathay whose outworks he believed himself to have found when he set foot on the green shores of Guanahani. Long and sorely he toiled for the strait which was to lead him into these wonderful new waters and on to those regions of the blest whereof Marco Polo and Toscanelli had taught him.

He found much on that famous last voyage, but this strait he did not find. Then a few years later came Balboa, the true child of romance, smuggled on board in a cask to avoid his creditors, and at once, when landed on Darien, taking the first place in that factious little colony as a born leader of men. It was in one of his expeditions against the Indians of Darien, that Balboa first received more solid assurance of this fabled sea. The son of a rich and friendly cacique, Comagre, lord of a province of the same name, had presented the Spaniards with a rich treasure of gold and slaves. A quarrel arose over the division of the gift, which so disgusted the generous young savage that he struck the scales in which the gold was being weighed with his fist and scattered their contents on the ground. As the Spaniards stared at him in angry astonishment, he addressed them in some such fashion as this: "What is this, Christians; is it for such a little thing that you quarrel? If you so love this gold that to obtain it you banish yourselves from your own land and suffer infinite labours to harass peaceful nations, I will show you a country where you may have all you will." Then he pointed southwards where beyond a lofty range of mountains lay a vast sea. Across this sea, he told them, lay this country where the people ate and drank out of golden vessels, and where indeed gold was more common than iron among the Spaniards. But to reach this country, he added, they would have to fight their way through the territories of many great princes, and would need a force of at least a thousand men. Such was in substance this memorable speech, as Irving and Sir Arthur Helps have extracted it for us from the old Spanish chronicles. It was the first direct intimation to European ears of the Pacific Ocean and the kingdom of Peru; small wonder that, in the words of Peter Martyr, "Our captains, marvelling at the oration of

the naked young man, pondered in their minds, and earnestly considered his sayings."

Balboa had not a thousand men, nor one half of such a force at his disposal. One hundred and ninety Spaniards, carefully chosen and well armed, and a body of Indians whom he had won by his daring and his courteous manners, were all he took with him on this famous march. For twenty days they hewed and fought their way through forests and swamps, over mountains and rivers, till on the evening of the 25th of September, 1513, they halted at a small village at the foot of the last range which lay between them and their goal. At daybreak on the next morning such of them as had strength left for the work began to climb the mountain. By ten o'clock they had cleared the forests and the last peak rose bare before them. Then Balboa bade his men halt, and strictly charging them not to stir until he should summon them, went on alone. With a heart full of thoughts one can only guess at he reached the summit of the range, and there before him lay in truth yet another and a newer world. Below his feet stretched a vast expanse of rock and forest, of green plains and winding streams, and beyond this again, spreading southwards far as the eye could go, lay glittering in the morning light the waters of the promised sea. Since Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, what moment in any recorded history of man's life can match with this! And as was said to Moses so might have been said to this Spaniard: "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither." Balboa had discovered the sea, but others were to reap the harvest of its golden shores; and among the little band who were with him on that memorable September morning was Francisco Pizarro.

It would be outside our present purpose to describe how Balboa made

his painful way back again to Darien; of the almost incredible toil with which he transported the materials for his little fleet across the mountains and through the forests of the isthmus; how he built and rebuilt it amid ceaseless perils from the enemy and from a climate scarcely less hostile, till at length he launched it on those waters whereon, so far as human knowledge goes, no white man had sailed since the creation of the world; nor of the reward his splendid deserts met with at the treacherous hands of Pedrara. In all the annals of the Spanish Conquest there is no story, save that of Columbus alone, more stirring and more pathetic than that of this valiant, much-enduring man. It seems indeed to justify the proud boast of the old Castilian writer that, "None but Spaniards could ever have conceived or persisted in such an undertaking, and that no commander in the new world but Vasco Nuñez could have brought it to a successful issue."

It is all over now. There are no more worlds to be discovered. The poles are little likely to give up their secrets, and on this habitable globe at least no Seneca will venture to foretell a time

—quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
Pateat tellus.

To taste the rapture of discovery we must turn to books; and no doubt the sensations with which one first learns from the printed page things hitherto perhaps undreamed of, or at best but vaguely surmised, are, as Keats has said, in some measure akin to those enjoyed by explorers in the material world. And the same danger attends them both, the danger of drawing too hasty conclusions, of deciding at the first glance that we have found that which we went out to seek. Did not Columbus, with his mind full of the speculations of the ancients, the dreams of the schoolmen, and the imperfect

knowledge of his own century, full too of his own lofty imagination and romantic faith, believe that in the Caribbean Archipelago he had surely found the fabled Indies of Marco Polo? It is the fashion indeed to say that he died in that belief, and even to jeer at him for it, as being in truth no such great man if thirteen years of fresh discoveries did not suffice to convince him of his mistake. But the mistake, we think, does not lie with Columbus. It is surely out of all reason to suppose that he would have spent his last years in the search for the strait by which he was to sail over the unknown sea for the gold and spices of Cipango and Cathay, if he died in the belief that he had already found them. But we need not stay to discuss this question now. There is, we repeat, danger ahead of the explorer of the printed page as of him who explores the greater page of nature. As to the wondering eyes of the traveller in strange lands every mole-hill takes the proportions of a mountain, and every shrub looms large as a forest tree, so the reader who in the quiet of his library first lights upon some passage which *vincula rerum laxat*, upsetting, or seeming to his excited fancies to upset all previous theories, is apt to lose his head in the first rapture of discovery. Nay, and the danger to the reader is even greater than to the traveller. So vast is the number of books, and so untiring the industry of man, that it is rash to assume that any one author has exhausted all knowledge on any one subject, or that we are really the first to lay bare these long buried and forgotten truths to the world.

It is in this way that Captain Gambier has gone wrong, it seems to us, in his extremely entertaining article on *The True Discovery of America* in the Fortnightly Review for last January. He claims that the honours paid by universal consent to Christopher Columbus for upwards of four hundred years are really due to another man, to Jean Cousin, a

French sailor, who was on the Brazilian coast in 1488, four years before Columbus anchored among the Bahamas. And this miscarriage of justice came not through accident, as will sometimes happen, or through ignorance, but through one "of the most unblushing conspiracies" on record hatched during Cousin's own lifetime. Several nations and a few "notorious and celebrated" characters were partners in this conspiracy. The nations were Spain, Portugal, and the States of the Church; the characters, Ferdinand and Isabella, and Columbus, "the last not only personally and with premeditation, but also through the paramount self-interest of his sons, the legitimate Diego and the illegitimate Fernando." Alas for Columbus!

Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean!

Chains

For him who gave a new heaven, a new earth,

As holy John had prophesied of me,
Gave glory and more empire to the kings
Of Spain than all their battles! Chains
for him

Who pushed his prows into the setting sun,

And made West East, and sailed the
Dragon's mouth,

And came upon the Mountain of the
World,

And saw the rivers roll from Paradise.

One would have thought that the Admiral had suffered enough at men's hands in his lifetime, and might be suffered now to sleep at peace in his grave.

It is an ancient claim, nearly as old as Columbus himself according to some French writers, though we have not yet been able to discover the proofs alleged for this extreme antiquity. It has however been many times urged within the last two centuries, but rarely, if ever, we think with quite so much vehemence as by Captain Gambier, and certainly never with such an extraordinary display of personal antipathy to Columbus. No one of the Admiral's jealous cap-

tains, no one of the needy, reckless adventurers among whom he strove to keep order, not even his life-long enemy Bishop Fonseca, could well have said much bitterer things of him than this English sailor. With the exception of personal courage he allows Columbus no virtue under heaven, and even courage he allows him somewhat grudgingly. He was a conspirator, a religious humbug, a hopelessly incapable leader and administrator. "In his lifetime he had greatness thrust on him, and it crushed him. Since his death he has been beatified, and *if he only lives long enough* [the italics are Captain Gambier's], may some day be a saint. But it is easier to be a saint than a great man; the stuff they are made of is not the same." What does it all mean? When Mr. Rasmus Anderson charges Columbus with dishonesty and want of frankness we can understand him. He was writing both as an American and as a Professor of Scandinavian languages in an American university, and therefore in both capacities bound to make the most of those stories of Vinland and Markland, of the Norse voyages in the tenth and eleventh centuries, and of all the wonders told in the Saga of Eric the Red; stories which in Mr. Goldwin Smith's somewhat cruel words, only attest the yearnings of a new nation for antiquity, but which for all that may be possible enough, and certainly cannot be proved impossible. Mr. Anderson thinks that Columbus must have heard these stories on his visit to Iceland in 1477, and given them as full credence as he does; and he complains that Columbus, when he sailed from Palos on his great voyage, was not "honest and frank enough to disclose his previous information, but talked about himself as chosen by Heaven to make this discovery."¹ Mr. Anderson's charge might perhaps carry more weight had Columbus sailed north-

wards in the track of Leif and Thorfinn; but still, as we say, we can account for it in the circumstances, and at least he measures his words more carefully than Captain Gambier, whose personal feeling is altogether inexplicable to us. He is an officer of our own Royal Navy, and presumedly an Englishman. No racial jealousy then can have stirred him to such bitter battle for the Frenchman against the Genoese. Indeed the only parallel to his case that our knowledge furnishes us with is the story of another English sailor who assaulted a Jew in the public street, and of the explanation he gave thereof to the magistrate,—a story too familiar, doubtless, to our readers to need further identification.

Captain Gambier's first witness to Cousin's exploits is David Asseline, the Dieppese Herodotus, as his countrymen call him, and author of *Les Antiquitez et Chroniques de la Ville de Dieppe*, which after an existence in manuscript of nearly two centuries was first printed in 1874. Asseline made use of the archives of the French admiralty at Dieppe, bringing his work down to the year 1682, some twenty-one years before his own death. In 1694 Dieppe, admiralty, archives and all lay in ashes under the English cannon, and all Cousin's logs and journals are said to have perished with them—a doubly disastrous loss in the circumstances. We are led to infer, however, that Asseline had studied these precious journals, and in his book, writes Captain Gambier, there is no sign of doubt that Cousin made this voyage; "not that he laid particular stress on it, for at that time the question as to the discovery of America had not assumed the enormously sentimental aspect it now possesses." Much stress he certainly did not lay upon it, insomuch as we have been unable to discover a single allusion to it in the two volumes, wherein Cousin's name is only once mentioned, as a skilful hydrographer. Seeing how careful Asseline is for the

¹ *America not discovered by Columbus*; Chicago, 1877.

credit of the French sailors of the sixteenth century, Parmentier, de Gourgues, Ribaut, and the rest, it is curious that he should have found no word to say for the exploits of their famous predecessor, going even so far in the contrary direction as to assert that the first voyage ever made from Dieppe to the American coast was made by the aforesaid Parmentier to Brazil in 1529. Whether this was quite so or not we need not now stay to inquire; it is at least clear that so far as Cousin is concerned, Asseline can do little for us. But the next witness is more communicative. In Desmarquets' *Mémoires Chronologiques pour servir à l'Histoire de Dieppe* (1785) the story begins to assume more solid proportions.

Jean Cousin was a native of Dieppe, a brave and skilful sailor who had contributed materially to the success of the French fleets in the English war of 1487. In return for this the merchants of Dieppe gave him the command of a ship to go exploring for them in the track of the Portuguese on the African coast. But Cousin had ideas of his own, and a soul above following in any man's track. He had sat at the feet of one Desceliers (or des Chaliers), a priest of Arques, and according to Desmarquets the best mathematician and astronomer of his time, a man whose memory would now be held in the greatest esteem had he been born two centuries later and found a competent biographer. Under him Cousin had studied the science of navigation and of hydrography more profoundly than any other sailor of his day; he was the first man in the universe, we are told, for instance, who had been able to take the elevation in mid-ocean. He had resolved, therefore, not to continue hugging the coast as his predecessors had done, and so soon as he had cleared the Channel struck boldly out southwards and westwards into that unknown waste of waters which men still spoke fearfully of as the Sea of Darkness (*mare tenebrosum*). For

two months Cousin sailed with the trade wind and a strong westerly current till he found himself in the mouth of a vast river, which he perceived must drain some continent of corresponding proportions, and which was known to the natives by the name of Maragnon. This river was of course the Amazon, and by its native name it continued to be called till Orellana, coming over the Andes from Peru in 1540, sailed down it to the sea, and gave it the name it now bears from the bands of armed women he met with on his voyage. Having taken his bearings, and collected some birds, spices, and other assurances of his discovery, Cousin sailed for the African coast, which he made at a point he called Les Trois Aiguilles, and which was in fact the Cape of Good Hope. He thence sailed northwards up the coast for the Congo, and here arose a quarrel between his men and the natives, owing to the misconduct of one of the former. On his return to Dieppe he reported this man for his mutinous behaviour on the voyage as well as on the African coast; and so distressed were the merchants at this affair and its possible influence on their trade, that Cousin's discovery passed quite out of sight. So completely indeed was it forgotten that when a little later he was sent out in command of a small fleet for fresh discoveries, instead of making for his new continent, he steered directly for the Aiguilles, and, rounding them safely, actually reached India, where, says Desmarquets, he exchanged his merchandise to very great profit, and so returned to Dieppe after an absence of about two years.

Truly a wonderful man this Cousin, and a wonderful biographer he has found; and even more wonderful was his instructor, the pious Desceliers, as we shall see in due time. It is just possible that Cousin may have been ignorant of Diaz' great voyage in 1486-7,¹ wherein he also

¹ Not in 1493 as Captain Gambier puts it.

rounded these Aiguilles, the Cape of Storms as he christened it, and looked upon the Indian Sea. But it is not credible that Vasco da Gama, who is commonly believed to have been the first to reach India by way of the Cape in 1498, should have heard no word of Cousin's voyage. To be sure news did not travel so fast then as now, and it may be true that the Frenchmen resolved to keep their secret close and to have no intruders on their new trade. But it is no very far cry from Lisbon to Dieppe, and it is hard to believe that at a time when all the world was bent on discoveries, and when French and Portuguese ships were continually coming and going along the eastern shores of the Atlantic, no word of Cousin's Indian voyage should have leaked out in all those years. But these are mysteries we cannot profess to explain, and neither Desmarquets nor Estancelin, who subsequently elaborated the former's somewhat meagre narrative,¹ affords us any help. Captain Gambier declines to discuss the subject, as one in which he is not concerned; and no doubt he does wisely. It seems indeed hard that Columbus should be thus harried in his grave, and da Gama suffered to sleep undisturbed in his borrowed plumes. But to prove the Admiral of the Ocean an impostor may well be thought work enough for one man at one time.

To return then to Cousin's western voyage. We have seen that his trading enterprise on the African coast was seriously marred by the misconduct of one of his crew, whom he had also to report for general misconduct on the voyage. The name of this man was Pinzon, a noticeable name in the history of Columbus, as every one knows. He was Cousin's second in command, an obstinate, jealous fellow, as Desmarquets says, an older sailor than his captain but

uneducated, and evidently a mutinous dog to boot. For his jealousy of his captain, and his insubordination, perhaps the Dieppese merchants did not much care; but they were furiously angry at his behaviour to the African natives as likely to imperil their trade. They accordingly dismissed Pinzon from their service, and the sulky Spaniard returned to his own home breathing threats against the whole French nation.

Captain Gambier's contention is that this man was no other than Vincent Pinzon, one of the three brothers of that name who sailed with Columbus on his first voyage, that Columbus must certainly have heard from him of Cousin's discovery, and must consequently have known perfectly well what was before him when he sailed out from the little port of Palos on that memorable August morning in 1492. If Desmarquets's tale be true, and a Spanish sailor named Vincent Pinzon did sail with Cousin to the coast of Brazil, there is certainly a strong balance of evidence in Captain Gambier's favour. Let us first see then how far Desmarquets deserves credit, for Cousin himself cannot be summoned owing to that unlucky bombardment, and nothing, as we have seen, is to be got from Asseline. It is not easy to check Desmarquets's story, for, after the general fashion of his time, he writes it straight on without any reference to authorities, and we have found nothing in the least degree like it in any earlier work. A very sufficient critic has however tested him on certain points, and likes not the security. Mr. Major, the late keeper of the department of maps and charts in the British Museum, was not a man before whom one would have cared to come with doubtful credentials, and Desmarquets makes, it must be owned, a very indifferent appearance in Mr. Major's hands. He examines the story of Cousin's discovery of the Cape and of his Indian voyage, and this is what he thinks of it.

¹ *Recherches sur les voyages et découvertes des navigateurs Normandes*; Paris, 1832. We have incorporated his account with Desmarquets's in our narrative.

One longs to make a more intimate acquaintance with this able hydrographer Descaliers, to whose scientific acumen these great results were due. M. Desmarquets speaks of him as the *Abbé Descaliers, a priest of Arques, and the best mathematician and astronomer of his time.* Now I happen to have in my charge at the British Museum a most superb map of the world, on vellum, the execution of which might fairly warrant a compatriot in complimenting its author as "the best mathematician and astronomer of his time." The map records the name of its author and its date thus: "*Faite a Arques, par Pierres Desceliers, Pbre, l'an 1550.* Done at Arques by Pierres (*sic*) Desceliers, priest," who with his own hand tells us that its date is 1550.

Now that there should have been a Descaliers and a Desceliers, both priests at Arques, and both super-excellent as mathematicians and hydrographers, one in 1488, and the other in 1550, seems so improbable, that only remarkable accuracy in M. Desmarquets' statements in general would induce us to give credence to it. A few pages, when I come to speak of the discovery of China by the sea, I shall have a valuable opportunity of showing what reliance is to be placed on his assertions, when he ventures on another claim to Dieppese discovery in that direction. [This refers to Desmarquets's account of Jean Parmentier's last voyage.] But it may be urged that Desceliers and Descaliers were one and the self-same person.¹ So I believe them to be. M. Desmarquets, however, who is always remarkably circumstantial, tells us that Descaliers was born in 1440, which would make him in that case the constructor of the beautiful *mappe-monde* in the British Museum at the age of one hundred and ten. This is inadmissible, and we have only the almost impossible alternative that there were two such prodigies in scientific excellence of the same name, place, and priestly office, and one of them flourishing at a period when we find not a single evidence of hydrographic skill existing at Arques. Moreover, the fact of there having been two such marvellous persons would call for especial mention by M. Desmarquets, whereas he speaks only of one, although

he mentions by name the successors of his Descaliers in the school of hydrography at Arques even beyond the period of the indubitable Desceliers of the Museum map. But as I pledge myself to show further on that M. Desmarquets could commit himself to assertions of great moment which are demonstrably false, it may fairly be concluded that the unquestionable Pierre Desceliers of 1550 has been carried back in his existence more than half a century to give an appearance of reality to a discovery which is not found recorded elsewhere.²

It is a fair conclusion as it stands; and a further search in the Museum has, with the help of Mr. C. H. Coote who now so ably fills Mr. Major's place, enabled us to establish it beyond a shadow of doubt. Asseline mentions a wondrous map of the world made by Desceliers, which, writes Captain Gambier, is now to be seen in the library at Padua. This assertion is made on the strength of a note by Asseline's editor to that effect, with a reference to a description of the map in the *Bulletins de la Société des Antiquaires de l'Ouest*. Now, there are only three maps signed by Desceliers known to be in existence: the earliest, dated 1546, is in Lord Crawford's collection; another, dated 1550, is in the British Museum as described by Mr. Major; a third, dated 1553, is in the library of the Abbé Bubics at Vienna. It is clear then that none of these maps can be the handiwork of the Desceliers who was born in 1440. Where then shall we look for the Paduan masterpiece? If Captain Gambier had cared to verify before accepting the French editor's reference, a journey to the British Museum would have told him all he wished to know; it might even have told him a little more, for in truth the knowledge would have brought home

¹ The name was spelled in many ways; Des Cheliers, Des Celiers, Descelliers, Desceliers and Descaliers, the latter being apparently the popular form. See a note by Asseline's editors, ii. 325.

² *The Life of Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator, and its results*; by Richard Henry Major. London, 1868. See also *Histoire du Brésil Français au Seizième Siècle*, by Paul Gaffarel; Paris, 1878. M. Gaffarel repudiates Desmarquets, and especially his Desceliers, quite as strongly as Mr. Major.

to him the point of honest Sancho's proverb, "Many a man comes for wool and goes home shorn." This famous map belonged to M. Christophe Negri, a professor in the University of Padua, and may therefore have been at some time in that town; but in the year 1861 it was certainly with its owner in Turin, where it was bought from him by the trustees of the British Museum. For in truth this map, so triumphantly quoted by Captain Gambier as a proof of the surpassing skill of Pierre Desceliers, priest of Arques, born in 1440, the instructor of Jean Cousin, and the first astronomer and mathematician of his day, is no other than the self-same map described by Mr. Major as bearing upon it the incontestable proof that it was made by Pierre Desceliers, priest of Arques, in 1550, and at that time, according to Asseline, a contemporary of Cousin. This way madness lies! Indeed, the only possible chance of reconciling Asseline, Desmarquets, and Captain Gambier is to assume that there were two pupils as well as two teachers, two Cousins and two Desceliers.¹

But if we allow for the moment the truth of Desmarquets's story, and Captain Gambier's assumption that Columbus knew all about the voyage from Vincent Pinzon and about the great southern continent that he and Cousin had discovered four years earlier, it still remains to be explained why Columbus refused to use this knowledge. Captain Gambier has read the famous story in such strange fashion, or has read it in such a strange and hitherto unknown version, that it is not easy to follow him here, and indeed he seems himself to find some little difficulty in unravelling all the threads of his ingenious web. It is not, for instance, clear in his narrative whether Columbus had talked with the

Pinzons before his visit to the monastery of La Rabida, which resulted in Friar Perez' letter of recommendation to Isabella; or whether Perez himself introduced him to the Pinzons. The story runs as clear as water in Irving's pages, but Captain Gambier, confused possibly by the maze of intrigue into which his discovery has plunged him, gives both versions in the same breath. One thing, however, stands out clear from the tangle; he is convinced that Queen Isabella, Friar Perez her confessor, the learned physician Garcia Fernandez, the Pinzons, and Columbus were all in the plot together. True, there is the letter of Perez to the Queen. There is, says Captain Gambier, with many others on the same subject, "but there are letters which are preserved and letters which are destroyed," and it is impossible to say what Perez may not have written privately to the Queen, or what so suddenly made her change her mind; an argument which has at the least the advantage of being unanswerable.

There still remains the question, why did not Columbus and the Pinzons make at once for the land of which Vincent had told them, and to which he knew the way? Here the confusion grows dark as night, dark as that *mare tenebrosum* on which they were launched. When the little fleet had sailed some twelve hundred miles on its way without any sign of land, "Columbus calls a council of his captains to decide whether to return or not. But the Pinzons resist the idea strenuously, indeed with such vehemence that *one is compelled to acknowledge that at least they knew land could easily be reached*. 'What!' cries Vincent Pinzon, 'only twelve hundred miles out and turn back! We will not turn back until we have been two thousand!' 'We only left Palos yesterday,' says Alonzo Pinzon, 'and are we to return? Has our courage failed us already? No; never; God is with us.' And why did Columbus think it necessary to

¹ Brit. Mus. add. MSS. 24065: *Bulletins de la Société des Antiquaires de l'Ouest*, vol. for 1852-3., pp. 304, 343. See also M. Gaffarel's book as quoted above.

consult these men, if he himself had such unbounded belief in the enterprise? Doubtless because he wished to strengthen his own position with the crew by the views of a man *who had actually seen the land they were bound for.*" The authorities given for this remarkable conversation are Las Casas's and Columbus's own journals. What can Captain Gambier possibly mean? If he knows anything of either he must surely know that both in the history and in the journals there is not only no single word in support of this story, but direct and absolute disproof of it. Irving mentions it only to show how perfectly it is contradicted by the evidence of both those works, of Peter Martyr and the curate of Los Palacios, and of the *Historia del Almirante*, written by his son Ferdinand chiefly from his father's papers. The only contemporary authority for it is Oviedo, who seems never to have seen Columbus's own journals, and to have derived his information of the voyage from some of the Pinzons' partisans, who afterwards gave evidence against the Admiral in the suit brought by his son Diego against the Crown, and were flatly contradicted by other witnesses in the same case. But Captain Gambier, we suspect, has been reading the report of the proceedings of a conference held at Madrid in 1891, wherein certain members of the Spanish Academy somewhat disingenuously supported an attempt to put forward Martin Pinzon (a real Spaniard and no foreigner!) as the true discoverer of the New World, on the evidence of these discredited witnesses. It may be safely said that no one who had not made up his mind to destroy Columbus's good name on any and every pretext would give two moments' thought to a story so absolutely at variance not only with the recorded facts of his life, but with all that is known (and he himself has made the knowledge ample) of the character of that great man.¹

¹ Mr. Harrisse has conclusively disposed of *'ces balivernes*, as he rightly calls this

But even more remarkable than this conversation is the inference drawn from it by Captain Gambier in the sentences we have italicised. Columbus was sailing, it must be remembered, due west from the Canaries, according to the plan he had laid down for his voyage from his own studies and the advice of Toscanelli. Yet the Pinzons were so vehemently urgent with him to go on because they knew land could be easily reached that way; and Columbus elicited their opinion to silence the murmurs of his mutinous crew by the advice of a man who had actually seen the land they were bound for. But the only land the Pinzons knew of was the banks of the Amazon. What a confusion is here! Columbus, who had grown frightened and would have turned back but for his captains, brave in their knowledge of the land ahead of them (a knowledge, according to Captain Gambier, shared equally by the Admiral), elicits their advice to hold on his present course, *on the twenty-sixth degree of north*

ridiculous story; see *Christophe Colomb devant l'Histoire* (Paris, 1892), 54—61, and notes. See also Irving's *Life and Voyages of Columbus*, i. 228, note. Las Casas's great work, *Historia de las Indias*, was never published till 1875, but was used in manuscript by both Irving and Helps. A small volume, *Brevissima Relacion de la Destruccion de las Indias*, was published in 1552, during Las Casas's lifetime, from which various English versions and paraphrases were made in that and the following centuries. The original journal of his first voyage was sent by Columbus to the Court on his return, and has long been lost. It was used by both Las Casas and Ferdinand Columbus. A very copious abstract in the former's handwriting was in existence at the end of last century, and was published in Navarrete's *Coleccion de los Viages y Descubrimientos que hicieron por mar los Españoles desde fines del siglo XV.*, Madrid, 1825—37, which Irving was the first to make use of. The edition published last year by the Hakluyt Society was translated from the text of Navarrete. The title of Ferdinand Columbus's biography of his father is too long to transcribe; it is generally quoted as *Historia del Almirante* or *Vitta dell' Ammiraglio*. It was first printed at Venice in 1571; an English translation of it will be found in Churchill's *Collection of Voyages* (ed. 1732—52), vol. ii.

latitude, in order to encourage his men (who must therefore also have been in Pinzon's secret) by the opinion of one who had actually seen the land they were bound for, that is *the banks of the Amazon*. Surely this is a strange jumble. The maps and charts of those days were indeed rather confused things, and the knowledge of the science of navigation still in its infancy; but if Pinzon had really made that voyage with Cousin he must have known that the Amazon was not to be reached by sailing due west on the twenty-sixth degree of north latitude. Yet of what other interpretation are Captain Gambier's words susceptible? However, the confusion is evidently one rather of words than ideas, for immediately afterwards we find Captain Gambier commenting on the Pinzons' persistent advice to steer a more southerly course, advice that can only be explained "on the hypothesis that Vincent had some perfectly clear recollection that Cousin had sailed considerably further south than they were going." From Columbus's own journals ("written," as Irving most justly says, "from day to day with guileless simplicity and all the air of truth") we know exactly what happened. On October 6th Martin Pinzon suggested a more westerly course, and on the following day Columbus, observing the flight of certain birds which he knew were never seen far from land, and fearing, from the distance they had already gone, that he might be holding too much to the northward for Cipango, the real goal of his hopes, took Martin's advice. He made his course W.S.W. till at sunset of the 11th he put the ship's head due west again, and on that same night (reckoning by the old style) the mysterious light was seen "like a wax candle rising and falling." In the dawn of the next day San Salvador lay before them.

It might fairly be urged that Vincent Pinzon, who, long as he had used the sea, was no skilled navigator, may

have had but a very vague recollection of Cousin's course, and of the real bearings of the Amazon. But Captain Gambier will not allow this. He contends that Vincent's recollection was perfectly clear, and triumphantly proves it by the course he held on his voyage in 1500. In the last month of the fifteenth century Vincent sailed from Palos in command of four ships fitted out by him and his nephews, the sons of his brother Martin, who died, it is supposed of chagrin, soon after his return from Columbus's first voyage. "They sailed," writes Captain Gambier, "straight for the Amazon, and all Spain knew where they were going." If this was so, then all Spain knew much more than did Vincent Pinzon, for he certainly did not make straight for the Amazon. What he did do was to follow in the track of Vespucci and Ojeda, who in the spring of 1499 had been despatched to the Pearl Coast by Bishop Fonseca, always eager to thwart Columbus, and particularly anxious then to rob him of the profit from what promised to be one of his richest discoveries. Vespucci sailed too much to the south, and made the Brazilian coast at a point, it is supposed, a little below Surinam. News of this voyage had reached Spain in October, and in a couple of months Pinzon started in their track. He held still more to the south, making land probably about Pernambuco. Coasting northwards from that point, he rounded Cape San Roque, which he named Santa Maria de la Consolacion, and while crossing the equator again, found the sea water fresh enough to drink, although no land was in sight. Wondering what this might mean, he at once stood in for the shore, and found himself among some islands inhabited by people more kindly disposed than those he had hitherto encountered. These islands he discovered to be lying in the mouth of a vast river nearly a hundred miles wide, and discharging volumes of fresh water more than a

hundred miles into the sea ; no other indeed than the river Amazon, where he had anchored with Cousin in 1488, and of which his recollection was so clear that he had steered straight for it when he left Palos in 1499 !¹

We cannot think then that Captain Gambier has proved the case for himself and his client quite so triumphantly as he assumes. It rests primarily, as we have seen, on the unsupported testimony of Desmarquets, drawn from sources which are said to have perished in the Revolution, which have left no trace or record behind them, but which at least cannot have been those used by Asseline or the mysterious logs and journals of Cousin which vanished in the flames of Dieppe just six and twenty years before Desmarquets was born. How the Frenchman's credit was originally shaken by Mr. Major we have also seen ; and it has also been shown (we trust with no unbecoming insistence that Captain Gambier's arguments in support of his story are, to say the least, not quite unanswerable. Desmarquets' countrymen have naturally been anxious to believe it, and certain valourous French writers of our own day are of course firmly convinced of its absolute truth. But Estancelin has expressed the sober opinion of France when he admits that the story cannot be proved, pleading only that there is nothing so intrinsically improbable in its alleged facts as to relegate them to the region of manifest fable, to render them, in his own words, *absolument chimériques et inadmissibles*. In 1500 we know that Cabral was blown across in a storm from the African coast to Brazil, and we cannot say that the same thing

may not have happened to Cousin in 1488. But this is the most that can be said. Mr. Harris, Mr. Fiske, and Mr. Justin Winsor,² the three greatest living authorities on the subject, have all examined the story carefully, and all agree in refusing it the slightest credence. And even if we agree to be more credulous than them, and to take Jean Cousin's voyage to the Brazilian coast to be as solid history as the voyages of Leif and Thorfinn to the coasts of New England are sometimes held to be by good Americans, there still remains the question of Columbus's honesty. Our knowledge of the life and character of Columbus is probably more ample than our knowledge of any man so far removed from us. We will put character out of the question ; it is dangerous, though seemingly attractive, to dogmatise on the character of any man who has been in his grave for close upon four centuries. Is there one single instance in his recorded actions or writings to show that he knew of Cousin's discovery ? Does not every incident in his four voyages tend to prove that he could never have heard of it ? If a Vincent Pinzon sailed with Cousin in 1488 what proof is there of his identity with the Vincent Pinzon who certainly sailed with Columbus in 1492 ? Does not all the evidence of his subsequent voyage in 1500 tend to prove that when he sailed out from Palos in the *Nina* he knew no more of the Amazon than he knew of the Ganges ? Until some answers can be found to these questions other than those now possible, the Admiral of the Ocean shall surely sleep in peace.

¹ See Irving's *Voyages and Discoveries of Columbus and his Companions*, 27—35 ; and *The Discovery of America*, ii. 93—96, by Mr. John Fiske, a writer who in our day ranks second only to Mr. Harris, if indeed second to him, for the time and labour he has devoted to this subject.

² See *A Narrative and Critical History of America*, by Justin Winsor (London, 1886-9), perhaps the most extraordinary and bewildering maze of information ever printed. The explorer in these eight vast volumes may form some idea of the sensations of the Spanish sailors who first launched out into the Sea of Darkness.

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PERLYCROSS.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

"Boys, here's a noise!" Sergeant Jakes strode up and down the long schoolroom on Friday morning, flapping his empty sleeve and swinging that big cane with the tuberous joints, whose taste was none too saccharine. That well-known ejaculation, so expressive of stern astonishment, had for the moment its due effect. Curly heads were jerked back, elbows squared, sniggers were hushed, the munch of apples (which had been as of milching kine) stuck fast, or was shunted into bulging cheek; never a boy seemed capable of dreaming that there was any other boy in the world besides himself. Scratch of pens and grunts of mental labour were the only sounds in this culmination of literature, known as "copy-exercise." As Achilles, though reduced to a ghost, took a longer stride at the prowess of his son, and as deep joys, on a similar occasion, pervaded Latona's silent breast, even so High-Jarks sucked the top of his cane, and felt that he had not lived in vain. There are many men still hearty, though it is so long ago, who have led a finer life through that man's higher culture.

But presently, such is human nature in its crude probation, the effect of that noble remonstrance waned.

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Silence (which is itself a shadow, cast by death upon life perhaps,) began to flicker, as all dulness should, with the play of small ideas moving it. Little timid whispers, a cane's length below the breath, and with the heart shuffling out of all participation; and then a tacit grin that was afraid to move the molars, and then a cock of eye that was intended to involve (when a bigger eye was turned away) its mighty owner; and then a clink of marbles in a pocket down the leg; and then a downright joke, of such very subtle humour that it stole along the bench through funnelled hands; and then, alas, a small boy of suicidal levity sputtered out a laugh which made wiser wigs stand up. His crime was only deepened by ending in a sham cough; and sad to say, the very boy who had made the fatal joke (instead of being grateful for reckless approbation) stood up and pointed an unmanly finger at him. The sergeant's keen eye was upon them both; and a tremble ran along the oak, that bore many tempting aptitudes for the vindication of ethics. But the sergeant bode his time. His sense of justice was chivalrous; let the big boy make another joke.

"Boys, here's a noise again!" Those who have not had the privilege of the sergeant's lofty discipline can never understand, far less convey, the significance of his second shout. It

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expressed profound amazement, horror at our fallen state, incredulity of his own ears, promptitude to redress the wrong, and yet a pathetic sorrow at the impending grim necessity. The boys knew well that his second protest never ascended to heaven in vain; and the owners of tender quarters shrunk and made ready to slide beneath the protection of their bench. Other boys with thick corduroys quailed for the moment, and closed their mouths; but what mouth was ever closed permanently by the opening of another?

"Now you shall have it, boys," the sergeant thundered, as the uproar waxed beyond power of words. "Any boy slipping out of stroke shall have double cuts for cowardice. Stop the ends up; all along both rows of benches; I am coming, I am coming!"

"Oh sir, please sir, 'twadn' me, sir! 'Twor all along o' Bill Cornish, sir."

He had got this trimmer by the collar, and his cane swung high in air, when the door was opened vigorously and a brilliant form appeared; brilliant less by its own merits than by brave embellishment, as behoves a youth ascending stairs of state from page to footman, and mounting upward, ever upward, to the vinous heights of butlerhood. For this was Bob Cornish, Bill's elder brother; and he smiled at the terrors of the hurtling cane, compulsive but a year ago of tears. With a dignity already imbibed from Binstock, this young man took off his hat, and, employing a spare slate as a tray, presented a letter with a graceful bow. He was none too soon, but just in time. The weapon of outraged law came down, too lightly to dust a jacket; and the smiter, wonder-smitten, went to a desk and read as follows. "Lady Waldron will be much obliged if Sergeant Jakes will come immediately in the vehicle sent with the bearer of t^h et no engage~~ment~~ for."

Penniloe has kindly consented to it."

The roof resounded with shouts of joy instead of heavy wailing, as the sergeant at once dismissed the school; and in half an hour he entered the business-room at Walderscourt, and there found the lady of the house, looking very resolute and accompanied by her daughter.

"Soldier Jakes will take a chair. See that the door is closed, my child, and no persons lingering near it. Now, Inez, will you say to this brave soldier of your father's regiment what we desire him to undertake, if he will be so faithful, for the benefit of his Colonel's family, also for the credit of this English country."

This was clever of my lady. She knew that the veteran's liking was not particularly active for herself, or for any of the Spanish nation, but that he had transferred his love and fealty of so many years to his officer's gentle daughter. Any request from Nicie would be almost as sacred a command to him as if it had come from her father. He stood up, made a low bow followed by a military salute, and gazed at the sweet face he loved so well.

"It is for my dear father's sake; and I am as sure as he himself would be," Miss Waldron spoke with tears in her eyes, and a sad smile on her lips that would have moved a heart much harder than this veteran's, "that you will not refuse to do us a great, a very great service, if you can. And we have nobody we can trust like you, because you are so true and brave."

The sergeant rose again, and made another bow even deeper than the former one; but instead of touching his grizzled locks he laid his one hand on his heart; and although by no means a gushing man, he found it impossible to prevent a little gleam, like the upshot of a well, quivering under his ferny brows.

"We would not ask you even so," continued Nicie with a grateful glance,

"if it were not that you know the place, and perhaps may find some people there still living to remember you. When my father lay wounded at the house of my grandfather, and was in great danger of his life, you, being also disabled for a time, were allowed at his request to remain with him and help him. Will you go to that place again, to do us a service no one else can do?"

"To the end of the world, Miss, without asking why. But the Lord have mercy on all them boys! Whatever will they do without me?"

"We will arrange about all that, with Mr. Penniloe's consent. If that can be managed, will you go, at once and at any inconvenience to yourself?"

"No ill-convenience shall stop me, Miss. If I thought of that twice, I should be a deserter afore the lines of the enemy. To be of the least bit of use to you is an honour as well as a duty to me."

"I thought that you would; I was sure that you would." Inez gave a glance of triumph at her less trustful mother. "And what makes us hurry you so, is the chance that has suddenly offered for your passage. We heard this morning, by an accident almost, that a ship is to sail from Topsham to-morrow, bound direct for Cadiz. Not a large ship, but a fast-sailing vessel,—a schooner I think they call it, and the captain is one of Binstock's brothers. You would get there in half the time it would take to go to London and wait about for passage, and then come all down the Channel. And from Cadiz you can easily get on. You know a little Spanish, don't you?"

"Not reg'lar, Miss; but it will come back again. I picked up just enough for this; I couldn't understand them much, but I could make them look as if they understood me."

"That is quite sufficient. You will have letters to three or four persons who are settled there, old servants of my grandfather. We cannot tell

which of them may be alive, but may well hope that some of them are so. The old house is gone; I must tell you that; after all the troubles of the war, there was not enough left to keep it up with."

"That grand old house, Miss, with the pillars, and the carrots, and the arches, the same as in a picture! And everybody welcome; and you never knew if there was fifty, or a hundred in it——"

"Sergeant, you describe it well," Lady Waldron interrupted. "There are no such mansions in this country. Alas, it is gone from us for ever, because we loved our native land too well!"

"Not only that," said the truthful Inez; "but also because the young Count, as you would call him, has wasted the relics of his patrimony. And now I will explain to you the reasons for our asking this great service of you."

The veteran listened with close attention, and no small astonishment, to the young lady's clear account of that great public lottery and the gorgeous prize accruing on the death of Sir Thomas Waldron. This was enough to tempt a ruined man to desperate measures; and Jakes had some knowledge in early days of the young count's headstrong character. But if it should prove so, if he were guilty of the crime which had caused so much distress and such prolonged unhappiness, yet his sister could not bear that the sordid motive should be disclosed, at least in this part of the world. For the sake of others it would be needful to denounce the culprit; but if the detection were managed well, no motive need be assigned at all. Let every one form his own conclusion. Spanish papers and Spanish news came very sparsely to Devonshire; and the English public would be sure (in ignorance of that financial scheme whose result supplied the temptation) to ascribe the assault upon Protestant rites to Popish contempt and bigotry.

"I should tell the whole, if I had to decide it," said Nicie with the candour and simplicity of youth. "If he has done it for the sake of nasty money, let everybody know what he has done it for."

But the sergeant shook his head, and quite agreed with Lady Waldron. The world was quite quick enough at bad constructions, without receiving them ready-made. "Leave busy-bodies to do their own buzzing," was his oracular suggestion. "'Tis a grand old family, even on your mother's side, Miss." Nicie smiled a little as her mother stared at this new comparative estimate. "And what odds to our clodhoppers what they do? A Don don't look at things the same as a dung-carter; and it takes a man who knows the world to make allowance for him. The Count may have done it, mind. I won't say no until such time as I can prove it. But after all, 'tis comforting to think that it was so, compared to what we all was afraid of. Why, the dear old Colonel would be as happy as a king in the place he was so nigh going to after the battle of Barosa; looking down over the winding of the river, and the moon among the orange-trees, where he was a-making love!"

"Hush!" whispered Nicie, as her mother turned away with a trembling in her throat; and the old man saw that the memory of the brighter days had brought the shadows also.

"Saturday, to-morrow. Boys will do very well till Monday;" he came out with this abruptly, to cover his confusion. "By that time, please God, I shall be in the Bay of Biscay. This is what I'll do, Miss, if it suits you and my lady. I'll come again to-night at nine o'clock, with my kit slung tidy, and not a word to anybody. Then I can have the letters, Miss, and my last orders. Ship sails at noon to-morrow, name of *Montilla*. Mail-coach to Exeter passes White Post a little after half-past ten to-night. Be aboard easily afore daylight. No, Miss, thank you, I sha'n't want no

money. Passage paid to and fro. Old soldier always hath a shot in the locker."

"As if we should let you go like that! You shall not go at all, unless you take this purse."

That evening he received his last instructions, and the next day he sailed in the schooner *Montilla*.

Even after the many strange events, which had by this time caused such a whirl of giddiness in Perlycross that if there had been a good crack across the street every man and woman would have fallen headlong into it; and even before there had been leisure for people to try to tell them anyhow to one another, much less discuss them at all as they deserved, this sudden break-up of the school and disappearance of High-Jarks would have been absolutely beyond belief, if there had not been scores of boys too loudly in evidence everywhere. But when a chap, about four feet high, came scudding in at any door that was open, and kicking at it if it dared to be shut, and then went trying every cupboard-lock and making sad eyes at his mother if the key was out; and then again, when he was stuffed to his buttons (which he would be, as sure as eggs are eggs,) if the street went howling with his playful ways, and every corner was in a jerk with him, and no elderly lady could go along without her umbrella in front of her—how was it possible for any mother not to feel herself guilty of more harm than good?

In a word, High-Jarks was justified (as all wisdom is) of his children; and the weak-minded women, who had complained that he smote too hard, were the first to find fault with the feeble measures of his substitute, Vickary Toogood of Honiton. This gentleman came into office on Monday, smiling in a very superior manner at his predecessor's arrangements.

"I think we may lock up that," he said, pointing to the sergeant's little tickler; "we must be unworthy of our vocation if we cannot dispense

with such primitive tools." A burst of applause thrilled every bench ; but knowing the boys of his parish so well, Mr. Penniloe shook his head with dubious delight. And truly before the week was out, many a time would he murmur sadly—"Oh for one hour of the Sergeant!" as he heard the Babel of tongues outside, and entering saw the sprawling elbows, slouching shoulders, and hands in pockets, which the "Apostle of Moral Force" (*moral farce* was its sound and meaning here) permitted as the attitude of pupilage.

"Sim'th I be quite out in my reckoning," old Channing the clerk had the cheek to say, as he met the parson outside the school-door ; "didn't know it were Whit-Monday yet."

Mr. Penniloe smiled, but without rejoicing ; he understood the reference too well. Upon Whit-Monday the two rival benefit-clubs of the village held their feast, and did their very utmost from bridge to abbey to out-drum, out-fife, and out-trumpet one another. Neither in his house was his conscience left untouched.

"I think Lady Waldron might have sent us a better man than that is," Mrs. Muggridge observed one afternoon, when the uproar came across the road and pierced the rectory windows. "I am not sure but what little Master Mike could keep better order than that is. Why, the beating of the bounds was nothing to it. What could you be about, sir, to take such a man as that?" Thyatira had long established full privilege of censure.

"Certainly there is a noise ;" the curate was always candid. "But he brought the very highest credentials from the Institute. We have scarcely given him fair trial yet. The system is new, you see, Mrs. Muggridge ; and it must be allowed some time to take effect. No physical force, the moral sense appealed to, the higher qualities educed by kindness, the innate preference of right promoted and strengthened by self-exertion, the juvenile faculties to be elevated, from the

moment of earliest development, by a perception of their high responsibility, and, and—well I really forget the rest, but you perceive that it amounts to——"

"Row, and riot, and roaring rubbish ; that's what it amounts to, sir. But I beg your pardon, sir ; excuse my boldness for speaking out upon things so far above me. But when they comes across the road at ten o'clock in the morning to beg for a lump of raw beefsteak, by reason of two boys getting four black eyes in fighting across the Master's desk, the new system seems not apostolical. An apostle about as much as I am ! My father was above me, and had gifts, and he put himself back, when not understood, to the rising generation ; but he never would demean himself to send for raw beefsteak for their black eyes."

"And I think he would have shown his common sense in that. What did you do, my good Thyatira?" Mr. Penniloe had a little spice of mischief in him, which always accompanies a sub-sense of humour.

"This was what I did, sir. I looked at him, and he seemed to have been in the wars himself, and to have come across perhaps to get out of them, being one of the clever ones, as true schoolmaster sayeth, and by the same token not so thick of head ; and he looked up at me, as if he was proud of it, to take me in ; while the real fighting boys look down, as I know by my brother who was guilty of it ; and I said to him, very quiet like : 'No steak kept here for moral-force-black-eyes-boys. You go to Robert Jakes, the brother of a man that understands his business, and tell him to enter in his books half a pound prime-cut for four black eyes, to the credit of Vickary Toogood.'"

It was not only thus, but in many other ways that the village at large shed painful tears (sadly warranted by the ears), and the Church looked with scorn at the children straggling in, like a lot of Dissenters going anyhow ; and

the cross at the meeting of the four main roads, which had been a fine stump for centuries, lost its proper coat of whitewash on Candlemas-day ; and the crystal Perle itself began to be threaded with red from pugnacious noses. For the lesson of all history was repeated, that softness universal and unlimited concession set off very grandly, but come home with broken heads to load their guns with grapnel.

And what could Mr. Penniloe do, when some of the worst belligerents were those of his own household ; upon one frontier his three pupils, and upon another Zip Tremlett ? Pike, Peckover, and Mopuss, the pupils now come back again, were all very decent and law-abiding fellows, but had drifted into a savage feud with the factory-boys at the bottom of the village. As they were but three against three score, it soon became unsafe for them to cross Perle bridge without securing their line of retreat. Of course they looked down from a lofty height upon "cads who smelled of yarn, and even worse ;" but what could moral or even lineal excellence avail them against the huge disparity of numbers ? Each of them held himself a match for any three of the enemy, and they issued a challenge upon that scale ; but the paper-capped host showed no chivalry. On one occasion, this noble trio held the bridge victoriously against the whole force of the enemy, inflicting serious loss and even preparing for a charge upon the mass. But the cowardly mass found a heap of road-metal, and in lack of their own filled the air with it, and the Pennilovian heroes had begun to bite the dust, when luckily Farmer John rode up, and saved the little force from annihilation by slashing right and left through the operative phalanx.

When Mr. Penniloe heard of this pitched battle he was deeply grieved ; and sending for his pupils administered a severe rebuke to them. But John Pike's reply was a puzzler to him. "If you please, sir, will you tell us

what to do when they fall upon us ?"

"Endeavour to avoid them," replied the clergyman, feeling some want of confidence however in his counsel.

"So we do, sir, all we can," Pike made answer, with the aspect of a dove. "But they won't be avoided, when they think they've got enough cads together to lick us."

"I should like to know one thing," enquired the Hopper, striking out his calves which were now becoming of commanding size. "Are we to be called 'Parson's pups,' and then do nothing but run away ?"

"My father says that the road is called the King's Highway," said Mopuss, who was a fat boy, with great deliberation, "because all his subjects have a right to it, but no right to throw it at one another."

"I admit that a difficulty arises there," replied Mr. Penniloe as gravely as he could, for Mopuss was always quoting his papa, a lawyer of some eminence. "But really, my lads, we must not have any more of this. There is fault upon both sides, beyond all doubt. I shall see the factory-manager to-morrow, and get him to warn his pugnacious band. I am very unwilling to confine you to these premises ; but if I hear of any more pitched battles, I shall be compelled to do so until peace has been proclaimed."

Here again was Jakes to seek ; for the fear of him lay upon the factory-boys as heavily as upon his own school-children. And perhaps as sore a point as any was that he should have been rapt away without full reason rendered.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LOYALTY.

"I do not consider myself at all an inquisitive man," Mr. Penniloe reflected, and here the truth was with him ; "nevertheless it is hard upon me to be refused almost the right to

speculate upon this question. They have told me that it is of the last importance to secure this great disciplinarian,—never appreciated while with us, but now deplored so deeply—for a special service in the south of Spain. What that special service is I am not to know until his return; possibly not even then. And Mr. Webber has no idea what the meaning of it is. But I know that it has much to do,—all to do, I might even say—with that frightful outrage of last November, three months ago, alas, alas, and a sad disgrace upon this parish still! Marvellous are the visitations of the Lord. Practically speaking, we know but little more of that affair now than on the day it was discovered. If it were not for one thing, I should even be driven at last to Gowler's black conclusion; and my faith in the true love of a woman, and in the honesty of a proud brave woman would be shattered and leave me miserable. But now it is evident that good and gentle Nicie is acting entirely with her mother; and to imagine that she would wrong her father is impossible. Perhaps I shall even get friend Gowler's hundred pounds. What a triumph that would be! To obtain a large sum for the service of God from an avowed,—ah well, who am I to think harshly of him? But the money might even be blest to himself, which is the first thing to consider. It is my duty to accept it therefore, if I can only get it. And here again is Jemmy Fox, not behaving at all as he used to do. Concealing something from me,—I am almost sure of it by his manner—and discussing it, I do believe, with Gronow, an intimacy that cannot be good for him. I wish I could perceive more clearly in what points I have neglected my duty to the parish; for I seem to be losing hold upon it, which must be entirely my own fault. There must be some want of judgment somewhere; what else could lead to such very sad fighting? Even Zip, a little girl, disgracing

us by fighting in the streets! That at any rate I can stop, and will do so pretty speedily."

This was a lucky thought for him, because it led to action instead of brooding, into which miserable condition he might otherwise have dropped. And when a man too keen of conscience hauls himself across the coals, the governor of a hot place takes advantage to peep up between them. Mr. Penniloe rang the bell, and begged Mrs. Muggridge to be good enough to send Miss Zippy to him.

Zip, who had grown at least two inches since the death of her grandmother, not in length perhaps so much as in the height she made of it, came shyly into the dusky book-room, with one of her long hands crumpling the lower corner of her pinafore into her great brown eyes. She knew she was going to catch it, and knew also the way to meet it, for she opened the conversation with a long-drawn sob.

"Don't be frightened, my dear child," said the parson with the worst of his intention waning. "I am not going to scold you much, my dear."

"Oh, I was so terrible afraid you was." The little girl crept up close to him, and began to play with his button-hole, curving her lissome fingers in and out, like rosebuds in a trellis, and looking down at the tears on her pinafore. "Plaise, sir, I knows well enough as I deserves a bit of it."

"Then why did you do it, my dear child? But I am glad that you feel it to be wrong."

The clergyman was sitting in the deep square chair where most of his sermons came to him, and he brought his calm face down a little to catch the expression of the young thing's eyes. Suddenly she threw herself into his arms, and kissed his lips, and cheeks, and forehead, and stroked his silvery hair, and burst into a passionate wail; and then slid down upon a footstool and nursed his foot. "Do 'e know why I done that?" she whis-

pered, looking up over his knees at him. "Because there be nobody like 'e in the heavens, or the earth, or the waters under the earth. Her may be as jealous as ever her plaiseth, but I tell 'e, I don't care a cuss."

"My dear little impetuous creature," Mr. Penniloe knew that his darling Fay was the one defied thus recklessly; "I am sure that you are fond of all of us. And to please me, as well as for much higher reasons, you must never use bad words. Bad deeds too I have heard of, Zip, though I am not going to scold much now. But why did you get into conflict with a boy?"

Zip pondered the meaning of these words for a moment, and then her conscience interpreted. "Because he spoke bad of 'e, about the Fair." She crooked her quick fingers together as she spoke, and tore them asunder with vehemence.

"And what did you do to him, eh, Zip? Oh Zip!"

"Nort for to sarve 'un out, as a' desarved. Only pulled most of 's hair out. His moother hurned arter me; but I got inside the ge-at."

"A nice use indeed for my premises,—to make them a refuge, after committing assault and battery! Well, what shall we come to next?"

"Plaise sir, I want to tell 'e zummut," said the child, looking up very earnestly. "Bain't it Perlycrass Fair, come Tuesday next?"

"I am sorry to say that it is; a day of sad noise and uproar. Remember that little Zip must not go outside the gates that day."

"Nor Passon nayther;" the child took hold of his hand, as if she were pulling him inside the gate, for her nature was full of gestures; and then she gazed at him with a sage smile of triumph; "and Passon mustn't go nayther."

Mr. Penniloe took little heed of this (though he had to think of it afterwards), but sent the child to have her tea with Muggridge and the children. But before he could set to

his work in earnest, although he had discovered much to do, in came his own child, little Fay, looking round the room indignantly. With her lady-like style, she was much too grand to admit a suspicion of jealousy, but she smoothed her golden hair gently back, and just condescended to glance round the chairs. Mr. Penniloe said nothing, and feigned to see nothing, though getting a little afraid in his heart; for he always looked on Fay as representing her dear mother. He knew that the true way to learn a child's sentiments is to let them come out of their own accord. There is nothing more jealous than a child, except a dog.

"Oh, I thought Darkie was here again!" said Fay, throwing back her shoulders and spinning on one leg. "This room belongs to Darkie now altogether; though I can't see what right she has to it."

Mr. Penniloe treated this soliloquy as if he had not heard it; and went on with his work, as if he had no time to attend to children's affairs just now.

"It may be right, or it may be wrong," said Fay, addressing the room in general and using a phrase she had caught up from Pike, a very great favourite of hers; "but I can't see why all the people of this house should have to make way for a gipsy."

This was a little too much for a father and clergyman to put up with. "Fay!" said Mr. Penniloe in a voice that made her tremble; and she came and stood before him, contrite and sobbing, with her head down and both hands behind her back. Without raising her eyes the fair child listened, while her father spoke impressively; and then with a reckless look she tendered full confession. "Father, I know that I am very wicked, and I seem to get worse every day. I wish I was the Devil altogether; because then I could not get any worse."

"My little child," said her father with amazement, "I can scarcely believe my ears. My gentle little Fay to use such words!"

"Oh, *she* thinks nothing of saying that! And you know how fond you are of her, papa. I thought it might make you fond of me."

"This must be seen to at once," thought Mr. Penniloe, when he had sent his jealous little pet away; "but what can I do with that poor deserted child? Passionate, loving, very strong-willed, grateful, fearless, sensitive, inclined to be contemptuous, wonderfully quick at learning, she has all the elements of a very noble woman or of a very pitiable wreck. Quite unfit to be with my children, as my better judgment pronounced at first. She ought to be under a religious, large-minded, firm, but gentle woman; a lady too, or she would laugh at her. Though she speaks broad Devonshire dialect herself, she detects in a moment the mistakes of others, and she has a lofty contempt for vulgarity. She is thrown by the will of God upon my hands, and I should be a coward, or a heartless wretch, if I shirked the responsibility. It will almost break her heart to go from me; but go she must for her own sake, as well as that of my little ones."

"How are you, sir?" cried a cheerful voice. "I fear that I interrupt you. But I knocked three or four times, and got no answer. Excuse my coming in like this. Can I have a little talk with you?"

"Certainly, Dr. Fox. I beg your pardon; but my mind was running upon difficult questions. Let us have the candles, and then I am at your service."

"Now," said Jemmy when they were alone again, "I dare say you think that I have behaved very badly in keeping out of your way so long."

"Not badly, but strangely," replied the parson, who never departed from the truth even for the sake of politeness. "I concluded that there must be some reason, knowing that I had done nothing to cause it."

"I should rather think not; nothing ever changes you. But it was for your sake; and now I will en-

lighten you, as the time is so close at hand. It appears that you have not succeeded in abolishing the Fair."

"Not for this year; there were various formalities. But this will be the last of those revels, I believe. The proclamation will be read on Tuesday morning. After this year, I hope, no more carousals prolonged far into the penitential day. It will take them by surprise; but it is better so. Otherwise there would have been preparations for a revel more reckless, as being the last."

"I suppose you know, sir, what bitter offence you are giving to hundreds of people all around?"

"I am sorry that it should be so; but it is my simple duty."

"Nothing ever stops you from your duty. But I hope you will do your duty to yourself and us by remaining upon your own premises that day."

"Certainly not. If I did such a thing, I should seem to be frightened of my own act. Please God, I shall be in the market-place to hear the proclamation read and attend to my parish-work afterwards."

"I know that it is useless to argue with you, sir. None of our people would dare to insult you; but one cannot be sure of outsiders. At any rate, do keep near the village, where there are plenty to defend you."

"No one will touch me. I am not a hero, and I can't afford to get my new hat damaged. I shall remain among the civilised, unless I am called away."

"Well, that is something; though not all that I could wish. And now I will tell you why I am glad, much as I dislike the Fair, that for this year at least it is to be. It is a most important date to me, and I hope it will bring you some satisfaction also. Unless we manage very badly indeed, or have desperately bad luck, we shall get hold of the villains who profaned your churchyard, and through them of course find the instigator."

With this preface Fox told his tale to Mr. Penniloe, and quite satisfied

him about the reasons for concealing it so long, as well as made him see that it would not do to preach upon the subject yet.

"My dear young friend, no levity, if you please," said the parson, though himself a little, a very little, prone to it on the sly among people too solid to stumble. "I draw my lessons from the past or present. Better men than myself insist upon the terrors of the future, and scare people from looking forward. But our Church, according to my views, is a cheerful and progressive mother, encouraging her children and fortifying——"

"Quite so," said Jemmy Fox, anticipating too much on that head; "but she would not fortify us with such a Lenten *fare* as this; little pun, sir, not so very bad. However, to business. I meant to have told you nothing of this till Monday or Tuesday, until it struck me that you would be hurt, perhaps, if the notice were so very short. The great point is that not a word of our intentions should get abroad, or the rogues might make themselves more scarce than rogues unluckily are allowed to be. This is why we have put off our application to Mockham until Tuesday morning; and even then we shall lay our information as privately as possible. But we must have a powerful *posse* when we proceed to arrest them; for one of the men, as I told you, is of tremendous bulk and stature, and the other not a weakling. And perhaps the third, the fellow they come to meet, will show fight on their behalf. We must allow no chance of escape, and possibly they may have fire-arms. We shall want at least four constables, as well as Gronow and myself."

"But all good subjects of the King are bound to assist, if called upon in the name of his Majesty, at the execution of a warrant."

"So they are; but they never do it, even when there is no danger. In the present case they would boldly run away. And more than that, by

ten o'clock on Fair-night, how will his Majesty's true lieges be? Unable to keep their own legs, I fear. The trouble will be to keep our own force sober. But Gronow has undertaken to see to that. If he can do it, we shall be all right. We may fairly presume that the enemy also will not be too steady upon their pins. The only thing I don't like is that a man of Gronow's age should be in the scuffle. He has promised to keep in the background; but if things get lively, can I trust him?"

"I should think it very doubtful. He looks an uncommonly resolute man. If there is a conflict, he will be in it. But do you think that the big man Harvey really is our Zippy's father? If so, I am puzzled by what his mother said; and I think the old lady was truthful. So far as I could understand what she said, her son had never been engaged in any of the shocking work we hear so much of now. And she would not have denied it from any sense of shame, for she confessed to even worse things on the part of other sons."

"She may not have known it; he has so rarely been at home. A man of that size would have been notorious throughout the parish if he had ever lived at home; whereas nobody knows him, not even Joe Crang, who knows every man and horse for miles around. But the Whetstone people are a tribe apart, and keep all their desolate region to themselves."

"The district is extra-parochial, a sort of No-man's land almost," Mr. Penniloe answered thoughtfully. "An entire parish intervenes between their hill and Hagdon, so that I cannot go among them without seeming to intrude upon a neighbour's duties. Otherwise it is very sad to think that a colony almost of heathens should be permitted in the midst of us. I hear that there is a new landowner now, coming from your father's part of the country, who claims seigniorial rights over them which they intend to resist with all their might."

"To be sure; Sir Henry Haggerstone is the man, a great friend of mine, and possibly something nearer before long. He cares not a pin for the money; but he is not the man to forego his rights, especially when they are challenged. I take a great interest in those people. Sir Henry promised me an introduction, through his steward, or whoever it is; and but for this business I should have gone over. But as these two fellows have been among them, I thought it wiser to keep away. I intend to know more of them when this is over. I rather like fellows who refuse to pay."

"You have plenty of experience of them, Doctor, without going over to the Whetstone. Would that we had a few gratuitous church-builders as well as a gratuitous doctor in this parish! But I sadly fear that your services will be too much in demand after this arrest. You should have at least six constables if our people will not help you. Supposing that the Whetstone men are there, would they not attempt a rescue?"

"No, sir; they will not be there; it is not their custom. I am ashamed, as it is, to take four men against two, and would not except for the great importance of it. But I am keeping you too long. I shall make a point of beholding you no more until Wednesday morning; except of course in church on Sunday. You must be kept out of it altogether. It is not for me to tell you what to do; but I trust that you will not add to our anxieties by appearing at all in the matter. Your busiest time of the year is at hand; and I scarcely know whether I have done right in worrying you at all about this affair."

"Truly the time is appointed now for conflict with the unseen powers, rather than those of our own race. But why are we told to gird our loins (of which succincture the spencer is expressive and therefore curtly clerical) unless we are also to withstand evil-doers even in the market-place?

Peace is a thing that we all desire, but no man must be selfish of it. If every man stuck to his own corner only, would there ever be a dining-table? Be not surprised then, Master Jemmy Fox, if I should appear upon the warlike scene. As the statesmen of the age say, when they don't know what to say, I reserve my right of action."

Fox was compelled to be satisfied with this, because he could get no better. Yet he found it hard to be comfortable about the now urgent outlook. Beyond any doubt he must go through with the matter in hand, and fight it well out. But where would he be, if the battle left him with two noble heroes disabled and both of them beyond the heroic time of life? As concerned himself he was quite up for the fight, and regarded the prospect with pleasure, as behoves a young man who requires a little change and has a lady-love who will rejoice in his feats. Moreover he knew that he was very quick of foot and full of nimble dodges; but these elderly men could not so skip away, even if their dignity allowed it. After much grim meditation when he left the rectory, he made up his mind to go straight to Squire Mockham; and although it was a doubtful play of cards, to consult thus informally the justice before whom the information was soon to be laid, it seemed to him on the whole to be the proper course. On Tuesday it would be too late to receive any advice upon the subject.

But Mr. Mockham made no bones of it. Whether he would grant the warrant or not was quite another question, and must depend upon the formal depositions when received. The advice that he gave was contingent only upon the issue of the warrant, as to which he could say nothing yet. But he did not hesitate, as the young man's friend, to counsel him about his own share in the matter. "Keep all your friends out of it; let none of them be there.

The execution of a warrant is the duty of the authorities, not of amateurs and volunteers. Even you yourself should not appear, unless it be just to identify ; though afterwards you must do so, of course, when the charge comes to be heard. Better even that criminals should escape than that unofficial persons should take the business on themselves. As a magistrate's son, you must know this."

"That is all very well in an ordinary case," said Fox, who had got a great deal more than he wanted. "But here it is of such extreme importance to get to the bottom of this matter ; and if they escape, where are we ?

"All very true ; but if you apply to the law, you must let the law do its own work, and in its own way, though it be not perfect. All you can do is to hope for the best."

"And probably get the worst," said Jemmy with a grin of resignation. "But I suppose I may be at hand and ready to give assistance if called upon ?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Mockham, rubbing his hands gently ; "that is the privilege of every subject, though not claimed very greedily. By-the-by, I was told that there is to be some sort of wrestling at your fair this year. Have you heard anything about it ?"

"Well, perhaps a little." The young man looked slyly at the magistrate, for one of the first things he had heard was that Mockham had started the scheme by giving ten guineas towards the prize-fund. "Among other things I heard that Polwarth is coming, the Cornish champion as they call him."

"And he holds the West of England belt. It is too bad," said the magistrate, "that we should have no man to redeem it. When I was a boy, we should all have been mad if the belt had gone over the border long. But who is there now ? The sport is decaying, and fisticuffs (far more degrading work) are ousting it alto-

gether. I think you went to see the play last year."

"I just looked in at it, once or twice. It did not matter very much to me, as a son of Somerset ; but it must have been very grievous to a true Devonian to see Cornwall chucking his countrymen about like a lot of wax-headed ninepins. And no doubt he will do the same thing this year. You can't help it, can you, Squire ?"

"Don't be too sure of that, my friend. A man we never heard of has challenged for the belt on behalf of Devon. He will not play in the standards, but have best of three backs with the Cornishman for the belt and a special prize raised by subscription. When I was a lad I used to love to see it, ay, and I knew all the leading men. Why, all the great people used to go to see it then. The Lord-Lieutenant of the county would come down from Westminster for any great match ; and as for magistrates—well, the times are changed."

"You need not have asked me the news, I see. To know all about it I must come to you. I should have been glad to see something of it, if it is to be such a big affair ; but that will be impossible on account of this job. Good night, sir. Twelve o'clock, I think you said, will suit for our application ?"

"Yes, and to stop malicious mouths (for they get up an outcry if one knows anybody) I shall get Sir Edwin Sanford to join me. He is in the commission for Somerset too ; and so we can arrange it, if issued at all, to hold good across the border."

CHAPTER XXXV.

A WRESTLING BOUT.

VALENTINE'S DAY was on Sunday that year, and a violent gale from the south and west set in before daylight, and lasted until the evening, without bringing any rain. Anxiety was felt about the chancel roof, which had only been patched up temporarily and

waterproofed with thick tarpaulins ; for the Exeter builders had ceased work entirely during that December frost, and as yet had not returned to it. To hurry them, while engaged elsewhere, would not have been just, or even wise, inasmuch as they might very fairly say, "Let us have a little balancing of books first, if you please."

However the old roof withstood the gale, being sheltered from the worst of it, and no further sinking of the wall took place ; but at the abbey, some fifty yards eastward, a very sad thing came to pass. The south-western corner and the western end (the most conspicuous part remaining) were stripped, as if by a giant's rip-hook, of all their dark mantle of ivy. Like a sail blown out of the bolt-ropes, away it all went bodily, leaving the white flint rough and rugged, and staring like a suburban villa of the most choice effrontery. The contrast with the remainder of the ruins and the old stone church was hideous ; and Mr. Penniloe at once resolved to replace and secure afresh as much of the fallen drapery as had not been shattered beyond hope of life. Walter Haddon very kindly offered to supply the ladders, and pay half the cost ; for the picturesque aspect of his house was ruined by this bald background. This job was to be put in hand on Thursday, but worse things happened before that day.

"Us be going to have a bad week of it," old Channing the clerk observed on Monday, as he watched the four vanes on the tower (for his eyes were almost as keen as ever) and the woodcock feathers on the western sky ; "never knowed a dry gale yet, but were follered by a wet one twice as bad ; leastways if a' coom from the Dartmoor mountains."

However, things seemed right enough on Tuesday morning to people who seldom think much of the sky ; and the rustics came trooping in to the Fair, as brave as need be, and with all their Sunday finery. A prettier

lot of country girls no Englishman might wish, and perhaps no other man might hope to see, than the laughing, giggling, blushing, wondering, simpering, fluttering, or bridling maidens, fresh from dairy, or churn, or linhay, but all in very bright array, with love-knots on their breasts, and lavender in their pocket-handkerchiefs ; with no depressing elegance perhaps among them, and no poetic sighing for impossible ideals ; and probably glancing backwards more than forwards on the path of life, because the rule and the practice is for the lads of the party to walk behind.

Louts are these, it must be acknowledged, if looked at from too high a point ; and yet, in their way, not by any means so low as a topper on the high horse, with astral spurs and a banner of bad Latin, might condemn them to be. If they are clumsy and awkward and sheepish, and can only say—"Thank'e, sir ! Veyther is quite well," in answer to "How are you to-day, John ?"—some of it surely is by reason of a very noble quality, now rarer than the great auk's egg, and known, while it was a noun still substantive, as modesty. But there they were, and plenty of them, in the year 1836 ; and they meant to spend their money in good fairing, if so be their girls were kind.

Mr. Penniloe had a lot of good heart in him ; and when he came out to stand by the bellman and trumpeter who thrilled the market-place, his common sense, and knowledge of the darker side, had as much as they could do to back him up against the impression of the fair young faces that fell into the dumps at his sad decree. The strong evil-doers were not come yet ; their time would not begin till the lights began to flare, and the dark corners hovered with temptation. Silence was enjoined three times by ding-dong of bell and blare of trump, and thrice the fatal document was read with stern solemnity and mute acceptance of every creature except

ducks, whom nothing short of death can silence, and scarcely even that when once their long valves quiver with the elegiac strain.

The trumpeter from Exeter, with scarlet sash and tassel, looked down from an immeasurable height upon the village bellman and a fiddler in the distance, and took it much amiss that he should be compelled to time his sonorous blasts by the tinkle, tinkle of old nunks.

"Truly I am sorry," said the curate to himself, while lads and lasses, decked with primrose and the first white violets, whispered sadly to one another, "no more fairing after this;" "I am sorry that it should be needful to stop all these innocent enjoyments."

"Then why did you send for me, sir?" asked the trumpeter rather savagely, as one who had begged at the rectory for beer to medicate his lips against the twang of brass, but won not a drop from Mrs. Muggridge.

Suddenly there came a little volley of sharp drops (not of the liquid he desired) dashed into the trumpeter's red face, and against the back of the parson's hat, the first skit of rain, that seemed rather to rise as if from a blow-pipe than fall from the clouds. Mr. Penniloe hastened to his house close by, for the market-place was almost in a straight line with the school, and taking his old gingham umbrella, set off alone for a hamlet called Southend not more than half a mile from the village. Although not so learned in the weather as his clerk, he could see that the afternoon was likely to prove wet, and the longer he left it the worse it would be, according to all indications. Without any thought of adversaries he left the village at a good brisk pace, to see an old parishioner of whose illness he had heard.

Crossing a meadow on his homeward course he observed that the footpath was littered here and there with strips and patches of yellow osier peel, as if, since he had passed an

hour or so ago, some idle fellow had been whittling wands from a withy-bed which was not far off. For a moment he wondered what this could mean; but not a suspicion crossed his mind of a rod in preparation for his own back.

Alas! too soon was this gentleman enlightened. The lonely footpath came sideways into a dark and still more lonesome lane, deeply sunk between tangled hedges, except where a mouldering cob wall stood, sole relic of a worn-out linhay. Mr. Penniloe jumped lightly from the treddled stile into the mucky and murky lane, congratulating himself upon shelter here, for a squally rain was setting in; but the leap was into a den of wolves.

From behind the cob wall with a yell out rushed four hulking fellows, long of arm and leg, still longer of the weapons in their hands. Each of them bore a white withy switch, flexible, tough, substantial, seemly instrument for a pious verger; but what would pious vergers be doing here, and why should their faces retire from view? Each of them had tied across his most expressive, and too distinctive part, a patch of white muslin, such as imparts the sweet sense of modesty to a chamber-window; but modesty in these men was small. Three of them barred the parson's road, while the fourth cut off his communications in the rear; but even so he did not perceive the full atrocity of their intentions. To him they appeared to be inditing of some new form of poaching, or some country game of skill perhaps, or these might be rods of measurement.

"Allow me to pass, my friends," he said; "I shall not interfere with your proceedings. Be good enough to let me go by."

"Us has got a little bit o' zummat," said the biggest of them, with his legs astraddle, "to goo with 'e, Passon, and to 'baide with 'e a bit. A choice bit of fairing, zort o' peppermint stick, or stick lickerish."

"I am not a fighting man; but if

any man strikes me, let him beware for himself. I am not to be stopped on a public highway like this."

As Mr. Penniloe spoke, he unwisely closed his umbrella, and holding it as a staff of defence, advanced against the enemy. One step was all the advance he made, for ere he could take another, he was collared, and tripped up, and cast forward heavily upon his forehead. There certainly was a great stone in the mud; but he never knew whether it was that, or a blow from a stick, or even the ebony knob of his own umbrella, that struck him so violently as he fell; but the effect was that he lay upon his face, quite stunned, and in danger of being smothered in the muck.

"Up with's coat-tails! Us'll dust his jacket. Ring the bull on 'un—one, two, dree, vour."

The four stood round, with this very fine Christian ready, as the Christian faith directs for weak members not warmed up with it, ready to take everything he could not help; and the four switches hummed in the air with delight, like the thirsty swords of Homer; when a rush as of many winds swept them back to innocence. A man of great stature, and with blazing eyes, spent no words upon them, but lifted up the biggest with a chuck below his chin, which sent him sprawling into the ditch with a broken jaw, then took another by the scruff of his small clothes and hefted him into a dog-rose stool, which happened to stand on the top of the hedge with sharks' teeth ready for their business; then he leaped over the prostrate parson, but only smote vacant air that time. "The Devil, the Devil, 'tis the Devil himself!" cried the two other fellows, cutting for their very lives.

"Reckon, I were not a breath too soon," said the man who had done it, as he lifted Mr. Penniloe, whose lips were bubbling and nose clotted up; "why, they would have killed 'e in another minute, my dear. D——d

if I bain't afeared they has done it now."

That the clergyman should let an oath pass unrebuked would have been proof enough to any one who knew him that it never reached his mind. His silver hair was clogged with mud, and his gentle face begrimed with it, and his head fell back between the big man's knees, and his blue eyes rolled about without seeing earth or heaven.

"That d——d Jemmy Fox, we wants 'un now. Never knowed a doctor come, when a' were wanted. Holloa, you be moving there, be you? You dare stir, you murderer!" It was one of the men lately pitched into the hedge; but he only groaned again at that great voice.

"Do 'e veel a bit better now, my dear? I've a girt mind to kill they two hosebirds in the hedge; and what's more, I wull, if 'e don't come round pretty peart."

As if to prevent the manslaughter threatened, the parson breathed heavily once or twice, and tried to put his hand to his temples; and then looked about with a placid amazement.

"You 'bide there, sir, for a second," said the man, setting him carefully upon a dry bank with his head against an ash-tree. "Thy soul shall zee her desire of thine enemies, as I've a'read when I wor a little buy."

To verify this promise of Holy Writ, he took up the stoutest of the white switches, and visiting the ditch first, and then the hedge-trough, left not a single accessible part of either of those ruffians without a weal upon it as big as his thumb, and his thumb was not a little one. They howled like a couple of pigs at the blacksmith's, when he slips the ring into their noses red-hot; and it is iawful to hope that they felt their evil deeds.

"T'other two shall have the very same, bumbai; I knows where to put hands on 'em both," said the operator, pointing towards the village; and it is as well to mention that he did it.

"Now, sir, you come along of I." He cast away the fourth rod, having elicited their virtues, and taking Mr. Penniloe in his arms, went steadily with him to the nearest house. This stood alone in the outskirts of the village; and there two very good old ladies lived, with a handsome green railing in front of them.

These, after wringing their hands for some minutes, enabled Mr. Penniloe to wash his face and head, and gave him some red currant wine, and sent their child of all work for Mrs. Muggridge. Meanwhile the parson began to take a more distinct view of the world again, his first emotion being anxiety about his Sunday beaver, which he had been wearing in honour of the Proclamation, the last duty it was ever destined to discharge. But the "gigantic individual," as the good ladies called him, was nowhere to be seen when they mustered courage to persuade one another to peep outside the rails.

By this time the weather was becoming very bad. Everybody knows how a great gale rises; not with any hurry, or assertion of itself (as a little squall does, that is limited for time), but with a soft hypocritical sigh and short puffs of dissimulation. The solid great storm, that gets up in the south and means to make every tree in England bow, to shatter the spray on the Land's End cliffs while it shakes all the towers of London, begins its advance without any broad rush, but with many little ticklings of the space it is to sweep. A trumpery frolic where four roads meet, a woman's umbrella turned inside out, a hat tossed into a horse-pond perhaps, a weathercock befooled into chase of head with tail, and a clutch of big raindrops sheafed into the sky and shattered into mist again,—these, and a thousand other little pranks and pleasantries, are as the shrill admonitions of the fife in the vanguard of the great invasion of the heavens.

But what cares a man, with his money in his pockets, how these larger

things are done? And even if his money be yet to seek, still more shall it preponderate. A tourney of wrestlers for cash and great glory was crowding the courtyard of the *Ivy-bush* with every man who could raise a shilling. A steep roof of rick-cloth and weatherproof canvas, supported on a massive ridge-pole, would have protected the enclosure from any ordinary storm; but now the tempestuous wind was tugging, whistling, panting, shrieking, and with great might thundering, and the violent rain was pelting, like the rattle of pebbles on the Chessil beach, against the strained canvas of the roof; while the rough hoops of candles inside were swinging, with their crops of guttering tallow welted like sucked stumps of asparagus. Nevertheless the spectators below, mounted on bench, or stool, or trestle, or huddled against the rope-ring, were jostling, and stamping, and craning their necks, and digging elbows into one another, and yelling, and swearing, and waving rotten hats, as if the only element the Lord ever made was mob.

Suddenly all jabber ceased, and only the howls of the storm were heard and the patter from the sodden roof, as Polwarth of Bodmin, having taken formal back from Dascombe of Devon (the winner of the Standards, a very fine player but not big enough for him,) skirred his flat hat into the middle of the sawdust, and stood there flapping his brawny arms, and tossing his big-rooted nose like a bull. In the flare of the lights his grin looked malignant, and the swing of his bulk overweening; and though he said nothing but "Cornwall for ever!" he said it as if it meant, "Devonshire be d——d!"

After looking at the company with mild contempt, he swaggered towards the umpires, and took off his belt, with the silver buckles and the red stones flashing, and hung it upon the cross-rail for defiance. A shiver and a tremble of silence ran through

the hearts and on the lips of three hundred sad spectators. Especially a gentleman who sate behind the umpires, dressed in dark riding-suit and a flapped hat, was swinging from side to side with strong feeling.

"Is there no man to try a fall for Devonshire? Won't kill him to be beaten. Consolation money, fifty shillings." The chairman of the Committee announced, but nobody came forward.

A deep groan was heard from old Channing the clerk, who had known such very different days; while the Cornishman made his three rounds of the ring, before he should buckle on the belt again, and snorted each time like Goliath. Gathering up the creases of his calves, which hung like the chins of an alderman, he stuck his heels into the Devonshire earth to ask what it was made of. Then, with a smile, which he felt to be kind and heartily large to this part of the world, he stooped to pick up the hat gay with seven ribbons wrung from Devonshire button-holes. But behold! while his great hand was going to pick it up thus carelessly, another hat struck it, and whirled it away, as a quoit strikes a quoit that appears to have won.

"Devon for ever, and Cornwall to the devil!" A mighty voice shouted, and a mighty man came in, shaking the rain and the wind from his hair. A roar of hurrahs overpowered the gale, as the man, taking heed of nobody, strode up to the belt, and with a pat of his left hand said, "I wants this here little bit of ribbon."

"Thee must plai for un fust," cried the hero of Cornwall.

"What else be I come for?" the other inquired.

When formalities had been satisfied, and the proper clothing donned, and the champions stood forth in the ring looking at one another, the roof might have dropped without any man heeding until it came across his eyes.

The challenger's name had been announced,—*"Harvey Tremlett of No. 414.—VOL. LXIX.*

Devonshire"—but only one or two besides old Channing had any idea who he was; and even old Channing was not aware that the man had been a wrestler from early youth, so seldom had he visited his native place.

"A' standeth like a man as understood it"—"A' be bigger in the back than Cornishman"—"Hope a' hath trained, or 's wind won't hold,"—sundry such comments of critical power showed that the public, as usual, knew ten times as much as the performers. These, according to the manner of the time, were clad alike, but wore no pads, for the brutal practice of kicking was now forbidden at meetings of the better sort. A jacket, or jerkin, of tough sail-cloth, half-sleeved and open in front, afforded firm grasp but no clutch for throttling; breeches of the stoutest cord, belted at waist and strapped at knee, red worsted stockings for Devonshire, and yellow on behalf of Cornwall, completed their array; except that the Cornishman wore ankle boots, while the son of Devon, at his own request, was provided only with sailor's pumps. The advantage of these, for lightness of step and pliancy of sole was obvious; but very few players would venture upon them at the risk of a crushed and disabled foot. "Fear he bain't nim' enough for they pea-shells; they be all very well for a boy," said Channing.

The Cornishman saw that he had found his match, perhaps even his master, in bodily strength, if the lasting power could be trusted. Skill and endurance must decide the issue, and here he knew his own pre-eminence. He had three or four devices of his own invention, but of very doubtful fairness; if all other powers failed, he would have recourse to them.

For two or three circuits of the ring their mighty limbs and frames kept time and poise with one another. Each with his left hand grasped the other by the shoulder lappet; each kept his right hand hovering like a hawk, and the fingers in ply for a dash, a grip,

a tug. Face to face, and eye to eye, intent upon every twinkle, step for step they marched sideways, as if to the stroke of a heavy bell or the beating of slow music. Each had his weight thrown slightly forwards, and his shoulders slouched a little, watching for one unwary move, and testing by some subtle thrill the substance of the other, as a glass is filliped to try its ring. By a feint of false step, and a trick of eye, Polwarth got an opening. In he dashed, the other's arm flew up, and the Cornish grip went round him. In vain he put forth his mighty strength, for there was no room to use it. Down he crashed, but turned in falling, so that the back was doubtful.

"Back!" "Fair back!" "No back at all!" "Four pins!" "Never, no, three pins!" "See where his arm was?" "Foul, foul, foul!" Shouts of wrath, and even blows ensued, for a score or two of Cornishmen were there. "Hush for the umpires!" "Hold your noise!" "Thee be a liar!" "So be you!" The wind and the rain were well out-roared, until the umpires after some little consultation gave award. "We allow it true back for Cornwall, unless the fall claims foul below belt. If so, it will be for referee." Which showed that they differed upon that point.

"Let 'un have it. I won't claim no foul. Let 'un do it again, if 'a can." Thus spake the fallen man, striding up to the umpires' post. A roar of cheers rang round the tent, though many a Devonshire face looked glum and a few groans clashed with the frank hurrahs.

The second bout was a brief one, but afforded much satisfaction to all lovers of fair play, and therefore perhaps to the Cornishmen. What Tremlett did was simply this. He feigned to be wholly absorbed in guarding against a repetition of the recent trick. The other, expecting nothing more than tactics of defence, was caught quite unawares by his

own device, and down he went,—a very candid four-pin fall.

Now came the final bout, the supreme decision of the tie, the crowning struggle for the palm. The issue was so doubtful, that the oldest and most sage of all palæstic oracles could but look, and feared that voice might not prove, wise. Skill was equally divided (setting dubious tricks aside); strength was a little in favour of Devon, but not to much turn of the balance, for Cornwall had not produced a man of such magnitude for many years; experience was on Cornwall's side; condition and lasting power seemed to be pretty fairly on a par. What was to settle it? Devonshire knew. That is to say, the fair county had its hopes (though almost too modest and frugal to back them) that something which it produces even more freely than fair cheeks and kind eyes, and of which the corner land is not so lavish,—to wit fine temper and tranquillity of nature might come to their mother's assistance. Even for fighting, no man is at the best of himself when exasperated; far less can he be so in the gentler art.

A proverb of large equity and time-honoured wisdom declares (with the bluntness of its race) that "sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." This maxim is pleasant enough to the goose; but the gander sputters wrathfully when it comes home to his breast. Polwarth felt it as a heinous outrage that he had been the victim of his own device. As he faced his rival for the last encounter, a scowl came down upon his noble knobby forehead, his keen eyes glowered as with fire in his chest, and his wiry lips closed viciously. The Devonshire man, endowed with larger and less turbid outlook, perceived that the other's wrath was kindled, and his own duty was to feed the flame. Accordingly, by quiet tricks and flicks, such as no man would even feel unless already too peppery, he worked the moral system hard, and roused in the other's ample breast (or brain, if that be the

combative part,) a lofty disdain of discretion. Polwarth ground his teeth and clenched his fist, spat fire, —and all was up with him. One savage dash he made, which might have swept a milestone backward, breast clashed on breast, he swung too high, the great yellow legs forsook the earth, and the great red ones flashed between them; then the mighty frame span in the air like a flail, and fell flat as the blade of a turf-beater's spade.

"All over! All up! Needn't ask about that! Three times three for Devonshire! Again, again, again! Carnies, what can 'e say to that now?" Wild triumph, fierce dejection, yearning to fight it out prevailed; every

man's head was out of the government of his neck, when these two leading counties were quenched alike. The great pole of red pine, fit mast for an admiral, bearing all the structure overhead, snapped like a carrot to a vast wild blast. In a weltering squash lay victor and vanquished, man with his fists up, and man eager to go at him, hearts too big to hold themselves for exultation, and hearts so low that wifely touch was needed to encourage them, glorious head that had won fifty shillings, and poor numskull that had lost a pot of beer; prostrate all, with mouths full of tallow, sawdust, pitch, and another fellow's toes. Many were for a twelvemonth limpers; but nobody went to churchyard.

(To be continued.)

FRANCIS PARKMAN AND HIS WORK.

WHEN in the autumn of 1893 Francis Parkman was gathered to his fathers, who for many generations have been conspicuous in New English annals, his countrymen pronounced with no uncertain voice the nature of their loss. It is doubtful if the author of *Montcalm and Wolfe* has been justly appreciated upon this side of the Atlantic. There still exists, I fancy, a vague idea that transatlantic subjects can hardly by their nature attain to the dignity of history of the first class. It is a curious and unaccountable prejudice. Wars which had scarcely any result but the exhaustion of the combatants, and no motive but the ambition of a king or the spite of a concubine, command much greater notice. And yet even in detail what uneventful reading is a futile campaign in Flanders compared with that dramatic struggle between the French and English in the forests of America which changed the destinies of the world. It is not too much to say that Mr. Parkman has made the story of this momentous contest his own, and devoted to it practically his entire life. Famous historians, both English and American, have of course handled the subject in the course of their work, but always, it has seemed to us, in a perfunctory and lifeless manner. No attempt has ever been made to put breath into the varied hosts that joined issue for the great stake, or to paint the sombre forests and the silent lakes that echoed with the roar of their half-forgotten battles. In the ordinary historical chapters on this period there always seems a consciousness on the part of the author that he is dealing with types that he cannot attempt to portray, and with battle-fields of a kind that are beyond the common experi-

ence of military history. The ability to bring back in detail these old campaigns out of the vanished woodlands, and to put life again into the men who fought them, is naturally perhaps outside the scope of the eminent writers at whose feet we have been accustomed to sit. In brief and perfunctory paragraphs they take us over the Alleghanies in such fashion as we might negotiate the Brighton Downs, while the glories of Lake George and the majesty of the St. Lawrence are reduced to geographical expressions. Fenimore Cooper has, no doubt, helped in great measure to lighten our darkness, but Francis Parkman is the first historian who has seriously undertaken the story of the great fight for America between the Saxon and the Gaul, and to him every Saxon, and indeed every Gaul, owes a great debt. Indeed the Frenchman owes perhaps the greater one, for it is amid the French camps and forts and villages that Mr. Parkman chiefly leads us. And if he has to close his long work with the downfall of New France, he leaves us with a respect for the gallantry of our vanquished foe that should satisfy the most exacting even of Frenchmen.

Apart from the literary and historical merit of these volumes there is another reason that will help to secure them undisputed position as the classics of this period. Two of the types which figure conspicuously in these wars, the Indian and the backwoodsman, are upon the verge of extinction. To the next generation they will be but legends. Mr. Parkman came in time to study them, to live among them, and to know them as they were in his younger days, shifted westward it is true, but not materially altered from their ancestors who

butchered one another on the banks of the Ohio a hundred years before.

Francis Parkman, as has been already indicated, belonged to a family distinguished in the annals of New England for several generations. He was born in 1823, and after graduating at Harvard began at once and of set purpose to fit himself for the work to which most of his life was devoted. A period of travel in Europe, which included a long sojourn in the Jesuit College at Rome, was the first step. This was followed by a journey on horseback across the continent to Oregon, a hazardous performance in 1846, and by a season spent in the wigwams of the western Indians. The latter was an invaluable experience to a man with such an object as Parkman's. He was in any case fond of wild sports, a good shot, and a bold horseman. A few good sportsmen have had ready and skilful pens: a few great authors have had some fondness for the milder forms of sport; but it is rare indeed to find all the unflagging industry, the accuracy, and the fine literary balance of the student in a man who is perfectly at home on an unbroken horse, and can face without flinching the charge of a wounded buffalo.

As a matter of fact, however, these early adventures of Parkman, while they inspired his pages, ruined his constitution, and made him something of an invalid for life. That he reached the allotted span of threescore years and ten and was thus enabled to finish his work should be a cause of thankfulness to those who have benefited by it, and is one of those many instances of an ailing body sustained beyond expectation by an active and vigorous intellect.

The Conspiracy of Pontiac, published when the author was twenty-eight years old, was written under physical infirmities that would have overborne many a man whose pen was his livelihood. And this incentive to industry in Parkman's case was wanting. "For three years at this time,"

he tells us, "the light of day was insupportable;" and the work of collecting, reading, and sifting the documentary evidence gathered from the public offices of Europe and America, and from other sources, amounting to many thousand pages of manuscript, was done wholly by the aid of an amanuensis. For many years after this the state of his health precluded all idea of serious work, and he lived at his country house near Boston devoting himself to floriculture so successfully that he achieved the highest honours as an amateur gardener, and even wrote a book on roses and lectured at Harvard on similar subjects. The death of his wife in 1858 broke up his home and sent him once more on his travels, which the improved state of his health now made possible. Henceforth, however, his journeys were all directed to Europe, for he now felt able to take up again that labour of love which he had looked on as the work of his life. With perfected and extended plans for pursuing this he visited, both now and many times during its accomplishment, England, France, and Spain in search of the materials which formed the basis of his many volumes. These were produced at fairly regular intervals, *The Pioneers of France in the New World*, *The Discovery of the Great West*, *The Old Régime in Canada*, *Count Frontenac and New France*, *Montcalm and Wolfe*, being published in the order named. Lastly, a year before his death, the gap still remaining between the year 1700 and the Peace of Aix la Chapelle was filled in by *A Half Century of Conflict*.

The social and political condition of the English colonies in America, though not much considered upon this side of the Atlantic, has been tolerably well elaborated on the other. Provincial histories have been abundant everywhere, rich in detail and almost always more picturesque than accurate. Of recent years authors of another calibre have been hard at

work sweeping away the wealth of legend in which the actual doings of Cavaliers and Puritans, Huguenots and Dutchmen, Frenchmen and Indians were enshrouded, and giving to Americans a more accurate picture of their fathers.

It is not necessary, in order to appreciate Mr. Parkman's fascinating story of their struggles with their French rivals in Canada, to have at one's fingers' ends the condition of the thirteen jarring commonwealths that lay upon the Atlantic coast in 1750. Indeed the utter dislocation of the British system beyond the sea, if system it can be called, reveals itself sufficiently when brought face to face by Mr. Parkman with their ancient European rival. And this extreme want of unity and sympathy will come as a surprise, perhaps, to most Englishmen who are accustomed to think of Americans, not of Virginians or Pennsylvanians. So strong was this cleavage that the peril and the ultimate glory of the French wars scarcely weakened it. In the War of Independence there was, it is true, much unity among the orators who opened the ball. Upon closing any history of that great struggle there can be but one impression left upon the mind of the impartial reader; the presence, that is to say, of one great dominant personality, a noble and heroic figure by all means, and a few thousand soldiers whose endurance and bravery command unstinted admiration. Of the great mass of the population there is absolutely nothing to be said at all. They worked their farms and did their shouting at home with a prudent eye no doubt to local majorities and the drift of events. As for the legislators, out of the mouth of their own prophets only can we judge them, and one after the other of these present a sorry picture of the non-combatant patriot of the revolutionary struggle.

Mr. Parkman has made the French Canadian, not the English colonist,

the main subject of his work. But in his able treatment of this hardy and valorous race the sharp contrast between the methods of the two pioneering nations is exhaustively illustrated. At first sight indeed the threatened supremacy of the French seems inconceivable, and any serious rivalry hardly less so. All that is visible of the French power in North America in the days of Louis the Fifteenth is a thin strip of settlement upon either bank of the St. Lawrence. Numerical insignificance is still further discounted by a rigorous climate and a somewhat poor soil; and lastly, the French Canadian, unambitious and priest-ridden as we know him to be now, and as he was individually to an even greater extent then, seems but a feeble obstacle in the path of the colonial Briton.

As we look upon the long line of English colonies stretching down the Atlantic coast, peopled even then with nearly three millions of busy workers, it is hard to realise that a few thousand Frenchmen in the far north can have been any serious menace to such a sturdy phalanx. It is almost as hard nowadays to conjure up those dreams of Western empire which at that time fascinated the imaginations of Frenchmen on both sides of the ocean. Even man for man one is apt to think of the sturdy colonist of the English settlements, with his rifle and his axe, as more than a match for the volatile Frenchman amid such surroundings as both were placed in. Upon the whole, however, in the eighteenth century the latter had in this respect a marked advantage. It is true that the British borderers, notably the Scotch-Irish of the Alleghany frontier and the fighting vanguard of the New England settlements, were equal and probably superior to the French trappers. But the English borderer had his crops, his home, his family, his independence of action to be considered, and above all his Indian foes. When he fought it was for his life,

for fresh territory, or for the right of hunting. He had, particularly the Alleghany man, no country, no attachments, no interests outside his own rude clearing. He recognised no overlord, and was beyond the reach of any government. As for the mass of the colonists who had all these things, they had become essentially men of peace. They were farmers, merchants, sailors, and slave-owners; most of them had never seen a wild Indian, and to the great majority the French had been hitherto but a name. They were busy after their different fashions in making a living, and were intensely provincial in thought and action. It is curious to remember that the Southerners of 1861 went into the Civil War under the firm conviction that the Yankees, and the men of New England in particular, had no stomach for a fight. Poor gallant fools, they had sadly forgotten their history! For in the eighteenth century, counting out the Southern borderers, the men of Massachusetts and New Hampshire were by far the most martial of all the colonists. The nearness of these provinces to the French and the Indians accounted in great measure of course for this superiority. The New England militia from the settlements were not an equal match for the French backwoodsmen, but when the call to arms sounded, these farmers and fishermen marched to the frontier or beyond it with a spirit, discipline, and promptitude that we look for in vain among the other colonies.

Nor should it be forgotten that while William the Third was engrossed with the reconquest of Ireland, Massachusetts upon her own account with thirty-two ships and over two thousand men attacked Quebec. It was a somewhat audacious performance, as the rock-girt city was well-garrisoned and commanded by the redoubtable Frontenac; and that the attempt was a failure detracts in nowise from the spirit which designed

it. In the French wars, however, the chief difficulty lay not so much in the unmilitary spirit of the colonists, as in the want of cordiality between the different provinces, and their consequent inability to act in concert. Their legislators, when any general scheme of attack or defence was in question, seem to have taken a positive delight in thwarting every measure that the leaders both of colonial and British opinion had set their hearts on. The governors of the various provinces, and a small group of men in each, viewed matters from a continental and national standpoint, wrote, talked, and to the best of their power acted accordingly. Virginia for example, east of the Alleghanies, was nearly as large as England, and contained only half a million inhabitants, and its legislators, chiefly men of estate, had all the elbow-room and all the land they wanted. A line of Scotch-Irish settlers beyond the Alleghanies protected them from the Indians, and few of them either could or would realise that the wilderness beyond was a subject worth their consideration, or that the presence of a few French trading-posts was of any moment whatever. There were plenty of Virginians, no doubt, who for the sake of adventure or of pay were quite ready to march to the ends of the earth. But the gentlemen who held the purse-strings, though given to extravagance in private life, were perfect Shylocks in their official capacity. Moreover the feud with the governor in almost every province was so bitter and perennial, that it was sufficient for that long-suffering personage to be in favour of a policy to ensure it a fierce opposition. Massachusetts and one or two of her neighbours, as I have said, were better, the other colonies were worse than Virginia. The record of Pennsylvania, when hard blows were going, is through the whole colonial period so consistently contemptible that one wonders at a Philadelphian ever caring to refer to the years prior

to the revolution. The thrifty dependency of the Penns contained chiefly Quakers and Germans, it is true, the former being averse to war on principle, and the latter wholly given over to money-making; but every effort, offensive or defensive, of the colonies benefited Pennsylvania at least equally with the rest. Pennsylvania, however, looked on. She did even less than this; she persuaded a whole Indian tribe to foreswear war even for purposes of self-defence. When after a generation these unhappy people had succeeded in turning themselves into caricatures of Quakers, it was hardly to be expected that a neighbouring tribe in a disturbed season should resist such a golden opportunity for gathering scalps cheaply and wiping them out to a man. And still Pennsylvania looked on.

In some of the colonies a King's company or two was maintained, recruited and officered chiefly from the province. Their officers held King's commissions, and took keen delight in snubbing their brethren of the militia whenever the opportunity offered. Young Washington, on his first expedition to the Great Meadows, found the King's company sent with him such an intolerable nuisance, and their commander so incapacitated by the sense of his own importance, that he left them behind and went on alone with his militia. Another King's company from New York, that was to have joined him on the same occasion in April, he met on his return to the frontier in August labouring through the woods with five-and-thirty women in their train! The airs of these quasi-officers of the King were a terrible cross to Washington, when, after the destruction of Braddock's army, he was the foremost provincial soldier in the colonies. An edict giving them rank above any provincial officer so roused the ire of the young commander of the Virginian forces that he rode all the way to Boston on horseback to remonstrate, which he

did with effect in the winter of 1756. The young squire of Mount Vernon and fighting colonel of militia was not the man to be snubbed by a "Maryland King's captain of thirty men" which was the immediate grievance, and his manner of progression northwards is a pretty glimpse of the man and the times. He rode, as we may read, the four hundred miles in a uniform of buff and blue with a white and scarlet cloak over his shoulders, and a sword-knot of red and gold. His horse-furniture was of the best London make, trimmed with livery lace, with the Washington arms engraved upon the housings. His two aides-de-camp in uniform rode by his side, while behind him followed his servants on horseback, dressed in the family liveries and wearing hats laced with silver. Washington, it must be remembered, was by inheritance and by marriage one of the wealthiest men in Virginia before he was thirty.

From this brief digression let us return to Mr. Parkman and follow him to the banks of the St. Lawrence. In the scattered settlements stretching for two or three hundred miles along both shores of the noble river we have a people few in number but of one race, one faith, and bending without question to the will of an autocratic ruler in temporal matters, and in spiritual ones trembling under the domination of a powerful Church. The French monarch strove to rule Canada as a province of France, with a martial governor and a militant Church, both eager for the favour of their sovereign however they might fall out among themselves. As a fighting machine Canada was a great contrast to her southern neighbours. When the King, through his lieutenant in Quebec, gave the signal he also found the money, and nearly every man in Canada was ready to march. A large part of the population were wandering backwoodsmen engaged in the fur-trade. Most of the actual tillers of the earth held their lands under feudal tenure; and

though in later times they developed into comparative affluence, they had in these days little beyond their pride of birth, their hunting-shirts, and their rifles, and were as ready to lead the tenants of their unprofitable acres to battle as the latter were to follow them. At the time of the struggle with England this colonial aristocracy held a position unique in the social history of any country. They were the owners of tracts of land varying from one to twenty leagues in extent, virgin forest for the most part but sprinkled thinly with the small clearings of an ignorant and superstitious peasantry. The rents at which the latter held their lands were so nominal that, even when they were paid, the income was insufficient for the bare subsistence of the seigneur and his family. Mill-rights, fines, and all the other feudal dues had a nominal existence; but with a few exceptions the gentry, so far as education and material condition went, were no better off than their own peasantry. On several occasions the King had actually to supply money to keep them from starving in the long cold winters. With all this their rank and their social supremacy were jealously preserved, but they took to the woods in great numbers and engaged in an illicit free trade; illicit chiefly because this trade was the royal perquisite, and secondly because the rules of their order forbade them to engage in commerce. It may be imagined how readily and gaily such a people marched to war when the trumpet sounded. They left no work behind them that the women and boys could not easily achieve, while they often had in prospect before their eyes the looting of some English settlement, or some trading-port packed to the roof with valuable furs. Nor must the constant goading of the Church be forgotten. Sometimes at remoter points, such as the Acadian settlement, intercourse with the fishermen of New England had developed a tendency among the French Catholics to greater independ-

ence of thought and action. This was fiercely combated by the priests. It was a damnable sin, they thundered, to have intercourse with English heretics, a virtue to oppose them at every point. Wonderful legends were invented for Indians and refractory peasants. Christ was a Frenchman, they were told, and the English had crucified Him; to kill New Hampshire farmers and Albany traders was held up as a pious obligation to good Christians of Gallic blood.

Then again there were several regiments from old France kept constantly in Canada, who became inured to forest warfare and proved most formidable opponents to the peaceful and prosperous subjects of the weak, jealous, and halting governments of the various colonies. Yet there were jealousies even among the French in America, though not strong enough to seriously hamper their aggressive power. The regular soldier affected to despise the provincial, and the latter returned the feeling with interest. The officers, gay young aristocrats from France, chafed at the long banishment to which their royal master consigned them. While the Canadian seigneurs and backwoodsmen stripped themselves naked, and painted their bodies, and yelled the war-whoop like the Indian, the regulars chafed at the obsequiousness they were compelled to show to their savage allies in order to retain their assistance. The inordinate boasting to which the provincial seems to have been prone was also a common cause of disgust to the regulars. They were always two parties in the government of the country, whose separate reports of every event the King carefully weighed; and it is quite certain that the provincial party invariably attributed the glory of victory to the Canadian forces, and in defeat laid the blame upon the soldiers of the King. These internal jealousies however were merely social features in the ranks of the Franco-American forces, and not hindrances to successful effort like the intercolonial jealousies of the

British provinces. The English policy was simply dictated by the requirements of individuals who made their homes on the territories they had won. French policy cared little for settlement, for farming, or for civilization. The wilderness and the fur-trade were its immediate objects, and in the prosecution of this it aspired to claims geographically so outrageous that it stirred with effect fatal to itself the long slumbering British Lion.

The great feature, the most dramatic feature at any rate in the great struggle for America, previous to the closing scene at Quebec, was Braddock's defeat on the Monongahela. Among English writers Carlyle and Thackeray have, each in his own way, done something to rescue this murderous affair from obscurity. The second battle upon the same ground three years later, when veteran Highlanders ran like sheep from another small force of French and Indians is not, I think, recorded in the ordinary category of smaller British battles. Braddock's expedition possesses an almost terrible fascination. The shock given to the colonies must have been tremendous, and even England was staggered. The brave, pig-headed martinet has stood out as a more vivid personality than most of the British leaders who left their bones or their reputations, or both, upon American soil. Out of eighty-six officers sixty-three were killed or badly wounded; out of fifteen hundred men a little over a third escaped extinction; the assailants were about seven hundred in number. The picture of the heroic blockhead who was responsible for the tragedy borne away dying in the midst of the panic-stricken troops is the most pathetic of the whole war. "Who would have thought it! who would have thought it!" he muttered in all the agony of a bullet in the lungs. "We shall know better next time." But there was no next time for Braddock. He was buried in the centre of the track that for generations was called Brad-

dock's Road, and the waggons and the artillery were rolled over his new-made grave to obliterate every trace of the spot where the burly bull-dog lay, lest pursuing Indians should find and desecrate his corpse. I have ridden over the Alleghanies two hundred miles to the south of the old Cumberland and Fort du Quesne trail, and been told by mountaineers, who could not read or write, that I was on Braddock's Road, so strong is the tradition of that memorable fight, and none the less so perhaps from the grotesque misplacement of locality. It is said that in his dying hours Braddock could not bear the sight of a red coat, and that with his last breath he deplored his insults to the Virginia militia, who under Washington had covered his retreat and lost nearly their whole number.

The removal of the French settlers from Acadia was another notable event of the same year. Much sentiment has been lavished on the incident and the true facts proportionately obscured. Mr. Parkman's exhaustive and graphic account of the affair by no means lessens the compassion justly felt for the unhappy peasantry so forcibly deported, but it shifts the blame from the shoulders on which fiction has fastened it to those of the victims' own rulers and countrymen. Canadian officialism seems at this period to have been absolutely regardless of the tillers of the earth. The dominant motives of soldier, priest, and official were territorial aggrandisement, extension of the Church, and personal greed.

The peasantry of Acadia were probably the most capable and industrious in all French America. They had passed forty years before, under the treaty of Utrecht, to English rule. Putting humanity aside, the manifest interest of the British government was to keep their alien subjects loyal and contented. French and English testimony unite in agreeing that everything was done, inclusive of perfect religious liberty, towards this

end. The one aim in life of these simple people was to extract a living from a moderately fertile soil, and to worship God under their own priests in their own fashion. Granted these liberties to the full, and left to themselves, the reconciliation of the French peasantry to British rule was a practical certainty within a short time. But this did not suit the Canadian government. Acting through their garrisons on the frontiers of the seceded territory, every imaginable form of pressure was brought to bear upon the wretched Acadians to make their position as English subjects untenable. Superstition was a leading instrument in this heartless policy, and its chief exponent was the unscrupulous and fanatic Abbé Le Loutre. The oath of allegiance to the English crown was denounced as insuring eternal damnation, and the oath of allegiance was the sole tribute of any kind that England exacted. With such a people and at such a time this ecclesiastical thunder had serious effect, and yet more terrible means of coercion were the neighbouring Indians, nominally Christian converts as they carried crucifixes and sang hymns, but as unmitigated scalpers, torturers, and cannibals as the remotest Western savages.

Thousands of Acadians, under the combined terrors of eternal damnation and the scalping-knife, had already left their pleasant homes in English territory to starve and shiver in the wilderness over which the French flag floated. Those who remained were goaded and coerced into an attitude so irreconcilable with their position as British subjects that the famous deportation became a stern necessity. The French government had used them as tools, and when no longer useful flung them away. There is no evidence that a single regret was uttered by their Canadian countrymen for their hard fate. There is evidence however that, cold as was the welcome which the various batches of expatriated Acadians received in

Massachusetts, Virginia, and the Carolinas, Quebec alone treated the exiles with absolute inhumanity.

The advent of Pitt was an epoch in transatlantic history. The pulse of British America began to beat with a vigour hitherto unknown; men of action crossed the seas to take command, and the nobler spirits in the colonies, so long despairing, took heart once more under the inspiring influence. The four great centres of French aggression still menaced the English colonies and cramped their action. Fort du Quesne on the west, Ticonderoga on the north, Louisburg on the North Atlantic, and, the heart and centre of all, the rock-girt capital of Quebec frowned defiance over half the continent. A combined attack was planned, and this time by leaders who meant business. Great battles filled the place of picturesque and bloody skirmishes. England took America seriously, and regular troops crossed the ocean in formidable numbers, while card-playing colonels and discredited generals were no longer considered good enough to fight for the great empire of the West. Even then, however, the trackless forest proved on more than one dire occasion too much for British valour. Once more we see veteran troops, and this time Highlanders of achieved renown, chased in panic from the fatal banks of the Monongahela and slaughtered at will by half their number of French and Indians. We see too a large army of valorous and spirited troops flung back from the forest ramparts of Ticonderoga with a loss of two thousand men, by Montcalm at the head of a lesser force of French and Canadians. And as an offset to these notable contests we have the still greater, and to us more glorious ones of Louisburg and Quebec, in both of which the forest and the Indian were absent factors.

Quebec stands before us to-day in all its strength and all its beauty, with its towers and spires and battlements eloquent of its past history and its present significance. But what of

Louisburg, that old keystone of the North Atlantic, that Halifax of the eighteenth century? Who knows even where it lies? Amid the solitudes of Cape Breton Island the rare visitor can now only trace the site of its streets and ramparts by grass-grown mounds, chaotic heaps of stones, and crumbling arches, sinking or wholly sunk into the encroaching soil. Where in 1758 a town of four thousand souls, a big place for the period, and a fortress of international importance dominated Nova Scotia and the northern seas, almost nothing remains. A lonely farmhouse and an adjacent hamlet of fishermen's cottages emphasize the solitude. The tinkle of the sheep-bell on the grassy slopes mingles with the boom of the Atlantic which with the full force of its unbroken tides dashes its foam on the rocky barriers of the forsaken and forgotten harbour.

Not the least striking features of the long struggle between the two powers were the sea-fights and chases that belonged to it. For years every French vessel that reached Quebec had to run the gauntlet of the ubiquitous battle-ships of Britain. Supplies, instructions, troops, cannon, had to follow that watery track which was crossed and recrossed continuously by the island sea-dogs. Many a Frenchman must have had cause to bless those vapoury mists that keep the fog-horns sounding as the modern steamship gropes its way across the banks of Newfoundland.

Louisburg was of great importance, and its capture by Amherst and Wolfe was hailed with an enthusiasm throughout new and old England scarcely surpassed by the crowning triumph of Quebec. Six thousand troops were landed from boats in wild weather upon the rocky and tempestuous shore and in the face of the enemy. Wolfe himself in one of the leading boats leaped into the surf, with a cane only in his hand, and, forgetful of the long misery of seasickness and a painful disease, drove

the enemy from their improvised entrenchments back into the lines of Louisburg.

The siege was a big affair. Eleven thousand British, nearly all regular troops, lay before the town which was defended by seven thousand French soldiers and sailors. The savage element which coloured most of the battles in these wars was here wholly wanting, and the scalping-knife and the war-whoop had for once no place. The roar of cannon and mortars, the shrieking of grape and round shot for weeks shook the desolate coast, and with attacks and sallies, sorties made and repulsed, the somewhat unusual spectacle of nearly twenty thousand disciplined troops meeting in the shock of battle was witnessed on American soil. Courage and skill, enterprise and valour, for once distinguished both sides alike. And when, after a gallant defence of two months, five thousand six hundred French combatants laid down their arms, there was more of mutual respect and military courtesy than in any former scenes of the kind in the New World.

Very different was that memorable disaster to the British arms which was taking place at the same time at Ticonderoga. The fight here was on a scale numerically still more worthy of the great issues at stake than even at Louisburg. Six thousand regulars and nine thousand provincials under the inert Abercrombie embarked upon that beautiful chain of lakes and narrows which at this time was the great, indeed the only inland highway from the English colonies to Canada. Many pens, some in the plain fashion of blunt soldiers or provincials who were there, others in the more polished language of later historians and novelists have described that scene. It is certainly one of the most striking pageants in American history, and none have been more happy in its description than Mr. Parkman, who indeed is at his very best when peopling his own familiar lakes and forests with those figures of the past

in whose company he may almost be said to have spent his life.

A stirring sight it must have been to see upon that July day the great flotilla of over a thousand boats floating upon the glassy waters of Lake George; the Highland bagpipe and the British bugle echoing amid the encircling hills; the gleam of ten thousand oars, the flash of arms, the gay uniforms, the fluttering standards. The pride and confidence of coming victory animated every breast; for no one doubted it, either among the combatants or the shouting populace that had watched them go forth. If the general was of no great account there was with him the most popular and skilful British officer in the Colonies, the young Lord Howe, called by Wolfe "The noblest Englishman that has appeared in my time, and the best soldier in the British army." But Howe, alas, was killed in the first skirmish, and the brilliant armada, invincible as it seemed, was utterly shattered by Montcalm with three thousand six hundred Frenchmen and Canadians behind the logs and earthworks of Ticonderoga. Abercrombie had left his cannon behind him, and Montcalm's works were further protected by a chaos of felled trees, their branches facing outward. For seven hours the British struggled, amid a steady rain of bullets and cannon shot, to pierce the tangled maze of trunks and boughs. Desperate valour was shown, and the sacrifice of life was hideous. Two thousand men were killed or wounded; and the repulse, for there was no panic, was turned by the feeble Abercrombie into an undignified retreat down the lakes, the men sullenly cursing their

commander for a fool and a poltroon. Montcalm and his troops covered themselves with well-earned glory, which the colonial faction, adverse to the general, did their best to belittle so far as he and the regulars were concerned.

The important French post of Frontenac (now Kingston, Ontario,) fell, cutting Canada in half. Fort Du Quesne, after twice in its history destroying an English army, was abandoned. Ticonderoga shared the same fate, and Montcalm, like Cornwallis at Yorktown twenty years later, fell back on the last line of his defence, that was to prove in his case not only the grave of his country's hopes but of his own earthly career.

The fall of the two gallant leaders at Quebec in the final scene of the great struggle is an incident that for all time will captivate the imagination of the most cursory as well as the more serious student of history. The interest of the drama however is still further intensified by recalling the conditions under which either died. Wolfe fell with a frame so suffering and debilitated that life for its own sake could have been little but a burden. Death in such a blaze of glory seemed, if one may say so, marvellously opportune. Montcalm, too, was brave and gallant, faithful to his King and his duty, occupying a position he detested, ever yearning for the time when he could return to the olive orchards and chestnut groves of his own ancestral home, and to the wife and family for whom his letters show he felt such constant and deep affection.

A. E. BRADLEY.

AUSTRALIAN ROUGH-RIDERS.

ON a certain Saturday in June 1891, at Wodonga on the Murray in the colony of Victoria, was arranged an exhibition of rough-riding open to all comers, which I venture to assert can have had but few parallels. Prizes were to be allotted by three judges of acknowledged experience, amounting in all to about twenty pounds. Much interested in horse-flesh from my youth upwards, I traversed the three miles which separate the border-towns of Albury and Wodonga, and arrived in good time for the excitement and the disbursement of gate-money. I have never regretted the outlay.

The matter of the entertainment was after this wise. An area of several acres of level grass was enclosed with a fence, perhaps eight or ten feet high, formed of sawn battens, on which was stretched the coarse sacking known to drapers as Osnaberg. This answered the double purpose of keeping the public who would not pay out and the performing horses in.

I had heard of the way in which the selected horses were saddled and mounted, and was therefore partly prepared. But, tolerably versed in the lore of the wilderness, I had certainly never seen such primitive equitation before. About thirty unbroken horses were moving uneasily within a high well-constructed stock-yard, the regulation four rails and a *cap* presenting a solid unyielding fence over seven feet in height. That the steeds were really unbroken, "by spur and snaffle undefiled," might be gathered from their long manes, tails sweeping the ground, and general air of terror or defiance.

As each animal was wanted it was driven or cajoled by means of a quiet

horse into a close yard ending in a *crush*, or lane so narrow that, once in, no turning round was possible. A high gate in front was well fastened. Before the colt could decide on a retrograde movement long and strong saplings were thrust behind his quarters and the posts of the crush; he was therefore trapped, unable to advance or retire. If he threatened to lie down, a sapling underneath prevented that last refuge of temper. Sometimes the imprisoned animal preserved an expression of stupid amazement or harmless terror; occasionally he displayed fierce wrath or reckless despair. In this stage the colt kicked, plunged, reared, in every way known to the wild steed of the desert expressed his untamable defiance of man, even neighing loudly and fiercely. 'Twas all in vain. The prison was too high, too strong, too narrow, too everything—nothing remained but submission, "not even suicide," as Mr. Stevenson remarks about matrimony, "nothing but to be good"; this of course with variations, as happen perchance even in the married state. Before the colt has done thinking what unprincipled wretches these bush bipeds are, a *blind* (ingeniously improvised out of a waistcoat) is placed over his eyes, a snaffle-bridle thrown over his head, a bit forced into his mouth; at the same time two active young men are thrusting a crupper under his reluctant tail, have dropped a saddle on his back, and are buckling leather girths and surcingle (the latter run through slits in the lower portion of the saddle-flaps) as if they meant to cut him in two.

This preparatory process being completed in marvellously short time, the

manager calls out, "First horse,—Mr. St. Aure!" whereupon a tall well-made young man from the Upper Murray ascends the fence and stands with either leg on the rails immediately over the angry, terrified animal.

What would you or I take, dear reader, (we are not so young as we were, let us own in mutual confidence,) to accept the mount Mr. St. Aure surveys with calmest confidence? Deftly he drops into the saddle, his legs just grazing the sides of the crush. "Open the gate!" roars the manager. "Look out, you boys!" and with a mad rush out flies the colt through the open gate like a shell from a howitzer. For twenty yards he races at full speed, then "propping" as if galvanised, shoots upward with the true deer's leap, all four feet in the air at once (from which the vice takes its name), and comes down with his head between his fore-legs and his nose (this I watched narrowly) touching the girths. But the rider has swayed back in his saddle with instinctive ease and is quite prepared for a succession of lightning-like bounds—sideways, upward, downward, backward, as the agile and frantic animal appears to turn in the air, and to come down with his head in the place where his tail was when he rose. For an instant he stops; then perhaps the spurs are sent in so as to accentuate the next performance. The crowd meanwhile of six or seven hundred people, mostly young or in the prime of life, follow cheering and clapping with every fresh attempt on the part of the frenzied steed to dispose of his rider. A few minutes of this exercise suffice to exhaust and steady the wildest colt. It is a species of "monkeying," a device of the buck-breaker who ties a bag on to the back of a timid colt, and he, frightened out of his life, as if by a monkey perched there, exhausts himself and permits the rider to mount and ride away with but little resistance. Sometimes indeed the colt

turns in his tracks, and, being unmanageable in his paroxysms, charges the crowd, whom he scatters with great screaming and laughter as they fall over each other or climb the boundary fence. But very shortly with lowered head and trembling frame he allows himself to be ridden to the gate of egress. There he is halted, and his rider, taking hold of his left ear with his bridle-hand, swings lightly to the ground closely alongside of the shoulder. Did he not so alight, the agile mustang is capable of a lightning wheel and a dangerous kick. Indeed one rider dismounting carelessly discovered this to his cost after riding a most unconscionable performer.

A middle-aged, wiry, old-fashioned stock-rider from Gippsland next came flying out on a frantic steed *without a bridle!* For some time it seemed a drawn battle between horse and man, but towards the end of the fight the horse managed to "get from under."

One horse slipped on the short green grass and came over backwards, his rider permitting himself to slide off. The next animal was described as an "out-law," a bush term for a horse which has been backed but never successfully ridden. She fully sustained her character by a persevering exhibition of every kind of contortion calculated to dissolve partnership. At one time it looked as if the betting was in favour of the man, but the mare had evidently resolved on a last appeal. Setting to with redoubled fury, she smashed the crupper, tore out the girth-straps, and then performed the rare, well-nigh incredible feat of sending the saddle over her head *without breaking the remaining girth or the leather surcingle!* This is the second time during a tolerably long acquaintance with every kind of devilry known to equine intelligence that I have witnessed this apparently impossible performance. It is not always believed, but can be vouched for by the writer and about five or six hundred people on the ground. I felt the girth and saw that

the buckle was still unslackened. The rider came over the mare's head, sitting square with the saddle between his legs, and received an ovation in consequence.

The last colt had been driven into the crush,

Fiercely snorting, but in vain,
And struggling with erected mane,

and enlarged, "in the full foam of wrath and dread," to be successfully ridden, when another form of excitement was announced. A dangerous looking four-year-old bullock was now yarded in the outer enclosure, light of flesh but exceeding fierce, which he proceeded to demonstrate by clearing the place of all spectators in the shortest time on record. Climbing hurriedly to the cap of the stockyard fence they looked on in secure elevation while the *toreadors* cunningly edged him into the crush and there confined him like the colts. Here he began to paw the ground and bellow in impotent rage.

At this stage of the proceedings the manager thus delivered himself: "It's Mr. Smith's turn, by the list, to ride this bullock, but he says he don't care. Is there any gentleman here as'll ride him?" With Mr. Smith's very natural disinclination for the mount the crowd apparently sympathised. The bullock meanwhile was pawing the earth and roaring in an awful manner, as who should say, "Let me at him! Only let me have one turn at him with hoof and horn!" To the unprejudiced observer the mount certainly seemed one that few gentlemen would covet or accept. However the Gippslander, removing the pipe from his mouth, calmly remarked, "I'll ride him;" whereupon the crowd cheered, evidently looking upon the offer as one of exceptional merit.

There was no thought of bridle or saddle in this case. A rope was fastened around the animal's body, and with this slender accoutrement only the stock-rider deposited himself upon

the ridge of the red bullock's back. Then the gate was opened and out he came in all his glory.

No one that has merely observed the clumsy gambols of meadow-fed oxen can have an idea of the speed and activity of the bush-bred steers, reared amid mountain ranges and accustomed to gallop for miles up and down hill with a smart stock-horse rattling by their sides, always making excellent time and not unfrequently distancing their pursuers amid the forests and morasses of their native wilds. This one had a shoulder like a blood horse, great propelling power, and stood well off the ground, with muscular arms and hocks to match. He reared, bucked, and plunged almost with the virulence and variety of the colts, and when, after a prolonged and persistent contest, he gradually shifted his rider on to his croup, and then by a complicated twist of his quarters dislodged him, it was felt by the spectators that "the old man" had worthily sustained the honour of the stock-riding fraternity. Cheers resounded from all sides as the crowd, returning to a centre, surrounded the fallen but not disgraced combatant. I think the boys were privately disappointed that the bullock did not turn and attempt to gore his antagonist. But he was too much excited for such an attack. He made a bee-line for the fence, which, all ignorant of its flimsy nature, he did not attempt to jump or overthrow, contenting himself with running by its side until he came to the corner where a gate was cunningly left open for his departure.

After a respectable "hat" had been collected for the veteran, who was more than twice the age of any of the other competitors, the judges distributed the prizes and the entertainment concluded.

As an Australian I may be slightly prejudiced, but I must confess to holding the opinion that our bush-riders in certain departments are unrivalled. The South American

gaucho and the cowboy of the Western States are doubtless wonderful horsemen. But they ride under more favourable conditions than those of our bushmen. The saddle of the American is on the old-fashioned Spanish pattern, heavy and cumbrous. In addition to the high pommel and cantle, it is provided with a horn-like fixture in front to which the lasso is attached generally, but which serves as a sort of belaying pin and an excellent hold-fast for the rider in case of need. The tremendous severity of the curb-bit must also tend to moderate the gambols of any but the most vicious or untamed animal. The horses, too, are mere ponies compared to the big powerful Australians, and as such weaker and more easy to control.

But let the stranger, when minded to try his horsemanship, display himself upon one of our "touchy" three or four-year-olds, and how insecure does his position appear! He is a good way off the ground (which same ground is mostly extremely hard) for the colt is between fifteen and sixteen hands high, and looks strong enough in the loins, if fully roused, to throw his rider into a gum-tree. The single-reined snaffle to which he trusts his life is of the cheapest description of leather and iron. The saddle is the ordinary English saddle, fuller in the flap and pads, but otherwise giving the impression of being hard and slippery, affording but little hope of recovery when once the seat is shaken. When, with nothing but this simple accoutrement, and perhaps a rolled bag strapped in front of the pommel, our bushmen ride as I have described it, it must be conceded that no horsemen could possibly be less indebted to adventitious circumstances.

In the strictly Australian department known as "scrub-riding," no one not to the manner born can be compared to our bush-riders. The home of the wild herds of cattle and horses is frequently mountainous, thickly wooded, and rocky. Amid the fastnesses in which they are bred the outlying ani-

mals of the herd acquire speed, wind, and activity which must be seen to be believed. Through the interlaced and thick growing woodlands, down the rocky ridges, across the treacherous morass, away go the cattle or the horses, at a pace apt to take them out of sight and hearing in remarkably short time. The ordinary horseman able to hold his own fairly well on road or bridle-path, or even in an English hunting-field, here finds himself hopelessly at fault. Not wanting in pluck he does his best for a mile or more. He bumps his knee against one tree, his shoulder against another, and narrowly escapes dashing his brains out by reason of a low-lying branch which knocks off his hat and might easily (he reflects) perform the same office for the head which it covers; and he realises the disability under which he has laboured by reason of not being able to calculate his distance from the unyielding timber in front, beside, around, at the same time to distinguish the route of the fast vanishing "mob" (drove), while all his skill and strength are required to control an experienced stock-horse (if such a mount has been provided for him) which clammers along hill-sides and tears down the same with the sure-footedness of a mule, while it leaves the full responsibility of directing its headlong course to its rider. When at the end of a couple of miles the amateur stock-rider pulls up, he is conscious of being entirely out of the hunt. Men, horses, dogs, and cattle have passed from sight and hearing. He is not accustomed to tracking, nor perhaps is the ground favourable to such practice. Nothing remains for him but to follow as near as may be in the direction of the riders; and he is lucky if some hours afterwards he is hunted up by a man sent in search of him, or, more fortunate still, has left all to his horse and joyfully recognises the homestead which he left in the morning, and which comes into sight much sooner than he expected.

In contrast to this exploit behold the sons of the South in the same circumstances. Jogging along with apparent carelessness, several pairs of very sharp eyes are piercing the forest glades in every portion of the foreground. One man has descried the outline of a group of hardly moving forms, or it may be but a single beast, high up a hill-side, in the gorge of a mountain range, in the depths of a narrow brook-traversed ravine,—it matters not,—it is the herd they are seeking or a section of it. The lookout gives a low whistle, perhaps only holds up his hand. The signal is understood; the slack bridle-reins are gathered up; no word is spoken, but each man has his horse well in hand as they move slowly towards the grazing or stationary outliers. A few minutes bring them nearer, when a sentinel gets view or wind of them, and the whole troop is off like a herd

of deer. Each horse but a minute since stumbling along at a "stockman's jog," starts into top speed as if for a mile heat. Each man taking a bee-line, rides straight for the tail of the fast vanishing cattle, as straight as if there was not a tree or rock within miles. How they do it is a never-ending marvel to the uninitiated. But they will not only keep with them, but out-pace and out-general them, turning them at critical places, occasionally getting ahead and rounding them up, and eventually, with mingled force and diplomacy, hustling them straight across country, without track-road or apparent natural features, till dead-beat and conquered they are landed in the high and secure stock-yard, from which some of their number at least will never emerge alive.

ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

A FRENCH CRITIC ON ENGLAND.

WERE the British nation ever in want of a character there would be little difficulty in compiling a respectable and satisfactory one from the testimonials of those whom Mr. Pepys considered to be our "natural enemies." Frenchmen indeed who actually come to see us have usually found a good deal to admire; but the testimonial more commonly takes the indirect and all the more valuable form of an abuse of our overweening pride and insular conceit coupled with sidelong admissions of practical success. It is only in later and more civilised days that a high appreciation of English things is frankly avowed. In this respect Voltaire is one of our earliest and stoutest adherents. Not only does he dwell (in passages which national vanity excised from his correspondence) upon our material successes, but in the letters exclusively devoted to England many of our favourite usages and institutions are discreetly and yet warmly patted on the back. It would be hardly fair perhaps to cite the grateful refugees who fled to our hospitable shores to escape religious persecution: M. Misson for instance, who could not understand why his countrymen considered the English treacherous; or the Protestant minister Abbadie, who wrote a *Défense de la Nation Britannique* against, as it is supposed, the insidious Bayle. It would be difficult also to enumerate the occasions upon which the British Constitution, British Liberty, and British Unity have supplied examples and arguments to French publicists, first of the democratic, and secondly (during the epoch of Revolution) of the moderate and conservative school, not to mention the numerous drafts upon our constitutional wealth and experi-

ence made from time to time by smaller nationalities anxious to set up in the same line.

French criticisms of English things stand by themselves. To the phlegmatic Briton (so acutely and even pathetically interesting is the difference of the two temperaments) they have all the piquancy of a woman's criticisms of a man. To be perfectly candid, they have often, perhaps most often, been superficial and absurd with the absurdity of ignorance. Even M. Taine seems to have started with a formidable preconception which colours all his work, despite his observant and patient attention, qualities, it may be said, which have still more recently been displayed by the young M. de Coubertin in his conscientious exploration of our public schools and universities. The French critic has indeed often enough displayed a fine wit both at our expense and at his own. What to the British eye appears usually wanting in him is the requisite proportion of practical wisdom and common sense. When we get this coupled with the Gaulish keenness of discrimination, we get something which is well worth our attention. From this point of view it might perhaps be said that the three volumes of the *Considérations sur la Révolution Française* are worth the lucubrations of all other French philosophers put together.

The "new young demoiselle" whom Carlyle, in his first volume, saw "romping about the knees of the Decline and Fall," the gifted Anne Louise Germaine Necker, Baroness de Staël-Holstein, must, since her husband is usually described as an *homme absolument nul*, have bequeathed no small share of the "sense uncommon" to her son Auguste, chiefly known to the

world as an agriculturist and as the editor of his mother's works, but who unfortunately died in the prime of life only two years after the publication of his *Lettres sur l'Angleterre*. That criticisms of a date eight or nine years previous to the great Reform Bill need necessarily be antiquated or inapplicable to present circumstances will only be contended by those who have a much greater belief in systems and institutions than in human nature. In fact there are, one may venture to think, many reflections particularly requiring to be emphasised at the present day which one could not hope to present more incisively than has been done by the Baron de Staël, and which it is both more modest and more efficacious to assert upon the impartial testimony of a foreigner.

In approaching the criticism of the great phenomenon known as Modern England the writer has drawn special attention to the difficulties of the subject, the logical shoals upon which the foreign critic is so especially liable to founder; the grave mistake, for example, of reasoning about the English constitution and politics as you might about those of Austria or Russia, of assigning to political combinations and movements "an importance which they are far from possessing in the eyes of British politicians;" in fine, an excessive regard to institutions, to constitutional forms and phenomena, apart from the study of what these have come to mean and in practice to be, after being subjected for centuries to the operation of the freest, the most actual, and the most complicated social system ever known to the world. Several historians, he remarks, have from a brief analysis of the British Constitution composed to their satisfaction a systematic and harmonious whole, an ideal picture of what might have been had the English nation been something other than itself. Others again, "and especially English publicists and jurists," have presented the most re-

markable laws and institutions, of which the philosophic mind most imperiously demands an explanation, as simple facts so eternally natural as to require no comment.

Curiously enough it is a foreigner, Montesquieu, who first brought together for philosophic examination the fundamental institutions and characteristics of England, things which in their confusion, inconsistency, and intensity may be relied upon to elude the understanding of all but the closest and widest observation, native or foreign. Montesquieu (as any one may see who will turn to the heading of "Anglais" in the index to the *Esprit des Lois*) resolved at least to his own satisfaction every problem which England has ever suggested, from our passion for liberty to our more ephemeral fancy for suicide.

The history of a free country, De Staël reminds us, must always be a more difficult study than that of one subjected to despotic government. The reason is clear: liberty is the life of society; and life, unrestrained, individual activity, means, human nature being what it is, the production of an immense variety of tastes and employments, of interlacing interests, of secret and subtle influences and indistinguishable ties, which, though harmonious in their working as simplicity itself, must inevitably appear a mass of complications to the external view of the historian. To such complications, or (in the words of our text) "to the infinite variety of actual nature the government [of such a people] must accommodate itself." And this is effected not so much by a change in the form of institutions as in the spirit that animates them. Hence the constant difficulty for the continental critic of Great Britain.

De Staël supposes the case of an unprejudiced foreign theorist confronted with some of the most notorious external facts concerning this country,—the immense wealth of the aristocracy, the small number of landowners, the system of entails,

the custom of primogeniture and so forth, and asks what he would infer. The answer to which question the reader can imagine. "Theoretically there would be nothing absurd," continues our author, "in such an inference; but what do facts teach us? Simply that 'in no country of Europe is there so little difference between the physical enjoyments of the various classes, and that the constant increase of every kind of manufacture tends daily to diminish such inequalities as exist.' It would be idle to deny that in England 'civilisation is more advanced, information more widely diffused, the science of government better understood, and all the movements of the social machine smoother and more effective in their working than elsewhere.'" Indeed, if this were not so, he observes, if the student of past history could not have presumed it, political history would not be worth our study; and the fact that such results are coupled with what to the continental critic appear such astonishing anomalies is precisely the enigma to which an answer can only be found in the study of the English nature and character.

Every nation, it may be admitted, has its own ideal to pursue and cannot excuse itself for a dilatoriness in working out its own salvation by the plea that it has, perhaps starting with vastly superior advantages, advanced further than any other given nationality. That Great Britain enjoys peculiar advantages both in the matter of its mixture of races and its geographical position is notorious, and how much of our success is due to them, whether a balance of the accounts would leave any substantial credit to the English people of to-day, is what no statistician can estimate. But comparisons with other nations are not odious when instructive, and they seem to represent all the instruction we are likely to get. Nothing perhaps but the fact that France has been our one compeer and companion through the history of

modern Europe, and our near geographical neighbour, would ever have suggested a comparison which is seldom anything but a glaring contrast. Yet so great is the force of a somewhat similar, because contemporary, environment that a comparison with France is naturally expected to throw more light than any other upon our progress and present position.

Madame de Staël had already remarked that since the Revolution of 1688 no continental nation could compare with England, which in social and political development had from that date first clearly showed that it had something like a hundred and fifty years' start of the Continent. Applied more particularly to the case of France the parallel is thus sketched by De Staël himself.

Our Magna Charta dates from 1215. In 1356 (one hundred and forty-one years later) the French States-General take advantage of the captivity of John the Second to exact substantial pledges in return for the subsidy granted to his son. After the Wars of the Roses we find the English nobility exhausted and cut down, a state of things utilised by the Seventh and Eighth Henries for establishing despotism by favouring the growth of the Commons. One hundred and fifty years later the combined effect of the Wars of the League and the policy of Richelieu accomplished a similar result on a more extended scale. The great age of Elizabeth, again, offers a striking analogy to that of Louis the Fourteenth. In each case the grandeur of the monarchy ("undeniably more real in the case of Elizabeth"), victories abroad, the splendours of the court and of a brilliant literature console the nation for the absence of liberty. And one hundred and fifty years separate the Elizabethan Age from that of the Great Monarch. Upon this point an obvious reflection suggests itself, that the greater reality which De Staël notes in the Tudor

Monarchy lay in the fundamental harmony of both Elizabeth and her Parliament with the circumstances and needs of the nation, that the constitutional strength of an apparently enslaved people was, as it were by consent, deposited in a dynasty which took a peculiarly personal part in the emancipation from the tyranny of the Church of Rome and in the solidification of the position of modern England. In France, on the other hand, the ideals grasped by the practical mind of Henry the Fourth having perished with him, the coming of "grand" monarchy meant something widely different in fact, although in form most of the phenomena of English progress are shadowed or paralleled. In truth, with the seventeenth century both literature and politics (if we may borrow an expression applied by Matthew Arnold to Puritanism) entered into the prison of *unreality*, and the key was turned upon them for something like a century and a half, with wide and disastrous consequences. It is a Frenchman who says that the whole literature of the grand epoch was but a tiresome chorus in praise of royalty, a very pardonable exaggeration; and as to politics, it is Ranke who observes, in the preface to his *English History*, that, "The most general difference between the English and the French policy of the last centuries would seem to lie in this, that in France the splendour of external grandeur, in England the orderly adjustment of internal relations was the object most at heart."

Clearly therefore the element of reality (and De Staël uses the expression more than once) is one that invites analysis.

But to pursue the historical parallel. In 1640 the Long Parliament begins the popular struggle against Charles the First. One hundred and forty-nine years later the States-General assemble at Versailles. There are coincidences more nearly contemporary which could not deceive the most superficial student. The pathetic

complaint of the deputies of the Tiers Etat in 1615 was not seconded by the nation, and was no more to be compared to 1789 than the Parisian Parliament of the Fronde to the English House of Commons of the Great Rebellion. The two latter phenomena present the most striking of contrasts in the matter of reality. The Fronde marks the last opposition of the French nobility to the Crown; after that date they became, in the words of Dyer, the mere satellites of the Court. One hundred and forty-four years, again, separate the execution of Charles the First from that of Louis the Sixteenth, and finally the restoration of Charles the Second precedes that of the Bourbons by little more than one hundred and fifty years. Moreover in the history of the two national developments, especially of the two revolutions, a variety of lesser parallels strike one both in the sequence of events and the progress of ideas, in regard to which it must be remembered that the first in time had often considerable influence in the production of the later, the English revolution having been constantly present to the mind of the French revolutionary, and so forth.

De Staël does not press the analogy too closely. It would be a mistake, he reminds us, to infer that, if France was so far behind England in the race of political development, she was therefore behind her in civilisation, the contrary being notoriously the case. But in England (the theory will be found elaborated in Guizot's *History of Civilisation*) affairs marched in a somewhat different manner from that of the Continent. Most of all European civilisations the English marched "abreast," so to speak, "of constitutional Liberty," and was to a greater extent the immediate result of the progress of the latter. In France, on the other hand, the development of individual and social life preceded and was independent of political progress. And whereas in England more than anywhere else

the various forces of aristocracy, democracy, monarchy, centralisation, local government, moral and political development have been observed to advance in strength and importance side by side, in France one particular principle has to a vastly greater extent had play at one particular time. Feudalism, royalty, democracy, have all had (or are having) their day of power in both countries, but in France their sway was and is far more absolute and untrammelled. The very names of the things indicate something much more violent to a French ear than they do to our own.

This comparative irregularity of national progress one recognises as a drawback to the practical success of a State, though it may be favourably regarded as creditable to the individuals composing it. Among the French, for example, are to be found more natures endowed with the faculty of generalising on philosophic principles, more natural vivacity and aptitude for acquiring new ideas than is characteristic of the Briton. In England what strikes the foreigner (and Emerson, it may be observed, makes a similar observation) is our "intellectual homogeneity." Now the intellectual homogeneity of a nation must mean, from the educated point of view, a somewhat cramped intellectual view on the part of its politicians. Accordingly De Staël notes in certain discussions which he had attended on the admission of Catholics to the House of Peers, and the Reform of the Marriage Laws, (and indeed any debate might have served him), a singular absence of the most obvious theoretical considerations. Of the former one might have expected, he writes, that it would have concerned itself mainly with the general principles of tolerance: "Not a whit! No one seemed even to think of them; every speech turned only on what would be best for England."

A curious passage from Bacon's *Novum Organum* (I. 104) might, he suggests, be the intellectual motto

of England. "*Axiomata infima non multum ab experientia nuda discrepant; suprema vero illa et generalissima (quae habentur) notionalia sunt et abstracta, et nil habent solidi. At media sunt axiomata illa vera, et solida et viva, in quibus humanae res et fortunae sitae sunt.*" (For the lowest axioms differ but slightly from bare experience, while the highest and most general, which we now have, are notional and abstract and without solidity. But the middle are the true and solid and living axioms, on which depend the affairs and fortunes of men)." The French genius on the other hand dwells rather in the region of the *axiomata abstracta et generalia*. When the Baron de Staël one day read some particularly philosophical pamphlets to Sir James Mackintosh and asked what he thought of them, the Englishman replied that it was all very clever, but that in our country "we take all that for granted." Surely this was a most significant criticism. The French publicist and politician, according to De Staël, is too often like a ship-master who is obliged to have recourse to the very elements of trigonometry and physics before taking his bearings. And his courageous rhetorical familiarity with the *axiomata suprema et generalissima* is accompanied by a proportionate timidity in their application. The theorists may individually be men of genius, but the whole atmosphere of their activity is so uncertain. There is not enough actual contact of mind with mind, not enough criticism by a free press to accustom people to live "in the midst of their fellow-creatures."

In fine, no amount of genius makes up for the absence of the habit of character acquired in a free country. Hence the philosophic idealism of French publicists came to be too detached from the ordinary practical wisdom of average people, a result beautiful indeed in itself, but not found conducive to progress in a

workday world. "In France," we are told, "before the Revolution publicists discussed the very question whether there were or were not such things as fundamental laws. But all agreed that those which had not fallen into disuse [this idea of a fundamental law ceasing to be respected is delightful!] were no longer worth preserving. Thenceforward philosophers naturally plunged headlong into Utopia, while Frondeur spirits continued in a facetious manner to blacken not only such abuses as were justly reprobable, but even the habits and ideas from which they had the greatest difficulty in withdrawing themselves." An open contempt was expressed for England as a country where it was still necessary to reckon with opposing interests (*ménager les forces résistantes*) and so on; but when it came to practical reconstruction, there, as has been said, the theorists exhibited an extraordinary timidity. One may here remark that the falsity exhibited by Utopian theorists when condemning as useless and pernicious ideas and institutions in which they knew both themselves and society to be indissolubly involved, was perhaps the greatest danger of French idealism.

The Abbé de Sièyes, in his lucid and original pamphlet (*Qu'est ce que le Tiers Etat? &c.*) clearly lays down the duty of the philosopher to map out the path of progress to the very end, leaving the practical reformer to follow with what speed he may. This, like so many French suggestions, presupposes an ideal state of things, perfectly logical theorists, for instance, and a world of reasonable men and women. How can the philosopher be sure that he clearly sees his way into Utopia, and is not preaching a delusive and visionary heresy? The answer of history is that he is not sure, and that the Utopian has indulged the pleasure of satisfying a philosophic instinct at the expense of practical attention to facts. Hence we understand from

De Staël that in England, where immediate needs are the only concern, and where, if a reform has to be accomplished, no more pure theory is taken in than is just necessary to render soluble existing materials, "intellectual conquests, when attained, are far more real," though seldom exhibiting the complete picturesqueness of the *axiomata suprema et generalia* arrived at in the air by the idealists whose lucubrations teem alike with what it is unnecessary to say and what it is impossible to prove.

One moral at least (which should be useful to us now) may be drawn from this impartial Frenchman's reflections; many of our institutions can be demonstrated on paper to be more or less intrinsically bad, but when you come to look into the working of them you find it in the circumstances better than anything else which can be readily suggested. Therefore no reformer or theorist should be listened to who has not mastered the *working of things*. For after all, to have one quite perfect institution (as it might have been drafted by a French Utopian before the Revolution) while others remained as they are, would be probably as injurious as the patch of new cloth upon the old garment. A gradual and proportioned method of improvements is as important as the clearest conception of the ideal.

The privilege of primogeniture De Staël could not regard as a desirable thing. He could not think with admiring Englishmen of an older day that it was one of the great causes of England's prosperity, but he does not make the absurd mistake of supposing it or its various expressions to be the result of law. He sees it to be a national instinct; the accentuation of a strong feeling for heredity, a feeling prevalent wherever the family attains any degree of mark, and most noticeable in the aristocracy only because they represent the most successful families. The Baron, like

every Frenchman, condemns the instinct as unsocial, despotic. Englishmen told him that it kept up the *esprit de famille*. He replied that that might be so, but there was something better than the said *esprit*, and that was the *amour de famille*. Undoubtedly this is a home-thrust at a system which makes arbitrary distinctions among children and tends to perpetuate great accumulations of power.

So much for the bad side of primogeniture, which with many exaggerations and amplifications has been so frequently expounded of late to our working classes by the supposed friends and counsellors of democracy; let us turn now to the good side. One of the first results of the custom (and one frequently unnoticed) is a great increase in the numbers of the upper classes; the result of which is that the forces of education are better enabled to hold their own. If it be urged that not even a cultivated aristocracy ought to be trusted with so much power, it may be replied that if society ceases to develop individuals capable of filling independent positions of great responsibility, not only is half the interest and romance of social existence destroyed, but we are less and less likely to find capable administrators for the State, which is, according to the prevalent idea of industrial reformers, to be entrusted with ever great and greater powers over the whole resources of the nation. Under the one system, power, a trifle despotic it may be even in beneficence, but at least independent and afraid of no one, rears its head here and there over the length and breadth of the land. Under the other, the people should be level and alike as a flock of sheep looking humbly and trustfully up to its shepherd, an omniscient and omnipotent (yet surely a necessarily inexperienced) government.

Great fortunes, great houses, great centres of social influence, how many severe reflections upon them may we not hear nowadays! Yet "under the

régime of equal partition," writes De Staël, "the State alone is enriched by the sacrifices of contributors, while no individual acquires a fortune or social standing which allow, when necessary, of his opposing a rampart against the invasions of power, or against aberrations of popular opinion, of protecting the weak, of encouraging the poor but conscientious, who refuse to bow the knee before an unjust command or the caprices of a victorious party. In such circumstances egotism and vanity increase every day the influence of government . . . Among individuals of moderate fortune and little leisure there is no gratuitous devotion to public affairs The majority of citizens become quiet, apathetic . . . or place-hunters. Such a state of society is the very opportunity of a military despot." Since therefore in this imperfect world one cannot have everything, possibly the system of large fortunes and great capitalists may possess unsuspected virtues which we shall do well not to abolish too hastily.

It is curious that the extreme subdivision of property exhibited in France, which twenty years ago alarmed many French economists but seems latterly to have passed its apogee, is also admitted by De Staël (and this was a subject he had made specially his own) to be mainly a matter of sentiment. If in Arthur Young's time the French peasant's was "a poor way of living," a low standard of comfort and civilisation, and remains such at the present day, that is chiefly the result of the curious unreasoning passion known in Ireland as "land-hunger," but which lays little hold of the prosaic and practical Anglo-Saxon nature. English people in moderate circumstances do not want land as a personal possession, but usually as a profitable investment; the necessities of life can generally be bought from other producers, native or foreign. It is probable that a large proportion of tenants would not thank the reformer who offered to put them at the market

price into possession of their holdings. It is theorists in books who so exaggerate the magic of absolute ownership. What the practical farmer wants, beyond security of tenure, is business, not additional title-deeds.

But in France, at least until the last ten or fifteen years (the decrease of population itself has restricted the tendency), subdivision for subdivision's sake was going merrily on in spite of the inevitable waste of labour and depreciation of agriculture; and the price of land continued to rise to such an extent that the position of enormous numbers of peasant proprietors became both painful and ridiculous if not alarming. French agriculture, which now occupies some eight million persons, hardly pretends in our own day to be practically successful. It has periodically to be kept going by such drastic measures of protection as have not been dreamed of in England for half a century. For this, as has been said, a sentiment is mainly responsible, a sentiment very expensive to the rest of the community. The sentiment affecting land in England is, as noted by De Staël and by Montalembert after him, a very different one. It is that which for a century past has diffused wealth and civilisation over the provinces (incidentally also protecting agriculture) by the now familiar invasion of retired merchants.

These are some of the principal topics on which De Staël touches. The chief interest of his reflections seems to the present writer to lie in the fact that so many Radical and Socialistic theorists of our own day are adopting towards certain of our institutions the attitude here attributed to the ordinary and ignorant foreign critic, an attitude to which the form and the theory of a thing seem of more importance than its practical working.

Now almost every English institu-

tion is notoriously wrong in theory, and most can be proved on paper to be dangerous, if not pernicious. If they are not actually so, that is owing to the way in which English people have learned to work them, and the utmost which we have asked of our institutions hitherto is that they should work well. But the prevalent tone of the Radicalism of our day is marked by an exaggerated faith in the perfection of constitutional machinery, and impatient distrust of all but the least educated human nature. Never perhaps have idealists with their glib axioms been more to the fore. Because "all peoples should be self-governed," we are to try the most dangerous of experiments with that part of Great Britain which is least ripe for complete self-government. Because "all religions should be treated with equal respect," we are invited to cripple or destroy a great and historic institution, the author of full half of our national civilisation. Radicalism will be satisfied with no principles less complete, less sweeping. To want to examine them, to adapt them to the rude needs of actual circumstances, is a reactionary heresy. On the other hand, a Frenchman, fresh from an experience of the results of the only perfectly philosophical revolution, reminds us that by abandoning what have been peculiarly English methods of progress,—methods which disregard everything but actual needs and grievances,—by offering to the new and ardent forces of democracy a cheap voyage into Utopia, we should be only throwing away our priceless heritage of freedom, experience, and faith in the individual, for the sake of some assumption of Radical ignorance and impatience, some *axioma supremum et generale* of the demagogue or the political dissenter, *quod nihil habet solidi*.

CHAPTERS FROM SOME UNWRITTEN MEMOIRS.

X.—AT MENNECY.

I HAVE already mentioned my father's tour in America when he went to deliver those lectures which had been so successful in England. Saying good-bye is the price one has to pay even for a prosperous and fortunate expedition. I can still see him as he stood on the platform of the railway-station at Olten, in Belgium, where we parted. He stood by a slender iron column, looking very tall and very sad as he watched the train go off in which we were bound for Switzerland with our grandparents. He himself was returning to England through Germany. He had to correct the proofs of *Esmond* before he left, and to give some more lectures in the provinces, and to wind up things at home.

My grandmother was very miserable and nervous. She had brought him a life-belt for his cabin as a farewell gift, and thoroughly frightened herself by so doing. We were too young to be nervous, but we were very unhappy. Our dear old grandfather did his best to cheer us all, and after we had parted from my father he made out all sorts of pleasant little plans, and ordered various special *compotes* and tartlets at the hotels suited to our youthful appetites. He took us for walks and to visit museums, and he always consulted any fellow travellers and sightseers as to our next movements. Indeed our journeyings greatly depended upon these chance encounters and recommendations. The first night, when we put up at some little inn, the waiter brought us the travellers' book to write our names in; I forget all about the place, but I can see the book and the table spread, and what I do most vividly remember is our despair when, instead of the neat

Mr. Thackeray and family to which we were used, we read the following announcement in our grandfather's handwriting: *Schmid Major, en retraite, avec Madame sa épouse et ses deux Mademoiselles*. My grandmother, sad as she was, began to laugh, and we all entreated our dear old Major to make some changes in the inscription, but he stuck to it, and would not alter a single letter.

We reached Geneva after some days. There at the *poste restante* we found various letters waiting, and news of our father. "As for the arrival at this place [he was writing from Salzburg], it's like entering into fairyland, it is so beautiful; and the Tyrol is delightful too, but not like our Switzerland. And one Swiss cottage is uncommonly like another, and with five or six days of rocks and pine-woods I feel somehow as if I've had enough!" Then a little further on he writes: "Give my love to my dearest mother, and have her to understand that this blew devil of which I complain is only an artistic blew devil, and that he comes always before I get to work, and that there is no other reason. . . . There is bad music here for a wonder at the beer garden; though I amused myself very well there yesterday, opposite a pretty little child of three years, who ate three sausages with her fingers and without any bread, all except a little bit which she gave out of her mouth to her mamma. And I went up a hill to a Capucin convent and saw some of my favourite dirty scoundrels with beards, and the town clinks all over with Austrian sabres."

I never think of Geneva and of those particular days without a curious feeling of terror and emotion. We

were in some tall hotel with windows looking towards the lake, and it was lovely summer weather but it was a dismal time. My dear grandmother sought for sympathy among the people to whom she was naturally drawn, the masters and teachers belonging to the Protestant Church in Geneva. They were interesting and important personages, who inspired me with a curious mixture of respect and discomfort, and to whom my grandmother had brought various introductions from her friends the French Protestant *pasteurs* at Paris.

There was a garden to which she took me, not far from our hotel, with beautiful shady trees and spreading grass. In the garden stood a white chapel, clean, light, bare, decorous, with some black and white marble ornamentations. A woman in a black frilled cap showed us to our seats and there we waited, listening for some time to a clanging bell. Then the service began. Only one or two people came to it, but the place, although to others it might speak of most fervent and passionate emotion, seemed oppressive with chill and silent religion to me. When all was over, my grandmother had some low-voiced conversation with the woman in the black cap, who beckoned to the bell-ringer, and the result of the whispering was that, after a short delay, we were led across the grass and under the trees to a retired part of the garden where in the shade of some bushes sat an old man of very noble aspect, with long white hair falling on his shoulders. He looked to me like some superior being. Indeed, to my excited imagination it seemed as if I was being brought up to the feet of a prophet, to some inspired person who was sitting there in authority and in judgment on all the rest of the world. This old man was M. César Malan, the head of a section of the Calvinist Church in Geneva, whose name was well known and very widely respected. He had built the chapel in his garden. Not a

little to my consternation, after a few words with my grandmother, he immediately, with the utmost kindness, began asking me questions about myself, about my convictions, my religious impressions, my hopes, my future aspirations. He was very kind, but even an angel from heaven would be alarming, suddenly appearing to a girl of fifteen with such a catechism. The more kindly he pressed me, the less able I was to answer. Sometimes I said too much, sometimes I was hopelessly silent, and in the midst of a nervous discussion as to the ultimate fate of Judas (I felt somewhat akin to him myself) the scene ended in my bursting into tears of embarrassment and hopeless confusion. I was consoled on our return to the hotel by my grandfather, who was most sympathetic. "Those, my dear child," he said, "who have studied deeply, who are able to read the Scriptures in the original, are far more likely than you or I to be able to judge correctly upon such important subjects, and we had therefore better leave such things entirely to their decision."

That next winter, which we spent in Paris, we used to attend the classes of a man even better known than César Malan, Adolphe Monod, who remains to me one of the most striking and noble figures I have ever met; his face, his dark eyes, all spoke as well as his eloquent voice, and above all his earnest life and ways. To me he seemed the St. Paul of my own time; and those classes which cost so many tears and which gave rise to so much agitated discussion, are still among the most touching and heart-reaching experiences of my life. I can see the girls' faces now, as they listened to their beloved *pasteur*. Our hearts were in our lessons, as his was in his teaching, undoubtedly; we were all in earnest and ready to follow; only, though I longed to be convinced, I could only admire and love the lesson and the teacher as well. He warned, encouraged, explained in his

earnest gentle voice. "Ah, mes enfants," I can hear him saying, "fuyez, fuyez ce monde!" Fly the world! If ever the world was delightful and full of interest it was then—the daily task, the hour and its incidents eventful and absorbing; if ever our hearts were open to receive, not to reject, it was then. M. Monod himself was no unimportant factor in my world. I once saw Faraday, who reminded me of him. He had come to see my grandmother and I met him on the staircase, but he passed me by, and did not recognize me out of my place in the second row of chairs, nor did I venture to speak to him. I still remember the strange thrill we felt, and which ran in a whisper along the class, when we heard that Henrietta P. had been refused her first communion for going to a ball within a week of the event. She came no more to the meetings. The girls sat in their places on rows of straw chairs, and many of the parents accompanied them. Sometimes in a corner by the window holding up a small Bible, in which he followed the references with attention, there sat an oldish gentleman, who was (so we were told) the great Prime Minister, M. Guizot.

My father did not sail for America till the autumn of that year, but we remained on at Paris with our grandparents. The sun streamed into our apartment all day long, for we had windows looking to every side of the compass. In the spring, when Paris was getting hot, we started for the country, where my grandfather had taken a country house on a lease for two or three years, in a village called Mennecy, near Corbeil. Mennecy was a straggling little village among peat fields, crossed by narrow black streams, or canals, of the colour of the peat. Growing by the banks were long rows of stumpy willow trees, cut year by year for the sake of the osiers which were sold to the basket-makers. Here and there, perhaps at the turn of the stream, some single tree had

been allowed to grow to its natural dimensions, forming a sequestered nook where some of us used to bathe on hot summer days. Two friends of my grandmother's, Laura and Pauline C., were with us most of the time we were living in this *villegiatura*, and Pauline especially loved the water, and used to come home fresh and smiling and pluming herself after her cool divings.

There was an old paved *place* in the centre of the village, leading to a fine old church well served and well frequented, of which the Sunday bells clanged far across the country. We used to see the congregation assembling in cheerful companies, arriving from outlying farms, and greeting each other in the market-place before the Mass began; a congregation with more of talk and animation than with us, with blue smocks and white linen *coiffes* and picturesque country cloaks and *sabots*. We used somewhat ruefully to wish to follow Pauline and Louise (our cross maid-of-all-work) through the swing doors behind which the incense was tossing and the organ rolling out its triumphant fugue. A Roman Catholic service seems something of a high festival, coming round Sunday after Sunday, a rite bringing excitement and adoration along with it. Our own village church-bells also ring out, calling to the peaceful congregations; it is to something not unlike, but with a difference, something more tranquil, more free and more full of individual feeling.

My grandparents' house had once been a hunting-lodge belonging to Henry the Fourth, who loved the neighbourhood and frequented Compiègne long years before the President Louis Napoleon, or the Emperor Napoleon the Third, and his courtiers, and their ladies in hunting-costumes, and with spirited horses and *fanfarons*, all followed the chase. I don't remember ever seeing any of them, but we had a general impression that these hunting companies were about, and any day a gay procession, not un-

like something out of a fairy tale, might come riding past our old gates. They were old creaking gates which had once been green, now gray and weather-stained; our high walls which had once been white, were also green and stained and overgrown by a vine. M. Roche had given us *Jocelyn* to read about a year before, and I used to think of the description of the *curé's* home as I stood in the old courtyard at Mennecy, with its well and its vine-clad walls. There was an old well with a wrought iron top to it and a rope, and there was a vine travelling along the margin and spreading beyond it, along the wrought iron railing, to the pretty old iron gate dividing the courtyard from the old garden at the back, which with its dainty rusty iron scrolls excluded the cocks and hens, that flapped and picketed and strutted all day long in the front court, and roosted at night in the great empty stables opposite our house.

The hunting-lodge before it had become our home had been turned into a farm; the knights and cavaliers had made way for blouses and cow-herds, and the hunters had given up their stalls to heavy cart-horses, though indeed there was room to spare for any number of either. But the farmer died in time and his widow married the milkman, and she let the old place to my grandfather, who had a special purpose in coming to Mennecy.

A flight of stone steps led from the court-yard to the house, just as one sees in Scotland, which looks so like France in places. Our front windows opened on to a garden, and the passages and the sitting-rooms were panelled in some parts. We could walk all round the drawing-room between the panels and the walls; nor was it dark within the wainscot, for there were two little windows at either end to give light to the spiders and the active mice who chiefly frequented this passage. The floors were

all of brick, on which we had laid a carpet, and my grandmother had brought a blue sofa and chairs from Paris, and hired a piano in Corbeil.

"Quel charmant meuble!" our neighbour the Maire used to say when he came in of an evening, bowing politely to the piano and then to us. Polished rosewood! ivory keys! gilt handles! he was genuine in his enthusiastic admiration. To hear him, one would think there had never been such a piano since the world began. It got very much out of tune, but that did not shake our faith in it. We gave parties on the strength of the *charmant meuble*. Piano-company (so we considered ourselves) was not so very common in the neighbourhood. Laura could play (as she still does) to the delight of her listeners; Pauline had a very sweet *mezzo-contralto* voice and used to sing to the piano and to us of summer evenings. M. le Maire was also very fond of singing and of being accompanied. His wife was not musical, but our young ladies were very patient and kind, and used to repeat the more difficult passages over and over again for him, and try not to laugh when he went very much out of tune. My sister and I used to find the panelled passages a convenient retreat occasionally, when a note went very wildly astray; or we could always run out through the French windows into the garden, where the grasshoppers' concert would also strike up of fine summer evenings, and seemed to whistle and spread far, far beyond the corn-fields and the poppy-heads. There was a terrace at the end of the garden where a pavilion stood overlooking the high road from which we could see the regiments as they passed on their way to Corbeil, and the dragoons watering their horses at the little village inn. All along this terrace grew pumpkin plants which we scarcely noticed when we first arrived, although we were full of admiration for the luxuriant vines hanging from all the walls, and of which one charming tunnelled avenue

ran right across a corner of the garden. Pauline and I used to sit there that summer time under the green shadows, making believe to learn Italian with Goldoni and a dictionary. That is to say, I was making believe; she not only learned the language, but married a Milanese gentleman in after years. Only the other day, as we sat entranced by Madame Dusé's gracious inspirations, I seemed for the first time to enter into the real spirit of those bygone and almost forgotten studies. Goldoni suddenly came to life again, and I thought of the old green vine avenue, and the books I had been bored by as a girl began to speak to me for the first time. As the autumn went on myriads of wasps appeared; the grapes swelled and turned to golden sweetness; we used to go into the garden with hunches of bread, and gather our own breakfasts and luncheons growing on the walls. Along with the grapes came the pumpkins, and they also grew. Cinderella's were nothing to them; the huge balls came swelling and rolling down upon us, colouring and rising in every direction. We got frightened at last, it seemed wicked to waste them; we boiled them, we passed them through sieves, we steeped them in milk by the Maire's advice. At the end of three or four days we absolutely loathed them. The pigs of the neighbourhood, already satiated with pumpkin, refused to touch them any more. On the fifth day a neighbour sent us in a great basketful as a present. We were literally bombarded with pumpkins that year, but let us hope it was a specially good year for fruit.

I said that my grandfather had a special purpose in view when he brought us to Mennecy. Our dear Colonel Newcome had a fancy that he could rehabilitate the family fortunes by establishing a manufactory for peat fuel which was to be made by the help of an ingenious machine. It had been invented by an old friend, who had sold him the patent for a certain sum

and as a special favour. This same friend, who seems to have been ingenious, though an expensive acquaintance, had also invented a wooden horse which was to supersede the usual living quadrupeds. It had the great advantage of only eating coal and coke, but I believe it was found all the same to be much more expensive than the real animal, and far less intelligent. I remember seeing the ingeniously carved hoofs of the wooden horse standing on the piano, with a drawing for his cast iron inside. I was only once shown the peat-machine; it looked something like a stove and used to be poked by an old woman, while a little boy with a barrow brought up the peat which was then and there turned into black cakes. We never made our fortunes out of the peat, but we burnt a great stack of it which glowed bright and clear and lasted through several winters, and I believe the whole thing was finally handed over to an experimentalist on the spot, who may still be there for all I know. He was a short and swarthy man who used to come and bargain in the dining-room at enormous length.

As my grandparents had spent several summers at Mennecy they had made acquaintance with the two or three neighbours, and with the family at the *château*. We used to pass the *château* when we walked along the high road which was divided from the park by a wall. Here and there were iron gates through which we could see into the shady avenues of poplar trees and nut trees, and in one place, where an old bridge crossed a stream, we caught sight of the old white house with its shutters and chimneys and high slated roof. There had been another, a finer one, before this, we were told, standing in a different corner of the same park. A fine old gateway still remained with its heraldic carvings and mementoes of the past, but the road had travelled on elsewhere and no longer passed under it, as it did once long ago when the King's hunt used to come along the

avenue which now led from nothing to nowhere. There is a description of this very place in a book which a good friend, whom I have never seen, has lately written, in Lucien Perey's delightful Memoirs concerning President Hénault and Madame Du Deffand: "The first *château* belonged to the early days of Louis XV., and was inhabited by the great Maréchal de Villeroi," says the book. "Remy Hénault had a pretty country house at Etioles [Etioles comes back to me with its willow trees and dark amber canals]; it was the house that Madame de Pompadour afterwards lived in. Hénault used to spend part of the year there, and as his son was fond of sport he bought for him from the Maréchal de Villeroi a rangership and the place of Governor of Corbeil. The old Maréchal took a fancy to young Hénault and used to keep him to stay at the *château* and also at his little house at Soisy near Etioles. As ranger of the district Hénault often received the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Duke of Berry, who used to come with a small suite to Villeneuve-Saint-Georges. The Dauphin used to hunt wolves, accompanied by the ranger; the young princes only shot pheasants. It is curious nowadays to think of people hunting wolves at Villeneuve-Saint-Georges," continues Lucien Perey, still conjuring up my past for me, and then he gives a note, saying: "The remains of the Château de Villeroi still exist on the right hand of the road from Corbeil to Mennecy, a road which is always called in the country 'La route de Villeroi.'" And this was the road along which we used to straggle of summer evenings.

The people who were living at the *château* when we lived at Mennecy (the first *château* I believe was burned down during the first Revolution), were retired manufacturers who had given up business and who now dwelt at ease and in dignity, sheltered by the high slated roofs and chimneys of the old place. My grandparents had

been introduced to the family by our friend the Maire, and when we all went up to call with him one day, the younger members of the party were not without hopes of finding some companions there, for we had seen a girl of about our own age, who was, so the Maire told us, an heiress and the only daughter of the house. As we walked up through the park we met the gardener, who left his work to escort us to the front door, calling loudly to a maid who sat darning stockings in the marble hall. She in turn put down her work and disappeared through a tall carved doorway, returning almost immediately to ask us to go in. We found ourselves in a big drawing-room with polished floors, and with many tall windows opening to the garden; some of them were shuttered and curtained, and the room was rather dark. In it sat, in a semi-circle with chairs ready placed, the stout mother, the burly father, and the broad-shouldered heiress in her plaid frock. They received us very coldly, looking at us with curiosity and aloofness as if we had been specimens of some strange unknown race. I thought the gardener and the sewing-maid also stared at us, when they returned, almost immediately, with trays of refreshment,—biscuits and glasses of beer which were handed round already poured out. I do not know if this was a custom peculiar to the neighbourhood, or only to this particular family. The young lady seemed surprised that we should refuse. "What, English, and you do not take beer?" she said, placing her tumbler between her knees. Between her draughts she then went on to ask us many questions about that strange country to which we belonged, about our outlandish ways and singular habits. It was a very different catechism from M. Malan's. "Did we ever go to church at all?" "Did we ever say any prayers?" "Did not heretics fast every Sunday instead of making it a fête-day?" "Had we ever heard of the Virgin Mary (surprise ex-

pressed) and the saints (more surprise)?" Our friend the Maire saw with pain that we young ladies were not getting on, and tried to bring the conversation round to other more congenial topics than those fundamental differences for which we should all have burned one another a century before; he therefore introduced the piano by way of a diversion, the *charmant meuble* from Corbeil, and I could see that we slightly rose in our host's estimation, but I came away all the same very much put out. It is disagreeable to be both damned in the future and looked down upon in the present, as one belonging to an ignorant and barbarous race. I felt as if all the Catholic saints in Paradise, certainly all the French ones, were shrugging their shoulders at us when we came away, and I spoke quite crossly to M. le Maire when he asked me what I thought of the *château*.

There used to be an odd stout figure walking about Mennecy in a workman's blouse and loose trousers, and with a cropped head of black hair and an old casquette. We were told that it was a woman; and a wholly supposititious impression once arose in my mind long after that it might have been George Sand herself. I passed quite close by on one occasion, when the mysterious personage looked round and then turned away, and I thrilled from head to foot. How odd those mysterious moments are when nothing seems to be happening, but which nevertheless go on all the rest of one's life. I saw a face stolid and sad, giving me an impression of pain and long endurance which comes back still. It seemed to be a woman's face, flabby and tanned, not old. There was no gaiety in it, no adventure in the eyes; but expiation, endurance, defiance, I know not what tragedy was expressed by that thick-set downcast figure. I have now, alas, no doubt that it was not George Sand. I had not read any of her books then, but we had many things to read besides in the old gar-

den. There were various books my father had given us and told us to read during his absence, Macaulay's Essays among them; and there was *Pendennis*, which I had brought away from home, and which has always seemed to me more like hearing him talk than any other of his books; and above all there were his letters which came from time to time. He was giving lectures at Manchester and elsewhere before sailing for America, and there is one of his letters folded in three and addressed on the back to my sister at Mennecy, Seine-et-Oise. "You see here is the stuck-up hand as you like it best. . . . I have not a great deal to say in the stuck-up hand. Kensington is so gloomy that I can't stand it. . . . How dismal it must be for poor Eliza [Eliza was the housekeeper] who has no friends to go to, who must stop in the kitchen all day. As I think of her I feel inclined to go back and sit in the kitchen with Eliza, but I dare say I shouldn't amuse her much, and after she had told me about the cat and how her father was, we should have nothing more to say to one another. Last week I was away at Manchester, when I broke down in a speech before 3,000 ladies and gentlemen. I felt very foolish, but I tried again at night and did better, and as there is nothing more wicked in breaking down in a speech than in slipping on a bit of orange-peel and breaking one's nose, why I got up again, and made another speech at night without breaking down. It's all custom, and most people can no more do it than they can play the piano without learning. I hope you and —— are learning hard to play me to sleep when I come back from America. I believe I am going to Birmingham next week with the lectures, and then to Manchester, and then,——Steward, bring me a basin!"

Many years afterwards, when I was married, the good and beautiful Lady Pease gave us the great pleasure of meeting Mr. John Bright at dinner at her house. I sat next Mr. Bright,

and he began speaking to me of my father, and of this very time. "I remember," he said, "taking him to a meeting at Manchester, just before he went to America with his lectures. He broke down, and he was very much annoyed, and he said to me: 'Who will ever come and hear me lecture if I break down like this before such a number of people?' And I said to him: 'Never you mind; very few people don't break down at one time or another. You come along with me this evening; I'm going to another meeting; I'm not going to speak to fine fal-lal folks, but to a set of good, honest working men, and you must try again.' And he spoke," said Mr. Bright in his downright way, "and I never heard a better speech in all my life; it was a capital speech, and they were all delighted with him." And then and there Mr. Bright told me another little anecdote of my father, whom he had met a short while before his death at the Reform Club. He said that as he was passing through the hall, he met him standing in his way and he stepped back, took off his hat, and stood with it in his outstretched hand. "What is that for?" said Mr. Bright. "Why do you hold your hat like that?" "Because I see the most consistent politician I know going by," said my father, "and I take off my hat to him."

Then my father sailed for America, and people were very kind to us, and wrote to us with news of him. *Esmond* came for my grandmother, and a box which we received at Paris puzzled us very much, and delighted us no less than it puzzled us. It contained a magnificent iced cake, anonymously and carefully packed with strips of many-coloured paper. It was not my

father who had sent it, as we imagined, nor was it till long afterwards that we discovered that the sender was Mrs. Procter. Many things are remembered of her, but how many kind deeds there have been of hers without a name to them!

Once the letters began to arrive from America we were all much happier, for we seemed in touch with him once more, and to know what was happening. He was fairly well and in good spirits, and making friends and making money. I remember his writing home on one occasion and asking us to send him out a couple of new stomachs, so hospitable were his friends over the water, so numerous the dinners and suppers to which he was invited. When the long summer and winter were over and the still longer spring, suddenly one day we heard that he was coming back much sooner than he expected. I believe he saw a steamer starting for home and could stand it no longer, and then and there came off.

I can still remember sitting with my grandparents, expecting his return. My sister and I sat on the red sofa in the little study, and shortly before the time we had calculated that he might arrive came a little ring at the front-door bell. My grandmother broke down; my sister and I rushed to the front-door, only we were so afraid that it might not be he that we did not dare to open it, and there we stood until a second and much louder ringing brought us to our senses. "Why didn't you open the door?" said my father stepping in, looking well, broad, and upright, laughing. In a moment he had never been away at all.

ANNE RITCHIE.

AT STRATFORD FESTIVAL.

APRIL 23RD.

And he is gathered to the kings of thought
 Who waged contention with their times' decay,
 And of the past are all that cannot pass away.
Shelley's *Idonais*.

THE ripple laps along the churchyard wall
 Where Avon's sleep is for a moment stirred
 By light oars passing downward to the mill;
 A moment's noisier conference is heard
 Amongst the cawing colonies that fill
 The immemorial
 Dream of the elms with discord musical;
 Anon each circling pinion finds a rest
 Above some twittering nest,
 And all things to the former stillness fall:

Stillness which yet some gentle outrage knew
 From passing trumpet of the year's first bees,
 Heralds of summer on this sunlit morn,
 And, floating faintly hither with the breeze,
 Echoes that tell no common day is born.
 Ere dawn her curtains drew
 Clashed out o'er river and town the summons flew;
 And Nature, conscious of the rare event,
 To grace her darling lent
 Flame to the light and sparkle to the dew.

Night after night, this week of all the year,
 Poet! the listening theatre has paid
 Rapt homage to thine old immortal line;
 Through elfin haunts with Helena has strayed,
 Followed the crafty rhetoric's design
 And felt the Forum veer,
 Confessed what magic made Cesario dear,
 And greeting Timon,¹ summoned from his grave
 Beside the bitter wave,
 Shook with applause tumultuous!—did'st thou hear?

¹ *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Twelfth Night*, and *Timon of Athens* were performed by Mr. Benson's Company at the Festival of 1892. *Timon* had not been played since 1856, when Mr. Phelps produced it at Sadler's Wells.

Vain thought! To-day a thousand bosoms swell
 To each impassioned outburst that was thine;
 The warm drops quiver in a thousand eyes
 Responsive to each sacrifice divine;
 Familiar we unfold thy mysteries;
 —Yes, every girl can spell
 The brooding Prince, and thy dark riddle tell!
 But thou our grateful raptures can'st not hear,
 Careless of smile or tear
 Sleeping the dreamless sleep where all is well.

Or if indeed thy spirit is mighty yet,
 If sleep may not oppress that lucid eye,
 Nor Orcus quench that torch, thy mind, which flung
 Such radiance o'er our waste obscurity—
 Yet not for Earth thine energies are strung;
 Wholly thou dost forget
 Her narrower tasks; nor all our fond regret
 Can guess what happy realms thy hest obey,
 What senates hail the ray
 That touched our days to glory, and is set.

Our homage moves thee not; and love bemoans,
 Helpless, the untimely loss of many a trace
 That might have set thee clearer in our ken:
 Thy fortunes, failings, friends, thy very face
 Uncertain; and the limits of thy pen
 A doubt! But naught atones
One sacrilege, which yet this virtue owns—
 But for a churl's mad folly we had ne'er
 Witnessed the touching care
 That hallows yet those few poor mouldering stones.¹

Ay, now indifference is counted shame.
 The idler's glance, the scholar's zest, explores
 The dusty records of a day forgot;
 The pilgrim thousands flock from other shores;
 The nation's self must guard the village cot
 Where thy young footsteps came.²
 What needed it, when thought is but a flame
 From thee replenished, England's history-roll
 Thy monumental scroll,
 Each generous heart the temple of thy fame!

Yet, *'tis well done*, abides in many a breast
 Borne to this still backwater from the strain
 Of o'erwrought feeling and exhausted powers

¹ The scanty remains of the foundations of New Place, discovered in 1862. Shakespeare's house, rebuilt on slightly different lines by Sir John Clopton (1700–2), passed in 1756 to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, who outraged the national feeling by cutting down the mulberry-tree planted by the poet, and still more by razing the house to the ground in 1758, because it had been too highly assessed.

² Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery was purchased for the nation, at a cost of £3,000, by the Trustees of the Birthplace in April, 1892.

In Life's great river rushing past amain,
A perfume from these consecrated hours.
Remembering hearts attest
Where fell the gracious benison of rest;
What time of haunts wholly devote to thee
They proved the sanctity,
And drank an influence ne'er to be expressed.

Thy throne is set beyond the change of Fate,
Even 'mid the roar of this material time,
—Traffic's rough speech, Toil's ever-deepening groan—
When poets sigh for their neglected rhyme,
And something we degenerate from the tone
That speaks a people great;
Yet never at such riches did we rate
This thy bequest, nor in thy clear well steep
Our weary sense so deep,
Filled of that fountain, yet insatiate.

For now the tale of all our summer's told!
The Muses' garden straggles into seed;
The sad cloud settles on the mountain-height;
The silly flocks on coarser herbage feed;
The forests-glens are emptied of delight
And doff their vest of gold;
Far from untender blasts and chidings bold
The last sweet solace of our drearied
To other skies is fled,¹
Our nightingale! and all the years grow cold.

Come, come away! leave all the barren fret
Of aims and creeds, and jars that never cease.
Come! o'er the tideless Adriatic broods
The consecration of an endless peace;
Listening the echoes in Athenian woods,
Where still the dew lies wet,
No heart-ache importunes us to forget;
By Sicily's strait, or in the enchanted Isle,
Life keeps its vernal smile;
'Neath Arden boughs the breeze blows kindly yet.

Not then the harmonies of life were drowned
By the rude discords of our later day;
Faith asked no permit to behold her God,
Nor leaned upon philosophy for stay;
Not on uncertainties the statesman trod;
No minatory sound
Of sullen thunder shook the hollow ground;
Not then were satisfied the claims of place
With so constrained a grace,
Nor faithful service then so rarely found.

¹ Alfred, Lord Tennyson, died October 6th, 1892.

Yet is the picture of no fabled land,
 Where bliss is fatally exempt from ill.
 Sin, sorrow, suffering, commingled here
 In all their sad variety, fulfil
 The storied canvas; not a shape of fear
 In all the grisly band
 But owns allegiance to thy potent wand;
 No crime, no folly that mankind pursues,
 None of Life's countless hues
 Escapes the subtle mastery of thy hand.

Ah, vainly we accuse our heated age,
 And vainly grudge Discovery her prize!
 When Drake and Raleigh sailed the widening globe,
 And Galileo's lenses swept the skies,
 Calmly amid that fever thou didst probe
 Man; thy serener page
 Could deal with common life, and still engage;
 Sane 'mid a rage of physics that ne'er stole
 Thine inquest from the soul,
 Exploring still that noblest heritage.

Ye whose weak Muse each hostile murmur chills,
 Whose pipe grows silent if a care intrude,
 Question that life, if poesy depend
 On leisured ease or Alpine solitude.
 Weigh those loud London years, and, after, wend
 'Mong Stratford fields and hills;
 What time their genius silently instils
 This truth,—no place authenticates the lyre
 Apollo doth not fire,
 No strife untunes the voice that Godhead thrills.

And if this simple scene afford no clue
 To that divine outpouring, yet 'tis dear.
 His impress lingers on it uneffaced,
 And an unwearied fondness year by year
 Returns to haunts imperishably graced.
 Our loving thoughts indue
 Each field and hedgerow with a tenderer hue.
 Here did he pass, perchance! and here, like flowers
 'Mid April sun and showers,
 Perdita, Imogen, Miranda, grew!

Was it not well that London's busy hum,—
 Maelstrom of thought, stern field of striving men,
 Bright heaven of hopes, black Tophet of despairs—
 Should render up her fosterling again;
 That, turning on the last of Fortune's stairs,
 Her favourite should come
 Back with a smile through childhood's haunts to roam,
 And prove that even to Genius' wayward heart
 Nature is more than art,
 More than success the sanctities of home?

Here then the Labourer, whose soil's increase
Is a world's marvel, heard the curfew ring
And rested; leaving, as of small account,
To careless chance the rich sheaves' harvesting.
Nay, was it chance?—that Spirit, whose rushing fount
Swells evermore to bless
The fields of Paradise, provides no less
That man, Time's desert-traveller, shall save
Each precious drop He gave,
Each grain of truth, each pearl of loveliness.

Oh! not for wisdom only,—though the test
Of brooding centuries leaves thee unassailed;
Nor yet for fancy,—though the hues of Heaven
Might vie with thine and show them hardly paled—
Is so much granted thee, so much forgiven;
But, for the world's unrest
Spared the still chamber of an holier guest,
Left thy soul's truth unclouded,—here we set
The illimitable debt
Ages have felt, but never half expressed.

Still age by age may heavy-footed care
Shake off its weariness a little while,
And gravity and learning age by age
Relax their solemn features to a smile;
To the dear record of this charmed page
Love's votary shall repair
While youth is sweet and maid to man seems fair;
And age by age shall one impassioned scroll
Acquaint the struggling soul
With death whose very grandeur slays despair.

Well for the fame no envious years invade;
And well for us that, o'er the centuries' lapse,
One fair world blossoms, a perpetual spring,
Though here hope wither to a dim perhaps.
Well for our English hearts if, entering
Within yon sacred shade,
We mark, not all unmoved, where he is laid,
Who once did hold, as steward, the golden keys
That keep God's treasures,
And passed to the great Audit unafraid.

R. WARWICK BOND.

THE OLD COLLEGE AT GLASGOW.

THE Scottish universities are so different from the English, that English readers at least may not be uninterested in a slight picture of one of them, or a part of one of them, as it presented itself some forty years ago. Changes may have taken place since then in many respects; these do not here concern us. We wish to recall Glasgow College and its ways, when its migration from the High Street and the neighbourhood of the Saltmarket was only beginning to be mooted, just as it impressed a boy of thirteen years of age in the early Fifties, who was for two sessions a member of one or two of the classical classes.

The Junior Humanity Class met at half-past seven in the morning. The class-room was filled to the brim, and there was probably accommodation for over a hundred students; but the Latin professor at that time was the distinguished scholar and admirable teacher, William Ramsay, and he was highly appreciated. It was a picturesque sight enough to see us all flocking through the streets in the winter twilight, and yet more, perhaps, in the bright spring mornings, with our long red cloaks, well brushed and neat, manfully thrown over our shoulders, like so many John Gilpins, only a-foot. The university gown at Glasgow, it should be said, is of scarlet cloth. We were a strangely mixed and various multitude, not only in regard to age, but to social station and culture. We were of all sorts and conditions of men, to use a phrase of the prayer-book, which appears to be now commonly thought to be the invention of a popular novelist. We were a truly and thoroughly national gathering. We were some of us very poor, and some

of us very rich; some of us very shabbily dressed, and some attired in the height or the depth of the fashion; some few, it is to be feared, not over well fed, who might for their lean and hungry looks have passed creditably for conspirators, and some from houses where "it snewed of mete and drinke." It was a fact that many men were with wonderful self-denial and endurance supporting themselves during the six months of the session on what in one way or another they had been able to earn during the six months of the vacation. It was said that some Highlanders came down from their mountains with bags of oatmeal on their backs, and lived mainly on this food through their academic career. *Tenui Musam meditamur avena*, to borrow Sydney Smith's quotation. We well remember once in the holidays going into a cigar-shop with an adult friend much given to smoking, and who should be standing behind the counter actually "serving tables," but a young man side by side with whom we had not long before studied the *Aulularia* of Plautus. Nor was there a shadow of false shame about him; we shook hands heartily, and hoped we should soon meet again in the courts of our Alma Mater. Some students, it was stated, might be seen in such positions even in the midst of the session, having managed to arrange for an hour or two's absence during the day, and preparing themselves for their class-work late at night or in the small hours of the morning. Their lives were masterpieces of thrift and economy. Yet all their efforts in this direction would have been unavailing had not the college fees been so low. No doubt at Oxford and Cambridge instances somewhat parallel were, and are, to

be found, but certainly not to the same extent. And no doubt at Oxford and Cambridge there is a great commingling of classes, and a blessed thing it is, both for the English universities and for England that it should be so; but yet they could never be compared with Glasgow in respect of heterogeneousness. *Cuncti adsint* expresses the very spirit of the Scottish colleges; and it is an invitation not made impossible to accept through a high rate of expenditure countenanced by the authorities or established by the habits of the undergraduates. The great majority of the students were men who had evidently need to be careful about money matters, who looked on every sixpence with serious thought and grave anxiety, who made as much ado about buying a new coat as if it were an estate. Anything like an expensive club was unknown, we think, or if known, was certainly patronised by very few indeed. Games were then at least (we speak only of the time we know) scarcely at all cultivated. The gladiator and the bargee, that is to say, purely and frankly athletic persons, such as abound at the great southern institutions, were altogether unknown. The notion that a university was founded mainly to encourage boating and cricket and football had never occurred to the Caledonian mind. And so the games were of the most meagre description; they were not elaborately arranged and organised and glorified; indeed they did not receive their proper share of attention. Footballs did appear in the college gardens, in what Scott calls in *Rob Roy* "the College Yard"; but we do not remember seeing or hearing of any matches, internal or external, between the Nations (Clydesdale, Teviotdale, Albany, and Rothesay,) or with other colleges.

What then kept together elements so heterogeneous, and seemingly incoherent? Nothing more nor less than the love of learning, a real appetite for knowledge. This may sound pro-

foundly comical to the average undergraduate of Oxford or Cambridge; but it is the truth, notwithstanding. It is the truth that these Galwegians had for their first object in coming to the university the improvement of their minds, not the development of their bodies, or the idling away two or three years in pleasant or frivolous society. And they worked at their books with a will and an ardour that soon did much to make the rudest of them deserve to be called educated men.

Certainly the difference between Scottish and English public schools in this respect was and probably still is very remarkable, as we can testify from our own experience. At the Scottish school the tone was decidedly in favour of taking pains with one's lessons; at the English school it was getting through with them as quickly as might be; in both cases, of course we have in our mind the average boy. The excitement about the prizes at the Scottish school ran high. There was a gold medal given for Greek at the Glasgow High School; and the competition for this medal was really intense. It was talked of for weeks before and for weeks after; and during the time of the examination all eyes were fixed on the candidates, and followed every turn of the struggle. We have never known at an English school anything like such interest in such a matter; we are pretty sure that the average English youth is much more stirred about the composition of "the eleven" or "the eight," than about all the sixth-form prizes, or even the Balliol or Trinity scholarships.

But it is not so in Scotland; and it was certainly far otherwise at Glasgow. The large classes there might have proved too much for the best disciplinarian to manage, especially if the roughness of the material be considered, but for this genuine thirst for learning that pervaded them with but few exceptions. As we have said, it was not without much effort and

some real sacrifice that most of the students had been provided or were providing themselves with the means of attending the university course; and they were not such fools as to waste the opportunity which they and their friends had striven so hard to secure. They meant real hard work, and in the lecture-room with them you felt they meant it. Of course there was among so many an inevitable proportion of dull men; but their devotion was yet more striking than their dulness. And of course there were many men of brilliant promise, which has since in several cases been worthily fulfilled; but even the brilliant men were not idle, after what is so commonly the manner of their class. On the whole the Glasgow professors, whatever they might have to regret in the way of proficiency or power in their pupils, had surely little cause for accusing them of indifference or inattention.

Neither in Latin nor in Greek was the standard high as compared with English standards. This fact can be illustrated with curious precision from a special case. A certain student had won the second prize on his side (there were two "sides") in the Senior Humanity Class, and also the second in what was called the Private Humanity Class (an extra course), and a prize also in the *Provectiores*, or Middle Greek Class; yet just afterwards on migrating from Glasgow University to an English grammar-school, he was placed, and properly placed, in the upper fourth form. "Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" And it was not till after two half-years at this English school that this Senior Humanity prizeman at a Scottish university was promoted into the sixth form. Could anything more vividly demonstrate the difference in classical standards?

This difference is in some degree to be explained by that very heterogeneity we have already described. It was not possible, however admirable the teaching, to raise to a high level

of classical excellence classes so large, and whose constituents exhibited such very various levels of initial attainment. The classical standard of Scottish schools was certainly far below that of English schools, chiefly because in Scotland boys left school at a much earlier age than in England. And, however this may be, many of the undergraduates at the university had never been members of any good classical school. In fact many of them when they entered knew scarcely any Latin or Greek. They had to begin at the beginning, or very near the beginning. A university, national in the sense in which the Scottish universities are so, and in which the English universities are more so than they were, must be prepared to make some concessions, at least in respect of classical studies, in favour of the average men, to relax somewhat the rigour of its demands and to content itself with a less advanced proficiency to begin with.

But it must be noted that it is only of Latin and Greek studies that we have so far spoken; and it was not in these, whatever be the reason or reasons, that the Scotch schools and colleges most eminently flourished. If on the one hand a prizeman of the Senior Humanity Class found his proper place in the fourth form of an English grammar-school, on the other a youth from an English grammar-school could scarcely have been placed at all in our mathematical and logic classes. We well remember how men who struggled clumsily and ignominiously with an easy passage in Ovid, who looked upon the construction of a nonsense verse as quite a dazzling metrical achievement, who thought the simplest piece of Latin prose a very miracle of learning and of genius, would exhibit wonderful quickness and mastery in the department of geometry and algebra. Simply crossing over from one class-room to another classical pigmies would be transformed into mathematical giants. The ease with which problems were

vanquished struck our young English mind as something supernatural. And to logic and moral philosophy and metaphysics the Scotch student turned with an eagerness that needed no spur, and with real ability. No doubt the microcosm of the College faithfully reflected the macrocosm of the Nation in these respects. We remember once hearing an engine-driver and a stoker discuss the question of free will with quite amazing intelligence and spirit. It was Sunday, and in the evening they were smoking their pipes beneath the open window of the hotel at which we were dining with a friend. At it they went like two schoolmen of the Middle Ages, dividing and subdividing and distinguishing as if to the manner born, or rather being to the manner born. They certainly made the two Cambridge First Classmen who involuntarily formed the audience feel how much they might learn, even in the way of argument and speculation, from a Scotch artisan, and how profound was the difference between the intellectual cultivation and habits of the Scotch nation and their own.

But however the comparative inferiority of the Scotch universities in the classical department is to be accounted for (and we need not say that we by no means here pretend to fully discuss the subject) certainly the classical teaching at Glasgow in the Fifties was admirable. The world is getting to realise more keenly every day what a rare thing good teaching is. It used to be taken for granted that everybody who had knowledge (or indeed who had not) could impart it, and that it was enough for any scholastic candidate to prove that he was a good scholar. We now more and more clearly see that the *genera* are wholly distinct, and that the *genus* teacher is really the smaller and the rarer of the two. Let any one of long and large experience ask himself how many really good teachers he has known in his life out of the enormous number of persons who undertake teaching and who, so far as attain-

ments go, are amply qualified to undertake it. If he has been fortunate, he may perhaps mention some five or six; probably he will not mention so many. But Glasgow was exceptionally blessed in this respect. Professors Ramsay and Lushington, and Mr. W. Y. Sellars, who acted as Professor Ramsay's deputy when the latter's health broke down, and who was afterwards Professor of Humanity at Edinburgh, were all teachers of high excellence, not only most distinguished scholars, but keen, vigorous, stimulating instructors. To be brought into contact with such men was an inestimable benefit. Some clever people nowadays, people to whose views one generally listens with attention and respect, incline to depreciate lectures; they say that books are greatly to be preferred as setting forth a subject more fully and completely and in a more convenient shape. And often enough they say truly. But, after all, the best book cannot awaken and inspire as the best teacher can. It cannot adequately give us the tone and the force and the intensity of a really good lecturer. The virtue which seems to come out of him as we touch the hem of his gown, or sit within the reach of his voice, flows in a fainter current as we peruse some manuscript or turn over pages of print. Professor Ramsay was always on the alert, and kept his class so. His quick eye seemed never off any quarter of his classroom, and his mind never for a moment seemed inactive or negligent. He was understood to have a sting, to be capable, that is to say, of sarcasm on occasion; and such a weapon may not be altogether unnecessary in such circumstances; for to keep well in hand classes so large and so promiscuous was no slight or easy task, however indispensable; and there were rumours that he drew the said weapon sometimes. But we do not ourselves remember seeing him draw it. For most of us it sufficed that he might do so, that at any

moment on just provocation we might be "waved over by that flaming brand." Assuredly if he had a giant's strength (and for our part we cannot entertain any doubts as to his gifts in this direction, or indeed in any other), he did not use it like a giant. Professor Lushington was in many ways a great contrast to Professor Ramsay, though a not less finished scholar (perhaps even a more finished one) and also an admirable teacher. Professor Ramsay produced an impression of quickness and vigour, Professor Lushington of serenity and calm. He is well described in *In Memoriam* (he married one of Tennyson's sisters, not the one who had been betrothed to Arthur Hallam,) as

Full of power ;
As gentle ; liberal-minded, great,
Consistent ; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.

His tongue was much less voluble than that of his eminent colleague. He did much by saying little ; his silences were wonderfully eloquent ; a look spoke volumes. We felt his presence, and in the matter of discipline needed no other reminder. It was as if some Olympian had descended among us, and we were hushed and awe-stricken without even a glimpse of his thunderbolts. But yet he was not unprovided with such missiles ; once or twice, it was said, he had flung one, and reduced to ashes some peculiarly ill-conditioned young man who had vexed him beyond endurance. When such quiet natures are roused, the storm is serious. But we never ourselves beheld such an outbreak, though when we think of his singularly fine scholarship (he seemed to have a special Greek sense), and of the frightful blunders with which we incessantly tortured his sensitive ears, we to this day wonder at his extraordinary self-control and forbearance. He was a striking, a somewhat incongruous figure, with finely-cut features and a keen intellectual look, but somewhat careless in the matter

of costume and with wild unkempt hair, which in the early morning at all events made one think of his brother-in-law's line and surmise that he had been called too early. From one so reticent a glance of kindness or a word of praise was a treasure of value. We can see him now smiling friendlily over a miserable distich, worthy of the days of "infamous and middling Latinity" (so an imperfectly educated youth once translated Du Cange's *infima et media Latinitas*), with which on one occasion a student excused an absence from lecture caused by a scalded foot :

Vulcanus plantam tetigit mihi, docte professor ;
Quare non potui caram contingere classem.

An ordeal that we all had to pass and was much dreaded, being like so many things far more formidable in apprehension than in fact, was the Blackstone examination. The amount, that is the indispensable amount of work, was not considerable. It consisted of a single Latin or a single Greek piece, commonly a book of the Iliad or a speech of Cicero. But the circumstances were sombre and awful. The very name was not devoid of mystery and terror. In reality "sitting on the Blackstone" meant sitting on a dark old-fashioned mahogany chair, severely straight-backed, with arms of which we dare say the exact date and place of manufacture were well known. But the name called up the idea of something primeval and prehistoric. It made one think of Lia Fail or the Stone of Destiny, the stone perhaps that was afterwards at Scone, and is now in Westminster, though some antiquaries believe it is still at Tara ; and of other famous stones connected with ancient rites and customs, as the Tanistry stones Spenser describes, or London stone by striking which with his sword Jack Cade established himself as Lord Mayor, or the King's stone at the town in Surrey called after it. It carried one back into distant

and beclouded ages, and one pictured some savage youth perched on a sable block in front of an archdruid, who might there and then sacrifice him if he did not pass his *viva voce* with credit. Then the room in which the examination was conducted was somewhat dingy and dark; and the candles on a winter's afternoon just made darkness visible; and

darkness visible

Served only to discover sights of woe, or at least sights that were somewhat appalling, the forms of the two classical professors on the other side of the table at which the victim's chair was placed. But for most of us the agony was soon over. Now and then a student would "profess" (the technical phrase was *Docte* or *Doctissime Professor profiteor*, &c.) an immense list of books, and his practice was found to be disappointing. And now and then the professor of even a single book would fail in his humble undertaking. How well we can recall a young man who took up some Cæsar, but could not manage to pronounce Rhodanus properly. He would insist on saying Rhodānus, and all the efforts of his examiners could not make him say otherwise or seemingly understand where his error lay. At last he was dismissed in despair. We wonder if ever his ears were opened, or his tongue ever grew more docile and ready.

Just one other usage, which surprises most people who hear of it for the first time, must be mentioned in these very slight reminiscences; that the prizes were allotted by the votes of the students. The professor's function in this matter was simply to record the votes of his pupils, the pupils themselves following and checking his record. That this curious arrangement may be appreciated, it must be stated that during the session, besides being called on from time to

time to translate whatever text was being read, there was kept up a perpetual fire of questions; and these questions were generally addressed not to an individual but to a bench or row of individuals, and sometimes to the whole class. Through this method the better scholars soon became conspicuous and well known. The best man in each bench soon stood out from his fellows; and when all the benches were appealed to, the best man of the best men soon came to the front. Possibly some shy and bashful natures suffered some disadvantage, at least at first; but the session was half a year long, and very rarely, we fancy, if ever, did ability and knowledge escape notice and admiration for any great part of it. Students are very keen critics, and for the most part very generous critics of students. So to set a student to catch a student, to vary a current proverb, was no bad policy. The entire class formed a sort of jury, which was constantly watching the process of a skilful interrogation, and constantly receiving direction and advice from the approval or disapproval with which the answers offered were received. On the whole we believe the prize-lists that resulted from this local concession of manhood suffrage were not unsatisfactory. Of course they did not please everybody; what prize-list ever did? There were always some crownless ones who were persuaded they ought to have been crowned, and some crowned ones who held their crowns ought to have been bigger. Possibly sometimes an unpopular man might not have full justice done him. But, as a rule, we feel sure the voters did their best to be fair. We do not remember any one voting for himself; though that feat may have been performed, some men being so profoundly convinced of their own superior merits.

A MASTER OF WOODCRAFT.

"It is certain and of good knowledge to all, Sire, that men from all time have betaken them to the study of lofty and occult science: some to philosophy for the contentment of their minds, some to the mechanic arts for to gather them riches. . . . Whereof having well examined and weighed the whole, I find no conclusion save that saying of the great and wise King Solomon: That all things which are under the sun are but idle vanity; for that there is neither science nor art that can lengthen a man's days further than the course of nature permitteth. Wherefore, Sire, methinks that the best knowledge which we can learn (after the fear of God) is to keep us, and each man his neighbour, in cheerfulness by the practice of honourable pastimes; among which I have found none nobler nor more to be commended than the Art of Venery."

Such are the words in which the Sieur Jacques de Fouilloux dedicated his work on Venery to the most Christian King Charles the Ninth of France in the year 1561. Life is vanity and seeking after wind; the thing best worth learning is the art of Venery. This was the conclusion of the whole matter as arrived at by a French country gentleman after thirty or forty years of life in the middle of the sixteenth century. Diets of Augsburg, Leagues of Schmalkalde, Treaties of Passau, the thousand proofs all round him that people just then were seriously at variance as to the means of learning the fear of God,—these seems to have affected him but little. He had by his own statement examined the works of all writers, scientific and philosophic, and had found more comfort in a single book on the chase than in the whole of them. The said

book (we quote from extracts transcribed by de Fouilloux, for we have never succeeded in discovering the original,) was written in the fourteenth century by Gaston the third Count of Foix; and opens with the explicit declaration that the chase is the exercise by which we may best keep clear of the seven deadly sins, nothing being more opposed to idleness and indolence than the exciting life of the sportsman. "Now," proceeds Gaston, "according to our faith, he that shuns the seven deadly sins will be saved. Therefore the good sportsman (*bon veneur*) will have pastime, pleasure, and delight in this world, and, further, paradise in the world to come." Jacques de Fouilloux, taking up this parable, goes so far as to follow the good sportsman actually into heaven itself. "The black St. Hubert's hounds," he writes in his discourse of hounds, "are those whereof the breed has always been preserved by the Abbots of St. Hubert, in honour and memory of the Saint who was fellow-hunter with Saint Eustatius; whence we may conjecture that good sportsmen will with God's grace follow them in paradise." Truly, such doctrine is very full of comfort and most fitting to be placed in the hands of the boy-king, then but eleven years old, who was destined to die at the age of twenty-three, with the blood of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew on his head.

Of Jacques de Fouilloux himself we know little beyond what he has vouchsafed to tell us in a short poem entitled *L'Adolescence*. He was born in the reign of Francis the First, probably about 1520, and lived in the district of Poitou still called La Gastine. His devotion to his beloved Gastine, a country of woods and mountains,

breaks out continually in the course of the poem. Its river is the finest, its women the loveliest, and its attractions generally the most incomparable to be found in the world. Here he lived devoting himself entirely to his hounds and the denizens of the forest that surrounded him; the only variety being an occasional love-episode with some pretty shepherdess. It was the life marked out for him by hereditary predisposition;

Car volontiers nostre genealogie
Les filles aime, armes, et venerie.

With such instincts and such an environment he wrote his book *La Venerie*; which, having been done into English by John Tuberville, or Turberville, in the year 1571, became the parent of all English works on the same subject.

There were two reasons why Jacques de Fouilloux should have written this book. First, because he had something to say, which is more than can be affirmed of all writers on these, or indeed any subjects. Some few years ago an English author of some repute rushed suddenly into print about red-deer and the chase thereof. Richard Jefferies knew nothing whatever about deer, and had never been out stag-hunting in his life; but he dashed down to the West Country, picked the brains of one of the best authorities on the sport, and produced a book which, but for one grotesque blunder, might almost pass as the work of one who knew something about it. He learned a little about deer in order to write a book: de Fouilloux wrote a book because he knew a great deal about deer; and de Fouilloux's work, old as it is, is in consequence worth just twenty of Jefferies.' De Fouilloux's second reason sounds strange enough, coming to us across the gulf of three centuries. Substitute the word "fox" for "stag," and the following passage might have been written yesterday:

In these days I see that a stag is not hunted fairly nor according to his desert;

for men do not give hounds time to do their work; and so there are but two or three that carry the line of scent; the more so that now there are so many men on horseback who know nothing of horn-blowing, hallooing, or riding to hounds. These ride among the hounds, crossing and scattering them so that they can neither run nor hunt; and therefore I say that it is the horses that do the hunting and not the hounds. . . . Huntsmen nowadays take no pleasure in seeing hounds hunt. It is enough for them to see a stag taken and killed, so as to earn their master's good pleasure and make their own profit; and when once a stag is roused they desire nothing but his death: which was not the way of our forefathers.

This lamentable state of things de Fouilloux set himself to correct, having some hope of the rising generation though none of his contemporaries. Accordingly he proceeds to instruct his readers with all seriousness in the details of Venery, down even to the sounds of voice and horn that should be employed. For, in addition to a lively sense of sporting propriety, he evidently possessed an ear for music and some skill in the art. He gives some twenty forms of halloo, setting down both words and musical notation with liturgical solemnity; and ordains that men may add under each rubric such words and sounds as they list. For there are men who have not the voice to compass sounds of Venery so lofty (*hautains*), so that the choice must even be left to the discretion of their lungs. Provided always that lofty and pleasant cries be consecrate to the chase of the stag; and low, rude, and furious cries to the chase of the boar. But in the chase of the stag rude cries are forbid; for to use them would be to "derogate from the dignity of Venery." It may be interesting to English readers to know that the first of the lofty and legitimate cries is our old friend *Tya-hillaud*, generally known as *Tally-ho*.

But we are reversing de Fouilloux's order of proceeding, for he opens with a disquisition on hounds. It is gratifying to our national pride to know

that beyond all doubt the greatest number of breeds of hounds then known in France came originally from England. It fell out thus. After the piteous and lamentable destruction of Troy, Ascanius, son of Æneas and King of the Latins, begat a son Sylvius, who begat in his turn a son Brutus, who dearly loved the chase. Brutus had the misfortune to kill his father by mistake for a deer; a mistake which curiously enough befel a Devonshire deer-poacher at the beginning of this century, though he only wounded instead of killing his father; so he fled back to Troy, where he picked up a number of companions and hounds, and after much wandering landed in the island which was called after him Britain. It is remarkable, to be serious once more, that this belief of the English origin of French hounds was shared by the great German naturalist Conrad Gesner, and is reproduced in an English book of natural history so late as the year 1658. We shall not follow de Fouilloux through his description of the various breeds of hounds. It must suffice to say that he was very clear in his own mind as to the points of a good hound; and evidently quite competent to breed, break, and train them, as well as to dose them when sick. In selecting puppies his experience led him to prefer those with broad and thick ears, and plenty of coarse hair under the belly. He had heard (as which of us has not?) that a black roof to a hound's mouth signified excellence, but gives the opinion for what it is worth. But the point that he and all good sportsmen of his time especially looked to was a good nose; for the first thing required of a hound was that he should not "change," or forsake the line of the hunted beast for that of a fresh one, a quality which in England has long since been sacrificed in favour of speed.

And now we come to de Fouilloux at his best, namely as the naturalist; for, let people say what they may, it

is the touch of the naturalist that makes the true sportsman, the *bon veneur*. He treats of the chase of the stag, the boar, the wolf, the fox, the badger, and the hare; but at very unequal length, for that he rightly judges them to be of unequal merit. To hare-hunting, like a true sportsman, he gives much commendation, for the advantages that it offers in the matter of hound-work pure and simple. Fox-hunting he understood in a very different sense from the modern Englishman. All that he asked for was half-a-dozen men with mattocks and spades, three couple of terriers, two or three bags, and half-a-dozen rugs whereon to lie when listening to the bay of the terriers; and with these he was prepared to proceed, as he says, by mine and countermine to dig up to his fox and take him alive or dead. Ignoble the process sounds to English ears; but it must be remembered that the fox is not, and never has been, a beast of Venery. De Fouilloux's great theme is the chase of the stag, which he puts in the first place as the noblest, the most difficult, the most arduous, and the most scientific.

For stag-hunting, which still survives in one corner, and one corner only, of England, is the sport of all sports which calls to its aid the science of woodcraft. To begin with, though the scent of all red-deer is probably, at starting, very much alike to a hound, yet it is not legitimate to hunt any deer or every deer. In stag-hunting it is necessary first that the animal pursued should be of the male sex. Secondly, he must be of a certain age, which means generally of a certain size, before he is "warrantable," that is to say fit to be hunted according to the rules of the chase; and it is an axiom that where two or more stags are gathered together, the oldest must always be hunted, if possible. With the living creature before him a man can generally judge if a stag be old or young; he can learn that much from his head (horns) and the size of his body. But

deer are shy creatures, very quick of sight, scent, and hearing, not easily approached, and apt to shift their home incontinently if disturbed. There have therefore been accumulated certain signs by which the presence of an old deer (when himself unseen) may be distinguished from that of a young one. Thus, if at the rack, where a deer has entered a covert, the branches broken or scratched by his horns be a long way apart, then the deer has a wide-spread head, which is one sign of age; if many such branches or twigs be broken, then the deer carried a number of points, another sign of age; if such marks are high up, then the deer stands high on his legs, and is a tall deer, and probably an old deer; if in breaking through a thicket he makes a wide passage, then he is a big-bodied deer and an old deer. Again when deer shed the velvet from their new-grown horns, they rub off the strips against a tree, the process being known as "fraying," and the trees selected as "fraying-stocks." The bigger and heavier the deer the longer and the more heavily he will have to fray his head, and the more the tree will suffer in consequence, even, as we have ourselves seen, to the death. A young deer never selects a large tree, so if a large tree bears marks of fraying, there is the sign of an old deer.

All these signs the French in their precise methodical fashion have classified and distinguished by names of their own. To say that the signs themselves are unknown to living Englishmen would be untrue; but the Englishman, being an inarticulate person, uses his knowledge thereof without troubling himself to reason them out or give them special names. But there remains yet one principal sign, which is so far more important than the rest that it bears a name of its own even in England, to wit, the slot or foot-print of a deer. Few but those who have studied the question carefully have any notion of the enor-

mous amount of observation and intelligence that has been bestowed on the foot-prints of deer. As absurd waste of time will be the contemptuous comment of those to whom the word sport is anathema. But, if the reader will bear with us for a little, we shall endeavour to give slots a scientific basis. Every one knows how Darwin has traced in all animals the gradual, as apart from the immediate, development of sexual distinctions. To take the commonest instance, there is an age when it is impossible to distinguish young cock-pheasants from young hens by their plumage. Let us trace the same principle in the foot-prints of deer. Speaking generally, the slot of a full-grown stag is distinguished from that of a full-grown hind, not only by its size, but by its shape, and especially by its greater roundness and depth of heel; the claws and edges are blunter, and the heel larger and better developed. A stag's dew-claws are broad, short, blunt, and turned outwards; a hind's are small and sharp, and point downward almost perpendicularly. Now in the case of yearlings the slot of stag and hind resemble each other so much that it is very difficult to distinguish them; but with every year the difference becomes more marked. Again a male deer, in virtue of his sex, moves with confidence, carrying his hind legs well forward. A hind, moving distrustfully and femininely, observes no constancy in the comparative position of fore and hind slots. The step of a yearling male deer has not the regularity of an adult. At first his hindfeet land beyond his forefeet; but with each successive year the hindfoot drops back, till it falls first upon and then behind the print of the forefoot. Big stags, having the maximum of confidence, keep the claws of their feet shut; younger stags, though through less confidence they open their fore-claws, keep the hind-claws closed; hinds, which have no confidence at all, always open all

their claws slightly. But here we hit upon another point on which Darwin lays stress, the tendency of old females to approximate in appearance to males. Old hen-pheasants, for instance, are much darker in plumage than young, sometimes almost as dark as cocks. So too old barren hinds show greater masculinity in step and stride than their feebler sisters; but with them, as with other strong-minded females, their occasional mistrustfulness peeps out, shows itself in their movements, and betrays their sex.

And here as we are engaged with minor distinctions between stag and hind we may add another, though it has no connection with the slot. "Moreover," says de Fouilloux, "you may distinguish hinds by their manner of feeding, for they feed greedily, cropping the herbage close like an ox; whereas an old stag takes it delicately, nibbling daintily so as to draw out the juice the sweetest and tenderest that he may." So too a hind thriftily takes the whole of an ear of corn; a stag takes but half, the youngest, sweetest, and daintiest half. A hind eats a turnip down almost as close as a sheep; a stag worries it out of the ground after a bite or two, leaves it and goes on to another. We forbear to draw invidious parallels, and ask who is it that, in the average human household, gets the best cut of the leg-of-mutton. Stags have the failings of their sex, but they are not without chivalry, for if a herd of deer be roused, they are always the last to move, taking the post of danger in the rear-guard.

Such is a fragmentary account of a part of the knowledge that de Fouilloux had amassed by his own experience and study of the habits of deer; and all to one end, to be sure of finding an old stag when he brought out his pack of hounds, and, so far as human precaution could avail, to be able to rouse him and him only. And this is the process called "harbouring" a deer; the ascertainment of his whereabouts by the science of woodcraft,

without disturbing him or frightening him away. It is a most difficult game; but de Fouilloux was master of every point in it. No hint was lost upon him. If he thought he had harboured his deer safely, but afterwards heard the "pies and jays marvelling," then he knew without further telling that his stag was astir again, and that his work was incomplete. If he found the slot of a deer on grass or leaves, he would reckon how long since the animal had passed by the drying up of the dew, the state of the grass pressed by the foot, and the cobwebs within the footprint. And these were subjects over which controversy raged furiously. "Let no man," says de Fouilloux vehemently, "let no man be misled by giving ear to a pack of dreamers (*tas de rêveurs*) who say that when we find gossamers within a slot, it is a sign that the deer passed many hours before. Such men are oftentimes deceived herein; for these gossamers fall continually from the sky and are not spiders' webs at all. I have seen it by experience of stags that have passed but a hundred paces from me; for though I have gone forthwith to look at the slot I have never reached it in time to find that the gossamers had not already fallen within it." De Fouilloux's reason may not be scientific, but on the matter of fact he is, as usual, perfectly correct.

When we come to the chase of the deer, as distinct from the harbouring of him, we find de Fouilloux not less valuable than before. He knows the wiles of the animal by heart; and his observations for the most part hold good as truly in these as in his days. To us it has always seemed strange that the hereditary stratagems of the hunted deer have not received more attention from scientific naturalists. A fox has a great name for cunning, but he is not to be compared to an old stag. When an old stag is roused his first trick is invariably to beat the covert to find another deer. Having found him he turns him out

of his bed, and lies down in it himself, pressing himself close to the ground, with his horns laid back and his chin tight against the earth. And there he will lie fast while the hounds run past him on the line of his substitute. We have ourselves sat on a horse within ten yards of three stags thus lying fast, when a hunted hind, in great distress, came and lay down in the middle of them. Hounds were so close to her that the stags dared not rise to drive her off; so there they lay while the hounds almost jumped over their backs in the search for the hind. They did not move a muscle till the hounds had driven the hind out from among them, and even then they did not leave their beds. Nor is it only on dry land that they will lie in this way. In the course of a run a wild deer will always take to the water and follow it for some distance, being careful always to keep the middle of the stream and never touch bank or twig, even, to our own knowledge, for three or four miles. Then he will sometimes sink himself in a deep pool with nothing but his nose above water, while hounds pass and re-pass within a foot of him. As to doubling and dodging they can run, and do run sometimes, as crookedly as a hare, choosing bad scenting-ground whenever they can.

All these wiles, which deer employed no doubt as persistently at the time of the Conquest as to-day, de Fouilloux knew by intimate experience; and his hints to huntsmen are still the best that can be given for the chase of the stag. Thus, in dealing with a check where a deer has beaten the water, he directs not only that some hounds should be on each bank (which is common sense) but that they should cast at some little distance from the bank, because at the actual point where a deer leaves the stream, scent is weakened by the water that runs off him. Minute details receive the same attention from him as broad principles; for a man who aspires to chase an old stag to the death cannot afford,

as he well knew, to despise them. It may be asked why he was so particular always to select old stags. The answer is that, apart from the etiquette of Venery, old heavy deer cannot stand up before hounds so long as the young and light. Hounds were not so fast in those days as in these, and could not race a deer to death as they can now. Hence too the immense importance attached to a hound's staunchness to the line of his hunted deer; for he soon ran himself to a standstill if he followed indiscriminately any line that he might cross. If there were the least doubt whether hounds were running their right deer or not, they were immediately stopped, and coupled up; while the *piqueurs* (of whom there were evidently a large number always present) did their best to verify the line by the slot. On these and all such occasions a branch or two was broken off a tree and thrown down at the point where hounds were last known to have been on the true line, so as to give a certain base of operations. These branches play a very prominent part at every stage of the chase from the harbouring onwards, being a distinct requirement of the art of Venery. Thus, if the day were very hot and hounds were still running during the hottest hours, the pack was stopped, a branch was thrown down, and proceedings were suspended until the weather grew cooler. For time was no great object, and it was easy to run the heavy, clumsy old hounds to death by pressing them on in all weathers. On the other hand, with the help of a little seasonable rest, they could towl along very comfortably. Again, if daylight failed before hounds ran up to their deer, a branch was stuck into the ground, and the chase was recommenced on the following day. There is a tradition in the West that in this fashion a stag was once found in Somerset, hunted right through Devon, and killed in Cornwall; the whole process occupying, we imagine, the best part of a week.

To modern ideas such a thing seems

impossible, but it is by no means so extravagant as it sounds. For here again woodcraft steps in, there being signs by which a deer who has been hunted all day may be traced on the following morning. Thus when he finds that he is no longer pursued he will almost certainly "soil," that is to say, take a bath in the nearest stream, and emerging therefrom will be so stiff that he will soon lie down. Once down he will be unwilling to rise, but will crop all the herbage around him that is within his reach, dragging himself along the ground in search of more as he consumes it. In this way he will leave a broad track and a dozen or more "forms" behind him, which the ignorant mistake for the beds of a herd of deer, but a *bon veneur* knows to be the signs of a single tired deer. Nor must it be imagined that it was impossible for hounds to hunt the line of a deer, even when the scent was several hours old. The scent of a deer is strong; and even in these days, when hounds have for generations been bred rather for speed than nose, it is by no means unusual to recover a deer that is two hours ahead of the pack; nay, we have ourselves seen a hound carry a line five or more hours old very slowly, from slot to slot, and that on bad scenting-ground. In the old days, when nose was everything, hounds would have run as stale a line without difficulty. Then once more the objection will be raised that such hounds could never have run a deer to death; but this difficulty was overcome by employing relays of hounds stationed in different quarters of the forest. Woodcraft and experience were necessary to the men in charge of the relays also, so that the fresh hounds should never be slipped on any but the hunted deer. And a hunted deer is not always easy to distinguish, for if he be aware that a man's eye is on him, he will pretend to be fresh; and thus many a sportsman has been deceived, the present writer among the number.

What a lengthy, tedious, elaborate

business, the modern follower of hounds may exclaim. To one who has no delight in the study of wild animals, and of the work of hounds, undoubtedly it is so. But it is just this delight which makes the good sportsman, the *bon veneur*. It must not be thought that Jacques de Fouilloux, good sportsman though he was, was above other pleasures of this world. When he started to dig out a fox or a badger, he is careful to tell us that he travelled in a cart hung round with flagons of good liquor and cushioned with provisions, while he reclined in the midst thereof with a *fillette* at his side to chafe his head. So too he is careful to point out that a good day's sport should begin with a good breakfast, *bons harnois de gueule*, as he puts it, and *instruments pour arroser le gosier*, full of d'Arbois, Beaune, Chalocce, and Grave; and if there should be an agreeable lady, why, let her come too. But these are mere details and preliminaries. Good wine is good for every one; and he would not have even a harbourer start on his work before daybreak without a full flask. Why not? Though a man breakfast on toast and water at 5 A.M. and gallop thirty miles to the meet, yet if he then over-ride the hounds, he is not so good a sportsman as the man who breakfasts comfortably, allows the pack to do its work, and loves to see them do it, whether the run be fast or slow. The *bon veneur* has been a rare animal in all ages; but your would-be sportsman increases at rather an alarming rate.

And here we must take leave of de Fouilloux, though we have barely skimmed the cream of his pleasantries, shrewdness, and observation. Very much of what he says is as true now as on the day when it was written; but the voice is of one in a different and departed world. "What historian," wrote Mr. Bagehot, "has ever estimated the Cavalier character? Clarendon, Hume—what have these people to do with an enjoying English gentleman?" De Fouilloux

was not an English gentleman, but he can help us far more than Hume or Clarendon to appreciate the "Cavalier character," on one side at least—the passionate enjoyment of the free life in the country, the devotion to mountain, wood, and stream, and all that lived therein, the intense delight in the chase, not as a mere passing excitement, but as a lasting interest and study. There is no greater fallacy than to take sport for a mere thirst for excitement and blood. The Norman King who "loved the tall deer as his children" was something more than a mere destroyer; but in these days of huge town populations his character is little understood.

In Wharncliffe Chase, overlooking what must have been one of the loveliest valleys in England, before the smoke of Sheffield choked its bosage to death, is an inscription cut in the rock, which records that near that spot in the sixteenth century Sir Thomas Wortley built him an house "for his pleasure and to hear the harts bell." Sheffield visits the spot in its thousands, reads the inscription, and knows not what to make of it. "What is a hart, and what is the meaning of *bell*?" We picture to ourselves an old squire, too stiff and decrepit to follow the chase, but to the last a lover of the tall deer, carried to the forest which he loved so well, and there listening to the stags roaring defiance at each other through the October days and nights. We see the old man's eye brighten, we hear the old hound at his feet rouse himself and growl at the sound. And then the old man speaks: "That is the voice of an old stag, but there are greater stags than he in my forest. Hark, that is the voice of a young stag. Go thy way, silly brocket, the hinds are not for thee. The older the stag, the better beloved is he of the hinds; 'tis the contrary of women which love the young ones best. So says the Frenchman, but who should know it better than I? Lie still, old Ringwood,

thou art old, and thy master is old, and we shall never chase hart again. Hark! another stag bells from the soiling-pit at the old oak tree, and another draws near him, walking a-tip-toe, I warrant, both of them head thrown back and nose in air. Blood will be shed this night. Peter, thou must bring me a slot from the soiling-pit to-morrow, a sod from the ground with the slot upon it. Maybe it is the stag we took as a yearling fourteen years ago, whom we set free having half his ear cut off. He should be a great stag by now. But look not to harbour a stag to-morrow, for 'tis ill harbouring during the rut. How? there is no hunt to-morrow? Nay, if I could but ride. Peace, old Ringwood, thou art a-hunting in thy dreams. 'Tis all the hunting left for thee and me.'

Say what we may, it is from our forefathers that we have learned all that we know of woodcraft; and it is from them that we might learn a great deal more than we take pains to know. For they were good sportsmen; and when all is said and done, it was by sportsmen that the foundation of our knowledge of wild animals was laid. But sportsmen are apt, in England at any rate, to be inarticulate, and thus their thoughts and knowledge only find an outlet through some man of the pen. Thus hare-hunting, for instance, finds a kind of mouth-piece in Joseph Addison, though Addison's method was probably akin to that of the younger Pliny who (if we recollect aright) took his common-place book (*codicillos*) out hunting with him. But such writings are but a makeshift. Our own belief is that Shakespeare, if he had chosen, could have written a better work on woodcraft and hunting than any Englishman; but failing Shakespeare we must fall back on the French, who write excellent works on the subject to this day, having for model their old master Jacques de Fouilloux.

THE WATERS OF CASTALY.

It is a commonplace of the age that reverence is dying out. Indeed, there are now so many things to think about, the pathway of life is ever being beset with so many new and strange devices, new toys, as it were, for children of a larger growth, that it is no marvel some of our older and more sober recreations should be neglected. We have little time left for loitering; we cannot stay to pluck wild flowers by the roadside. In the present age the gentler and more polished virtues seem to many of us almost out of place.

It is certainly unfortunate that there should be so much impatient hurry in the world; so many overcrowded professions, needing an almost superhuman effort on the part of ordinary intellects to find so much as a lodgment within their pale, and a continual struggle when safely there to attain to any position in the front ranks. It is unfortunate, but it is also true; and there is no help for it apparently but in a general thinning of the population. We must push on, or be trodden underfoot. There is ever a resistless phalanx marching at our heels along the same road, take what path we will. In the crush and hard grip of a life made up of eager striving, reverence, politeness, even love itself, have but a precarious existence. They are like brittle china in the rude hand of a mechanic.

The education that we give now so freely to the nation does not touch greatly upon subjects like these. Indeed, it is not likely to do so; there is too much occupation for it elsewhere. An education rising year by year, like a resistless tide, ever embracing new provinces and realms undreamed of in older days, until it seems likely at last to burst all

bounds and spread itself, somewhat thinly it is true, over the whole world of knowledge, can take little account, in all its wide extent, of aught save utilitarian science. Even good manners, as we name them, the mere outward husk and shell of refined feeling, are not recognised in our modern codes. There is no space, so far as we know, allotted to them, even as an extra, in any one of these government schedules of ours. And with this defence or bulwark gone the chance of survival given to delicacy of thought is poor indeed. And yet assuredly this is a matter at least as important to the mind as many subjects we endeavour to inculcate with the aid of our hand-books and primers. And besides delicacy there is originality to be considered.

It is pitiful enough, but there is no time to consider either. A rare imagination is one of the greatest gifts man may possess, but then School-Boards were not formed to foster imaginations. If now and again, by some unlucky chance, some such temperament should happen to be caught up in its wheels, it must even run its course with the rest of them, and come forth as perfectly rounded and commonplace as its fellows, with a genteel coating of carefully assorted knowledge. At the best it may pick up, like some half-starved sparrow in winter, such scanty sustenance as it may find in the dry abstractions and chronologies of a modern school-book. It is not likely to survive a course of technical education.

Life is a stern reality. It may be well that we are training up a new generation of men who are nurtured upon facts, and can look a hard world in the face. The Gradgrinds of fiction are but caricatures, no doubt.

It is quite possible that a too vivid and daring imagination may prove a drawback to your hard-working artisan. And yet,—if your artisan is to become an artist—how then? In former days such metamorphoses have been known to take effect, and with a certain result to the world of art. This earth is not troubled to any grave extent with an excess of imaginative people. There is little danger, if some slight encouragement be given to such, that it will injuriously affect the many honest folk of somewhat duller perceptions.

We confess that to our mind an education directly aimed at the useful alone seems, strictly speaking, no education at all. A smattering of subjects by means of primers is even hateful in our eyes. Primers of geography, of history, of literature may possibly be useful works, but they are most certainly not stimulating to the imagination. There is infinitely more to be obtained, in that province, even from a classical dictionary,—but who in these days cares for classical dictionaries? Lemprière is no longer one of the instructors of our youth; even Smith is somewhat faded.

It strikes us with a kind of pain to see the heroes of our childhood dispossessed. For it is not only in our elementary schools that this neglect is perceptible, but in certain, perhaps as yet only the more modern, of our higher schools as well. We could not, indeed, expect the old Greek, Roman, or Norse mythology to commend itself as a subject of education for the working classes, though we are far from saying that it might not prove as useful as certain other branches of knowledge that have been accepted and duly scheduled without demur. But the names of Hector and Achilles, the stories of Hercules and Perseus,—are they to fall out of the ordinary course of learning for our boys of gentler birth? We have met, within our own experience, young gentlemen of a reasonable age who had never heard of the Trojan

war or the wanderings of Ulysses, and to whom Andromeda, Pegasus, Bellerophon, even the ill-fated Queen of Carthage herself were but names suggestive not of Homer or Virgil, but possibly of the British Navy List. What a world is closed here to a boy of any imaginative power! Is it not, in all seriousness, a considerable loss to know nothing of the framework on which a good half of the magnificent edifice of Greek and Latin literature is supported? To have never heard of the groves of Parnassus, the clear waters of Castalia, the fountain Arethusa, the hills of Arcady; to be ignorant of the Muses themselves, and the gods and heroes of old time; never to have read so much as the history of Æneas or the labours of Hercules, is not this an impassable bar to much of the finest poetry of all ages? For even among our own English singers, how can a man fully understand Tennyson's *Ulysses* who has no acquaintance with the stormy life of the king of Ithaca, or his *Ænone* when he has never heard of the judgment of Paris? To such a man Milton's *Lycidas*, with all its wealth of mythological allusion, is as a sealed book.

We are not ashamed even in these days to openly avow a strong preference for a classical education. We do not wish to dogmatise in these desultory pages on a subject which has exercised the minds of a good many sagacious men, but in our eyes there is something sacrilegious in the proposal to banish the study of Greek from our public schools. It is useless, we suppose, to attempt to justify the elegant recreation of verse-making in the classic tongues. The world will never see another *Arundines Cami* or *Sabrinæ Corolla*. The days of Porson prize-men are done, and of Browne's medallists. They must betake themselves to the manufacture of French *chansons* or German ballads; possibly to English verse, if that be permitted to survive, though we confess to less interest on that score. The reasons

for this crusade against Latin and Greek versification are not quite clear to us, The picture is presented to us (we know it) of the unfortunate schoolboy tearfully attempting his Procrustean task with the aid of dictionaries and gradus. There is, possibly, a something ludicrous in the spectacle, but was the work so absolutely useless as its opponents profess to think? We remember to have heard it asserted by no mean authority that the exercise was one of the best possible for attaining an intimate knowledge of the language. This, moreover, was the case even with the boy of no original talent. To one whose ideas ran at all out of the common groove the opportunity was an excellent one, a chance, not too often given him, of proving his superiority in one point at least over his fellows. There are several instances that we can call to mind of boys at school to whom the weekly verse-tasks were by far the most interesting portion of their work; and temperaments of this sort have surely as much right to be considered as the few to whom they were a stumbling-block and, though very rarely, an almost insurmountable difficulty.

It is hard for the bulk of human opinion to settle down steadily in the road of wisdom. Like an overloaded waggon it sways uneasily to and fro, swinging from one side to the other of the track, now inclining to one extreme, and shortly, by an inevitable reaction, plunging over as far in the opposite direction. Some century or so past it was the custom, perhaps, to pay too much attention to the wisdom of our fathers. Unfortunately some sagacious individual hit upon the idea, containing undoubtedly some grains of truth, that each generation was naturally, and as if of divine right, wiser than the last. We appropriate, so to speak, the inheritance of the ages, and add to it of our own store. The suggestion was a novel one, and eagerly taken up. So it has come to pass

that the present age has sprung at a bound from reverence to irreverence, from respect to derision. Our fathers we may allow, by a concession, to be reasonable men; our grandfathers had but a moderate conception of wisdom; our great grandfathers were—mostly fools.

We say that this is the present stage to which the opinion of man has reached. It is the furthest point of the recoil from the judgment of older times. But it by no means follows that these new ideas are strictly correct, or that another reaction may not carry us over in time to the opposite pole of thought. In another century, or less, it is quite possible that we may have come round to the older way. A little becoming humility is not out of place towards our elders, and mankind at large is seldom possessed of so much wisdom as it is apt to imagine. A good sound education may yet be in store for our descendants. Although Latin and Greek versification may be dying out, and justly as some think, let us hope that classical scholarship will be suffered to survive. We hope at all events that our future poets will be, some of them, scholarly poets, and that there will still remain certain readers who have travelled the same road sufficiently to appreciate them. There is a subtle charm about the work of a mind stored, like Milton's and Tennyson's and Matthew Arnold's, with memories of the sweet singers of an older age. The reader who recognises the quaint inversion or classic ring of some sonorous phrase experiences a delightful feeling of freemasonry with the poet. It would be difficult to estimate how much Tennyson's *Lucretius*, for example, gains by this suggestion, or how much almost all the poetry of Gray and Collins. It is not so much in actual imitation (as in plays cast in the Greek model) that this is felt, as in the half unconscious turns of phrase and choice of language that reveal the scholar's

mind. It is barely too much to say that no one, unless he is a classical scholar, can properly appreciate one-half of our English poetry.

We are inclined to fancy that our modern poets are, even now, declining somewhat from the standpoint of scholarship. It may be a trivial sign, but we notice that the Muses are not now invoked with the same seriousness as of yore. In fact, by name the Muses themselves and all the time-honoured machinery of older bards are rarely mentioned. There is no suggestion of classic grace in the modern poet, still less of classic clearness of expression. The world's course is dark to him, and he hints at its darkness with an even greater obscurity of his own. The influence of Robert Browning, like some great fog, hangs over much of our poetic work to-day. We are not sure whether all the extravagance of trope that Gray and his school were occasionally guilty of was not better reading than such slipshod stuff. The darkness which surrounded his poems was at any rate not the obscurity of careless expression (which will often leave the anxious seeker after truth still the more confused as he struggles to arrive at the sense by deeper research) but that of allusions, far-fetched it may be, but which could generally be run to earth by men of a determined temper.

Clearness of expression is, in fact, essential to poetry. Lowell, in his essay on Dryden, has touched this point with even more than his usual

felicity of expression. It was Dryden's praise, he says, that he saw this fact, "that a man who undertakes to write should first have a meaning perfectly defined to himself, and then should be able to set it forth clearly in the best words." The rest of the passage is too good not to be quoted also. "His phrase," he continues, "is always a short-cut to his sense, for his estate was too spacious for him to need that trick of winding the path of his thought about, and planting it out with clumps of epithet, by which the landscape-gardeners of literature give to a paltry half-acre the air of a park." In days when looseness and carelessness of language are frequently thought to produce the effect of sublimity, it is salutary to recall these words. In Dryden's own phrase, quoted in the same essay, "Nothing is truly sublime that is not also just and proper." And though Dryden and his school are sufficiently out of favour now, and lie for the most part in dusty majesty, unread, upon our library shelves, if indeed they lie there at all, these words of his are none the less a standing condemnation of a good many authors who have usurped his place. For in old time the Muses, inspirers of all harmonic melody in prose and verse, were fabled to dwell not in some tangled thicket, but on the breezy slopes of Helicon and Parnassus, and the transparency of all true poetry was typified by the pure fount of Hippocrene or the clear waters of Castaly.

GLORY-OF-WOMAN.

THIS is the story of a backwater ; one of those still nooks sheltered by sedges whither the sere and yellow leaves drift and rest, while the current beyond slips by swift as ever. Why this particular backwater should have called itself a Technical School of Art-needlework has nothing to do with the story. Briefly it was a sort of almshouse where twelve old Mahomedan ladies drew a poor monthly pittance of some few rupees, and sate contentedly enough year after year twining gold thread on to fine net. What became of the work when it was done has also nothing to do with the story. Perhaps it was sold to eke out the funds of a charity which did its fair share of solacing sorrow in keeping twelve pairs of small, soft, high-bred hands from the quern-handle, that last resource of the poor in India now, as it was when the Great Mogul refused to allow the importation of Western machinery on the ground that God's best gift to the poor was the millstone about their necks.

It was in this odd little courtyard, packed away decorously in the very heart of the loose-living, gambling, gold-workers' quarter, that Glory-of-Woman found shelter after many years of patient, peaceful privation ; for Fakr-un-nissa (that was how her name ran in the soft courtly tongue of the most brutal of cities) was a Syyedâni ; in other words of the poorest and proudest, too poor to bring a dowry to a husband of her own rank, too generous to take one without it, too proud to stoop to a partner beneath her, or rather too gentle, too conservative. There are hundreds such women in Delhi, and Fakr-un-nissa had been more fortunate than most, seeing that being learned

in the Koran she had kept body and soul together by recitations at fast and festival in the *zenanas*, and so been spared hard labour. Perhaps it was this which made her look younger than her fifty and odd years ; at all events there was scarcely a wrinkle on her small oval face, and her tall slender figure showed no sign of age.

She was the youngest of the scholars, and every evening when the gold thread and the filmy net had been locked away in a queer little carven coffer, she was the last to slip her small feet into one of those twelve pairs of curly shoes which all day long had been ranged against the slip of wall doing duty as a screen at the door, and the last to use the rickety *dhoolie* which the charity provided for the modest conveyance of the fair ones to their homes. It provided a chaperone too, in the shape of a big lump of a girl about twenty, who sate on the steps all day chattering to the passers by, giggling at their jokes, and chewing *pân*. It was a queer arrangement seeing that Khâdjiya Khânum, the eldest of the scholars, was past eighty ; but then age had nothing to do with the fact that she was a Syyedâni and Juntu only a gad-about. There was another pair of shoes, however, placed in a corner apart from the rest ; for it had come to be a recognised custom in the backwater that there should always be a thirteenth pair of feet ready to slip into any vacancy made by the sure decay which comes alike to rest as to unrest. And so, five years before, when Fakr-un-nissa had stepped into the last pair of shoes left by a deserted wife who had gone down into the grave leaving one forlorn daughter behind her, the old ladies

had cast about to choose a suitable aspirant. Not that they really had the right to appoint any one, but because experience showed them that the claims of a gratuitous worker were seldom overlooked when opportunity came for urging them. This time the choice fell, naturally enough, on the daughter of the dead scholar. Just in her teens, she was hopelessly alone in the world; for her mother, after estranging her own people by a marriage with a Mahomedan Râjpoot, had quarrelled with her husband's family; but not before little Yâsmin had been married and had alas, according to the Rânghar custom, become a widow for life by the death of her childish bridegroom. For race is stronger than religion and the old Râjpoot ideas have survived conversion. So Yâsmin in her turn waited for a vacancy in the shoes; or rather Noor-bânu waited, since the old ladies would have nothing to do with the flowery, half-heathen name, and set themselves diligently to transform her into a Lady-of-light. It was not altogether a successful attempt, since the girl's wild Râjpoot blood waxed rebellious sometimes; but as a rule Fakr-un-nissa's soft voice with its polished periods and careful intonation would bring her back to obedience.

"Lo! thou shouldst mind me, Heart's Delight," Glory-of-Woman would say with a smile, "Do I not stand in thy mother's shoes? Thou art young now, Yâsmina; so was I once; yet thou wilt be as I am, some day."

And Yâsmina would make a face. "Well! that is better than being like Khâdjiya Khânum, or Maimâna Begum with her little eyes."

So the years passed bringing no blank to the roll of high-sounding names, no break in the row of shoes, no vacant place in the semi-circle of old women which chased the sunshine round the court during the cold months, and the shade during the hot ones. For they felt the stress

of the seasons in their old bones. Otherwise winter and summer were alike to them; as was the green leaf and the sere since they had never seen either. But Yâsmin felt the spring-time in her blood and began to weary of being at every one's beck and call.

"She is a Rânghar! Bury a dog's tail for twelve years, and it will still be crooked," said Maimâna Begum. She was full to the brim of proverbial wisdom, and had a little clique of her own in that semi-circle of flimsy net, glittering gold thread, and withered hands. Mumtâza Mahul's head, and those of half a dozen Lights, or Desires, or Ornaments of the Palace, the World, or of Woman, wagged in assent to her words. It was easy to change a name but not a nature; and had every one heard that some one had seen Noor-Bânu talking to a woman with whom she ought not to have been talking?

Glory-of-Woman's thin face grew eager. "'Tis a cousin, Mai Khâdjiya. The girl told me of it and I have inquired. A cousin of the fathers, married—yea! married, indeed, to a trooper, like he is, serving the *Sirkar* somewhere. Such folk lose hold on old ways, yet mean no harm. We must not judge them as ourselves."

"*Wâh*, Fakr-un-nissa! Wouldst say the Devil meant no harm next. Thy heart spoils thy faith. I marvel at thee, thou who dost fast and pray more than is needful."

The ring of bitterness in old Khâdjiya's tones was explained by the fact that it was nigh the end of the first ten days' fast of Mohurrum-tide and she had not chosen that any, despite her age, should exceed her in the observance thereof. And Fakr-un-nissa's zeal had raised the price of self-complacency beyond reason.

"More than is needful!" echoed Maimâna Begum with a like tartness. "Art not rash to say so, Mai Khâdjiya? Sure the virtue of some folk is situate as the tongue among thirty-two teeth. It needs care to preserve itself."

The white shrouded figures chuckled. They were not really ill-humoured, or evilly disposed towards Glory-of-Woman; it was simply that her excellent example had made all their old bodies rather fretful. "And as for the girl," continued the acrid voice, "she is a cat on the wall. God only knows on which side she will jump down."

Fakr-un-nissa's eyes flashed and her fingers entangled themselves in the gold thread. "Then, for sure, it is our part to make the right side more pleasant than the wrong; not to be always finding fault because she is young. Yea, 'tis so; for look you, it seems ever to me that we are to blame, that we are in her place. Five long years is it since she hath waited."

Khâdjiya Khânûm's hands dropped from her work and flew out in vehement crackings of every joint against ill-luck. "*Tobah, Tobah!* (For shame, for shame!) Mistress Fakr-un-nissa. Die if thou wilt to make room for the hussy. As for me, I wait on the will of the Lord."

A murmur of assent ran through the semi-circle once more.

"Nay, nay! I meant not so," protested Fakr-un-nissa hastily. "Lo, death comes to all, and goeth not by age. I meant but this,—sure 'tis hard to put it to words—that the old should make room for the young, or make the waiting bearable."

"*Tchu!* If the heart be set on a frog, what doth it care for a fairy?" insisted the hoarder of other folk's wisdom. "Dost mean to hint that in this place the girl hath not had virtue set constantly before her, ay, and preached too? It seems to me that we have it almost to satiety. Is it not so, sisters?"

Once more the chuckle ran round the circle, and Glory-of-Woman sat still more upright. "Amongst thy other proverbs, canst not recollect the one which says, 'Between the two priests the fowl killed for dinner became unlawful to eat'?" Then the temper died from her face and she

went on in a softer tone: "I find no harm in the girl, and what wrong hath she done this day more than another?"

"No more, for sure," put in Mumtâza Mahul, "since she is late at work every day; that is no new thing, is it, sisters?"

"Yet she finishes her task as quick as any,—as I, anyhow," persisted Yâsmina's advocate, who having come to the gold thread late in life found it apt to knot.

"*Wâh illah!* What a fuss about a wilful girl," put in a new voice. "She is no worse than others, and needs restraint no more. She hath grown saucy since we gave her money instead of broken victuals. Put her back to the old footing, say I, when she had naught of her own."

Khâdjiya Khânûm's veiled head nodded sagely. "Thou hast it, Hameda-bânu. Lo, I, for one, know not why the girl was ever given such freedom, save indeed that it tallies with Fakr-un-nissa's indecent hastening of Providence. I am for the old plan."

"And I,"—"And I,"—"And I,"—assented a chorus of set, certain voices.

Glory-of-Woman's fingers flew faster. "Then will ye drive the girl from us altogether. I know it, I feel it. Yea, I, Fakr-un-nissa, singer of the Korân till my tone failed me, remember it, those days when some other song seemed better and one must needs sing it. Think, sisters, remember! The eyes of the body are two; the eye of the soul is one." The work had dropped from her hands which were stretched out in eager entreaty. "'Tis but patience for a year or two. Then, since there is no harm in her, she will settle down as,—as I,—as I did. 'Tis but the youth in her veins, and God knows that is soon past for a woman; yet one's glory remains." Her voice regaining some of its past strength, recollecting all its old skill under the stimulus of both memory and hope, filled the little courtyard,—and availed nothing.

Half an hour afterwards, struck dumb, as sensitive natures are, by the stress of passion around her, she was watching with stupid inaction Yâsmin's final vengeance on that decorous row of curly shoes behind the screening wall. To right and left, to this corner and that, they sped before the reckless young feet while the reckless young voice rose in mockery. "Lo, I wait no longer for old women's shoes. I will have new ones of my own. Khujju, and Mujju, and the rest of ye can sort them for yourselves, or go down to the grave one foot at a time as seemeth to ye best. I care not; I wait no longer."

One pair flew full in Maimâna Begum's face, and then came a pause before the last pair, an odd sound between a laugh and a sob, a sudden sweep of the net veil over the shoulder, and a half-defiant nod to the old white figures. "These shall stay, because they were my mother's, and because——"

The next moment she was gone, leaving the twelve old women sitting in the sunshine, breathless, silenced by her youth, her unreason, her fire. Even Fakr-un-nissa had no word of defence. But after a time, when Juntu full of smiles and winks came from the steps to aid the cackle which arose as the silencing effect of the shock wore away, Glory-of-Woman began to feel the old pain at her heart once more. "Because they were my mother's, and because——" She could fill up the pause in two ways: "Because they are yours, and you have been kinder than the others;" "Because they should by rights be mine." Both answers were disturbing. She leaned back against the wall, pressing her thin hands to the thin breast which had known so little of a woman's life, save only that craving for another song.

"Towards the bazaar, sayest thou?" came Khâdjiya's wrathfully-satisfied voice. "To the bazaar, and in Mohur-rum-tide, too! That means the worst,

and we were none too soon in getting rid of her, Heaven be praised!"

"The cousin lives close to the *Chowk*," put in Fakr-un-nissa faintly. "Mayhap the girl goes there."

Juntu laughed. "The cousin is a bad one; no better."

Whereat Maimâna Begum remarked sagely that whether the knife fell on the melon or the melon on the knife was all one; the melon suffered. Yâsmin's reputation was hopelessly hurt by that going bazaar-wards.

"For a Syyedâni perchance," retorted Juntu with some acerbity. "Yet this I say; there is no harm in the girl though she be younger than some folk who need *dhoolies* to their virtue." She hated the proverb-monger who never from year's end to year's end gave her a *courie* or so much even as a word of thanks. And then being Mohur-rum-tide, when in all pious houses the Assemblage of Mourning must be held, the work was folded away in the old carved coffer, the desecrated shoes sorted into pairs, and one by one the old ladies were smuggled into the curtained *dhoolie* and trotted away to their homes, with buxom Juntu chattering and laughing alongside.

"Dost recite the *Murseeh*¹ at the Nawâb's this year, Fakr-un-nissa?" asked Humeda-bânu, wrapping herself carefully in a thick white veil.

Glory-of-Woman shook her head. "They have a new one. Last Mohur-rum I grew hoarse. Perhaps 'twas the fever; it had held me for days."

"Fever!" echoed the other. "Say rather the fasting. Thou hast a dead look in the face even now, and as for me, God knows whether I feel hungry or sick. Thou shouldst remember that thou art growing old."

"I do remember it," said Fakr-un-nissa half to herself.

In truth she did. As she sate awaiting her turn for the curtained *dhoolie* she felt very old, very helpless. Yâsmin, whom she had loved, had broken loose from all tradition and

¹ The dirge in honour of the martyred Hussan and Hussain.

gone bazaar-wards. The very idea was terrifying. The brain behind that high narrow forehead of Fakr-un-nissa's could barely grasp the situation. For fifty years it had circled round the one central duty of pious seclusion, and Yâsmin's choice seemed almost incredible. For there was no harm in the girl; she had always been responsive to kind words. If she, Fakr-un-nissa, could only have had speech with her alone! The thought made her restless and sent her to the door, to peep, closely veiled, round the screen and watch the *dhoolie* containing Humeda-bânu disappear from the steps. Yet she had done her best, giving the girl in secret what she could spare of the pittance; and this year there would be no recitation-fees to eke out the remainder. Perhaps the others were right, and this generosity of hers had fostered the girl's independence. Khâdjiya and Maimâna would say so, for sure, if they knew. Then was she to blame, she who loved the girl, who had taken the mother's shoes? The mere possibility was a terror to the conscience where the womanhood that was in her had found its only chance of blossoming. It is the same East and West. Glory-of-Woman as she stood, tall and thin, leaning against the dull brick screen, had as much claim to saintship as any in the canonized calendar; and wherefore not? Had not she spent nearly fifty years in learning the lives of the saints by heart, and chanting the dirge of martyred virtue? It came back to her dimly as she stood there. The sombre dresses of the mourning assemblage, the glittering *Imâm-bârah*¹ dressed with such care by reverent hands; and then her own voice above the answering chorus of moaning and sobbing. She had power then, she was helpless now; helpless and old, yet not old enough apparently to die;

¹ A model of the martyrs' shrine; a permanent erection, whereas the *tâzzias* used for the procession are afterwards burned. There is a celebrated *Imâm-bârah* at Lucknow, imported from England.

though when all was said and done, it was not *her* turn, but Khâdjiya Khâmum's. Yet she had taken the mother's shoes, and had sat there silent when perhaps a word from her might have saved that awful journey to the bazaar. Then the thought came to her that the saints were never helpless, and even the blessed Fâtima herself—Glory-of-Woman had fasted and prayed for long days and nights; she felt miserably ill in soul and body, in the very mood therefore to slip her feet into the pair of shoes Yâsmin's recklessness had spared, and, almost as recklessly, pass without a pause to the doorstep. The next instant she was back again in shelter, breathless, palpitating. Yet might it not be the voice of God? And no one would know; she might be back ere Juntu returned, and even if she were not, the gad-about had a kind heart. Besides, another rupee from the pittance would silence her in any case.

East and West nothing is impossible to such religious exaltation as changed the slow current in Fakr-un-nissa's veins to a stream of fire scorching and shrivelling every thought save the one,—that she stood in the mother's shoes yet had said no word. She wrapped her thick shroud of a veil tighter round her and stepped deliberately into the alley. The glory of woman, its motherhood, was hers indeed in that instant, though she did not realise it; though the thin breast heaving with her quickened breath had never felt the lips of a child.

It was a long, low room, opening by arches to a wooden balcony without, into which, half fainting with pure physical fatigue, she stumbled after heaven knows what trivial, yet to her sheer ignorance almost awful difficulties by the way. Yet she was not afraid; indeed as she had passed through the crowded streets it had been wonder which had come to her. That this should be a time of fasting and mourning, and yet none seem to care! Had the world no

time to bewail dead virtue? Had it forgotten the Faith? And this, too, was no mourning assemblage, though in some of the faces of the lounging men she recognised the features of her own race, the race of the Prophet himself. Had they forgotten also? She shrank back an instant, until beside a flaunting woman whose profession was writ large enough for even fifty years of pious seclusion to decipher it instinctively, she saw a slender figure crouching half-sullen, half-defiant. The face was still veiled, but she knew it.

"Yâsmin!" she cried breathlessly. "Come back! Come back to us!"

The girl sprang to her feet with a fierce cry, and was beside the tall white form in an instant, screening it with swift arms that strove to force it back. "Go! I say go! Why art here? Thou should'st not have come hither! Go! See, I will come also, if thou wilt not go without me."

"Not so fast, my pigeon," tittered the flaunting woman, answering the half-surprised looks of the men with nods and winks. "Thou art in my charge now, since thou hast left the saints. Who is this woman? Let her speak her claim."

Yâsmin's hand flew to Fakr-un-nissa's mouth. "Not a word, *Amma*,¹ not a word. See, I will go; quick, let us go."

The surprise had lessened, and a man's voice rose with a laugh. "What, let thee go for nothing, with an unknown? Nay, Mistress Chambelé, that were unwise. She is thy cousin; the claims of kinship must be considered."

"The claims of numbers too," put in another. "Let the veiled one unveil since she has come among us."

"Nay, brothers," interrupted a third hastily in a lower voice, "mayhap she is one of the saintly women, and——"

A laugh checked the speech. "So much the better. What doth a saint here?"

¹ A pet name for mother or nurse.

Some one had barred the doorway with thrust-out arm, and half-a-dozen others with jeering faces lounged against the wall crying languidly, "Unveil, unveil." But Yâsmin's arms clasped close. "I *will* go," she panted. "I will go with her. She,—she is my mother."

Chambelé's titter rang high and shrill. "*Wâh!* That is a tale! See you, friends; her mother hath been dead five years. Enough of this, little fool! Thou hast made thy choice already; there is no place for thee yonder with the saints."

"She hath her mother's," cried Fakr-un-nissa, freeing herself from Yâsmin's hold with new strength, born of the girl's words. "Lo, she speaks truth, my sister! I stand in her mother's shoes. Let her go in peace, and she shall have them surely."

Something in the urbane polish of her speech awoke memory in the men, and one, older than the rest, said with a frown, "Yea, 'tis enough, Chambelé; let the woman go, and the child also if she wish it. She will come back another day if she be of this sort; if not, there are others."

"But not without a ransom," interrupted one with an evil face and evil eyes which had seen enough of Yâsmin's figure beneath the veil to think her presence gave unwonted piquancy to the business.

"Yea, a ransom, a ransom for coming here, and spoiling pleasure! Let the saint pay the price of the sinner," cried half-a-dozen jeering voices.

The sunshine without streamed through the arches in broad bands upon the floor, but Fakr-un-nissa's tall muffled figure stood in shadow by the door. A fighting quail was calling boastfully from a shrouded cage over the way; the cries of the noisy bazaar floated up to the balcony, a harmonious background to Chambelé's noisier laugh. Then, suddenly, came a step forward into the sunlight, and the heavy white veil fell in

billowy curves like a cloud about Fakr-un-nissa's feet. For the first time in her life Glory-of-Woman stood unsheltered from the gaze of men's eyes. And those eyes saw something worth seeing, despite her fifty and odd years: a woman beautiful in her age, graceful as ever in the sweeping white draperies of the graceful Delhi dress; but a woman forgetful utterly of the womanhood, even of the motherhood in her, as with one swift outspreading of the arms she broke into the opening lines of the *Mursidh*, that dirge of martyred virtue which is as closely interwoven with all that is best in the life of a Mussulman as "Hark, the herald angels sing!" is with the Christian's tender memories of home, a dirge sacred to the day and the hour, a dirge forgotten by this new world. Fakr-un-nissa remembered nothing else. Many and many a time listless indifferent hearts had responded to the fervour of her declamation; women's hearts, it is true, and that was a woman's derisive laugh! But above it rose a man's swift curse commanding silence for all save that skilful voice; and not silence only, that was a sigh. The cadences rang truer and stronger out into the sunlight making the passers-by pause to listen.

"An Assemblage at Chambelé's house!" sneered some one. "That is a sinner's ransom indeed."

But Glory-of-Woman heard nothing save those responsive sighs, saw nothing but the orthodox beatings of the breast with which one or two of the elder men gave in to custom.

The last *ameen* left her still blind, still deaf. Then came a laugh. "With half her years I'd take the saint before the sinner," said the man with the evil face.

Glory-of-Woman stood for a second as if turned to stone. Then she threw up her hands with a cry, and sank in a huddled heap upon the white curves of her fallen veil.

"God smite your soul to eternal damnation!" cried a man's voice.

But Glory-of-Woman was to hear no man's voice again. She had kept her promise, and the last pair of curly shoes behind the screen was vacant. In due time Noor-bânu slipped into them, for the eleven old ladies and Juntu made peace with her for the sake of Fakr-un-nissa.

"Lo! the ways of Providence are not our ways," said Khâdjiya Khânum piously over her horn spectacles. "And she was ever in a hurry. For my part I wait on the will of the Lord."

Maimâna Begum cackled under her breath. "Hair-oil is wasted on a bald head," she said in a whisper to Humeda-bânu. "Her time is near, hurry or no hurry. Who comes, must go."

F. A. STEEL.

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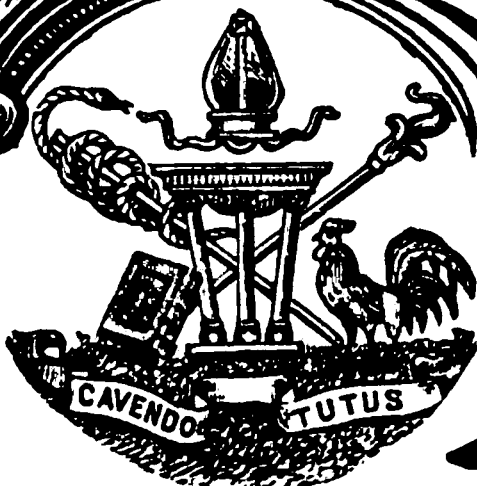
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The Valuation having been made by the most stringent Tables of Mortality in use (the HM and HM(s) Tables of the Institute of Actuaries), in combination with the very low rate of 2½ per cent. interest (a rate employed by two other offices only), and to the high reserves so brought out, viz., £2,588,078, further sums amounting to £90,000 having been added, the total reserves, relatively to the engagements they have to meet, were brought up to an amount in excess, it is believed, of those of any other office whatever.

PROFITS.

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TABLE OF SPECIMEN BONUSES

Declared on Whole-Life Policies of £1,000 each, effected by Annual Premiums at the ages undermentioned.

Duration of Policy.	20			30			35		
	Cash.			Reversion.			Cash.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
5 years	30	10	0	86	0	0	41	0	0
10 „	31	0	0	79	10	0	41	10	0
15 „	31	10	0	73	0	0	42	0	0
20 „	32	0	0	67	10	0	42	0	0
25 „	32	0	0	62	0	0	42	0	0
30 „	32	0	0	56	10	0	42	10	0

Duration of Policy.	40			45			50		
	Cash.			Reversion.			Cash.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
5 years	56	0	0	108	10	0	65	0	0
10 „	56	0	0	98	10	0	65	0	0
15 „	56	0	0	90	10	0	66	0	0
20 „	57	0	0	84	10	0	66	0	0
25 „	57	0	0	78	10	0	66	10	0
30 „	57	10	0	74	0	0	68	0	0

N.B.—In future the method of distributing profits will be so modified that the proportion of profits allotted to any Policy will increase with its increased duration, a modification in favour of the older Policyholders which, it is believed, will not appreciably affect the large initial bonuses here shown to be given to the younger members.

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Life Assurance Society.

ASSURANCE AT PRIME COST.

ONE of the wants of the present day is a table of whole-life premiums, which, while making the least possible demand on the resources of the Assured, shall at the same time admit the Policies to full Bonus advantages. The annexed table of reduced premiums, which are believed to be lower than any hitherto published for Policies issued free from debt, has been framed to meet this want. Being below the mathematical premiums for the several risks provided in the Society's full premiums, these reduced premiums may properly be said to supply "assurance at prime cost." They depend on the realization of a certain ratio of profit, and in the event of the profit at any division being insufficient, the sum assured by any particular policy will need to be charged with payment of such a sum as will make good its share of the deficiency, unless the Assured prefer to pay off the balance due to the Society. So large and so consistent, however, have been the profits of this Society, that there is little likelihood of any such deficiency arising.

The new premiums, which are payable annually, are at all ages 75 per cent. only of the ordinary whole-life, with-profit rates, the Society advancing the remaining 25 per cent. The 25 per cent. so provided by the Society, accumulated at 5 per cent. interest in advance, will be a charge on the current bonus. If death should occur within the quinquennial bonus period, the interim bonus will exactly meet the current charge, and allow of the sum assured being paid without deduction. If, on the other hand, the Policy should survive the quinquennial period and share in the declared bonus, it may be expected that the cash bonus allotted at each division will more than meet the current charge.

This surplus cash bonus may, on its declaration, either be at once received by the Assured, or, if he prefer it, be converted into an equivalent Reversionary Bonus, payable with the sum assured in the event, and in the event only, of death occurring subsequently to the attainment of an age to be stated in the Policy.

Further particulars as to the Prime Cost System will be furnished on application.

REDUCED ANNUAL PREMIUM

For £100 at death.

AGE NEXT BIRTH- DAY.	ANNUAL PREMIUM.		
	£	s.	d.
20	1	7	11
21	1	8	8
22	1	9	5
23	1	10	2
24	1	11	2
25	1	11	11
26	1	12	10
27	1	13	9
28	1	14	8
29	1	15	8
30	1	16	7
31	1	17	6
32	1	18	5
33	1	19	7
34	2	0	8
35	2	1	10
36	2	3	2
37	2	4	5
38	2	5	9
39	2	7	3
40	2	8	9
41	2	10	3
42	2	11	9
43	2	13	3
44	2	14	11
45	2	16	8
46	2	18	6
47	3	0	5
48	3	2	8
49	3	5	3
50	3	8	1

INVALID LIVES.

ASSURANCES on Declined Lives, or others below the average standard of health, effected at rates proportioned to the risk, upon a system which gradually ameliorates and ultimately nullifies the original surcharge. (See Prospectus.)

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Sums Assured & Bonuses, with Options

under Policies of £1000 in the

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND.

These figures relate to 1893, but in 1894 they will be increased on payment of the Premium for that year, and by the Declaration of Bonus at the end of the year.

Year of Entry.	Sums Assured & Bonuses payable at Death.	OPTIONS Under Policies payable at Death.*			Year of Entry.	Sums Assured & Bonuses at Death or 60.	OPTIONS Under Policies at 60 or Death.*		
		Paid-up Policies.	Surrender Values.	Loans Obtainable.			Paid-up Policies.	Surrender Values.	Loans Obtainable.
1845	£2150	£2007†	£1590	£1515	1869	£1481	Policy due	in course	of 1894.
1847	2071	1913†	1496	1425	1870	1457	£1398†	£1231	£1170
1849	2003	1824†	1415	1345	1871	1433	1318†	1136	1080
1851	1933	1733†	1312	1245	1872	1409	1240†	1046	990
1853	1864	1639†	1220	1160	1873	1385	1163†	962	910
1855	1806	1553†	1134	1075	1874	1361	1089†	881	835
1857	1748	1464†	1047	995	1875	1340	1019†	807	765
1859	1690	1369†	957	910	1876	1320	950†	737	695
1861	1642	1282†	876	830	1877	1299	883†	670	635
1863	1604	1202†	802	760	1878	1278	818†	606	575
1865	1566	1121†	731	690	1879	1258	755†	545	515
1867	1528	1034†	660	625	1880	1237	693†	487	460
1869	1481	966	584	555	1881	1216	633†	432	405
1871	1433	893	517	490	1882	1198	575†	389	365
1873	1385	819	455	430	1883	1179	519†	347	325
1875	1340	744	397	375	1884	1161	464†	308	290
1877	1299	671	343	325	1885	1142	411†	270	250
1879	1258	595	291	275	1886	1124	360†	233	215
1881	1216	518	243	230	1887	1105	310†	198	185
1883	1179	438	199	185	1888	1087	261†	164	150
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